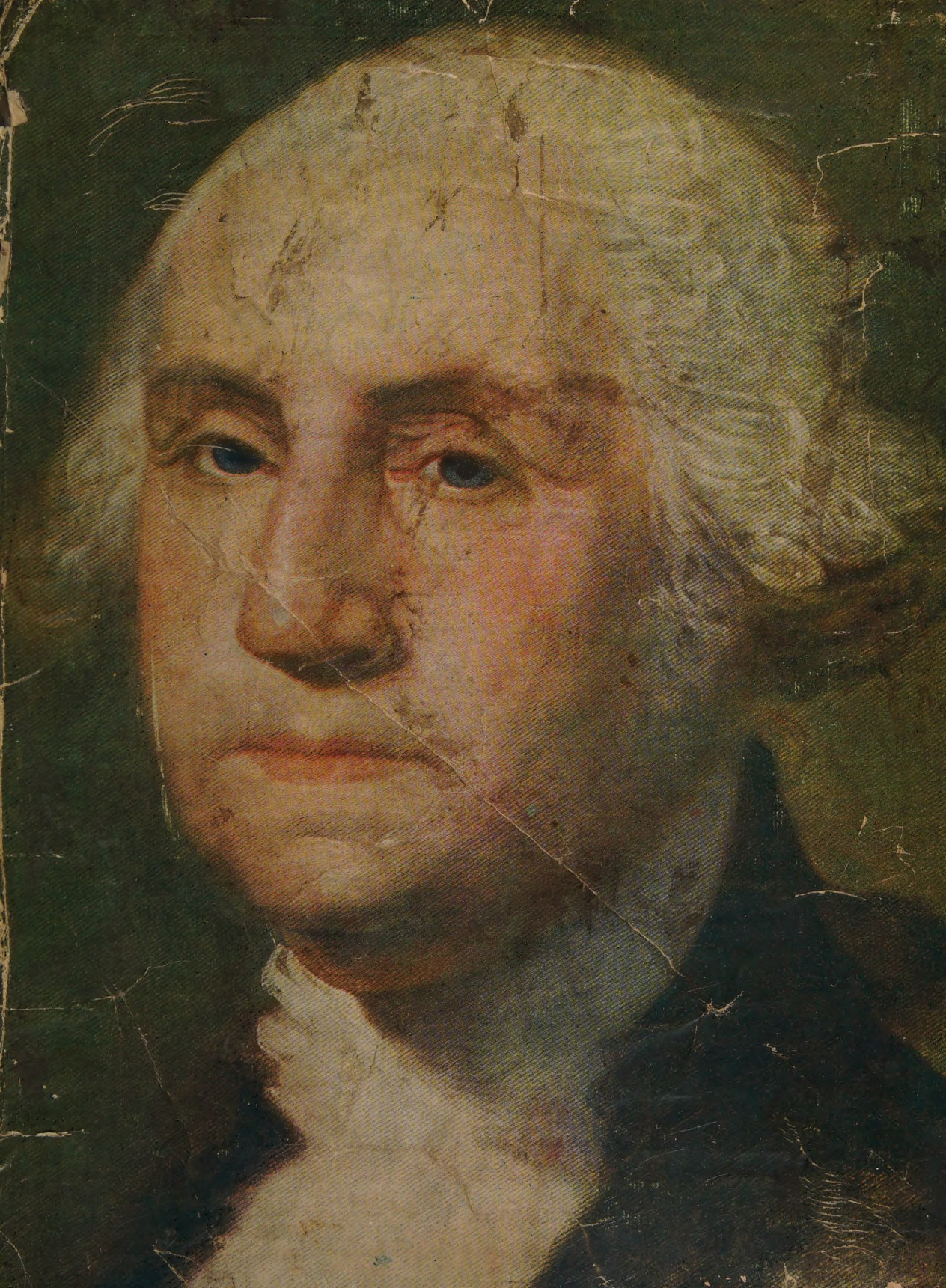




Washington

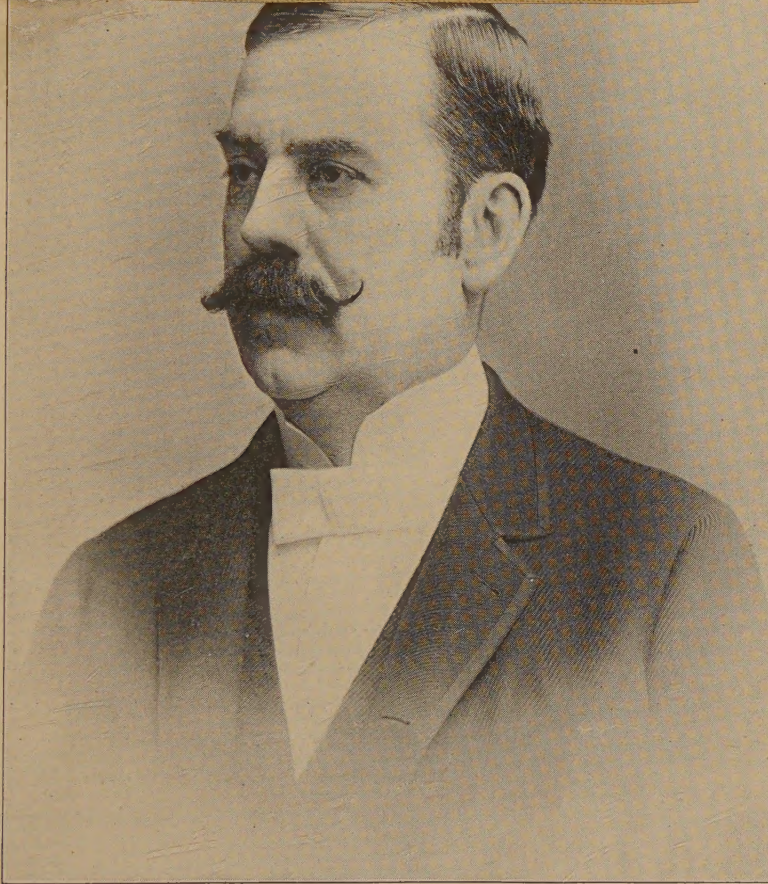
Edgar A. Guest

...tions grim were his to bear.
...ng hours of doubt were his to face,
...a faith sublime and courage rare,
...alward he set his face.

...e heroes on full-tide are swept
...o glory and the chance they seek,
...Washington, at slow pace, crept
...cheered from week to week.

His was the genius of despair,
The courage of the bitter doubt.
He saw men faltering everywhere
But kept his own heart stout.

Had Washington by sufferings keen
And envy's rancor been dismayed
Men's right to freedom might have been
A century more delayed.



W. W. Dodge

The Fraternal and Modern Banquet Orator

FOUR BOOKS IN ONE VOLUME

Book I—Toasts

Book II—Classified Selections

Book III—Anecdotes

Book IV—Addresses

AN ORIGINAL BOOK OF USEFUL HELPS AT THE SOCIAL
SESSION AND ASSEMBLY OF FRATERNAL ORDERS,
COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENTS, SOCIAL
GATHERINGS AND ALL BANQUET
OCCASIONS

BY

HON. W. W. DODGE

MEMBER OF THE BURLINGTON, IOWA, BAR

WITH INTRODUCTIONS

By HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW
AND CHAMP CLARK

The eminent orator is the model which every parent recommends to his children. Even the common people stand and gaze as he passes by; they pronounce his name with pleasure and point to him as the object of their admiration.

—WILLIAM MATHEWS.

MONARCH BOOK COMPANY
CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

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To the Fraternal and Secret Societies of the world, whose purposes and aims are the establishment and perpetuation of a universal brotherhood for mutual improvement, to promote the moral, social and intellectual welfare of their members, to protect and assist the families and dependents of deceased brothers; to those that teach their members to live, and reverence the Supreme Being—to obey His precepts, and lead a proper life, with the practice of all moral duties, this work is respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

IN every situation, in all pursuits of life, may be seen the usefulness and benefits of eloquence. In whatever light we view this subject, it is evident that oratory is not a mere castle in the air; a fairy palace of fröst-work, destitute of substance and support. It is like a magnificent temple of Parian marble, exhibiting the most exact and admirable symmetry, and combining all the orders, varieties, and beauties of architecture.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

It cannot but be admitted that the American people are "charmed by the music of eloquent speech." Is it not true that the electric current of sympathy is established between the orator, and hearer by the repetition of a good story well told? One who, at the banquet table, or social gathering in the home, is ever ready with a sentiment for a toast, or is able to respond to one, or repeat a witty anecdote, is always rewarded with an immediate and dazzling triumph.

The benefits to mankind, from the marvelous growth of fraternal and secret societies of recent years, is incalculable. The golden cord that binds the members into a common brotherhood is, friendship. The good fellowship, that early follows the admission of one into a fraternal society arises largely from the social features of these beneficent organizations. It has become the universal custom among fraternal brotherhoods to fasten more firmly the ties of friendship at the banquet table, or social session.

While it cannot be expected, that every one is a natural-born orator, and that he is capable of presenting to his audience the beautiful wild flowers of eloquence, or "whose lips and gums while he is speaking are black from the berries on which they subsist," nor like Prentiss, does he have a nest of singing birds in his throat, nor are his lips touched by the "Attic bee," yet it is possible that one, from acquired knowledge, and receiving inspiration from the thoughts of others, may express himself in such a manner as to command admiration, and unstinted praise.

This is an age of oratory. The triumphs of eloquence, incisive logic, and potential argument, are found in the secret lodge room, the labor hall, and statesman's forum. More than ever is there a demand, and also is opportunity given to

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

express one's self at a public gathering. As, it is said, "Once in each man's life, at least, good fortune knocks at his door," so once in each man's life, he may be given opportunity to be heard at a public assembly and win everlasting fame and fortune. It should be the aim of every one to be ready at the allotted moment.

"Memory is a paradise out of which fate cannot drive us." While we all do not possess the paradise of a good memory, the fault is ours if we do not have a book of ready reference to help us when opportunity summons us to the front. It is my devout wish, that this work may prove a beacon light for those who are in the darkness of a mental eclipse for an appropriate sentiment to express.

This work, I am proud to say, occupies a position of its own in the world of literature. It proclaims to mankind, the beneficent and blessed purposes of fraternal orders, through the matchless eloquence of the national officials of these great organized charities, whose magnificent and brilliant addresses are as choice and beautiful, as "apples of gold, set in pictures of silver."

Innumerable are the books that are launched on the ocean of literature; many pass the hidden rocks of silence and are lost in the darkness of forgetfulness, like unto

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again, and a silence."

May this humble book, as it sails the ocean of literature, be guided along the trackless deep by the star of fraternity, and may its mission be more than a ship that passes in the night, with only a signal shown, "then darkness again, and a silence."

The author desires to express his sincere gratitude to all who have rendered him valuable assistance in the compiling of his work: Among these are Hon. Chauncey M. Depew,

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

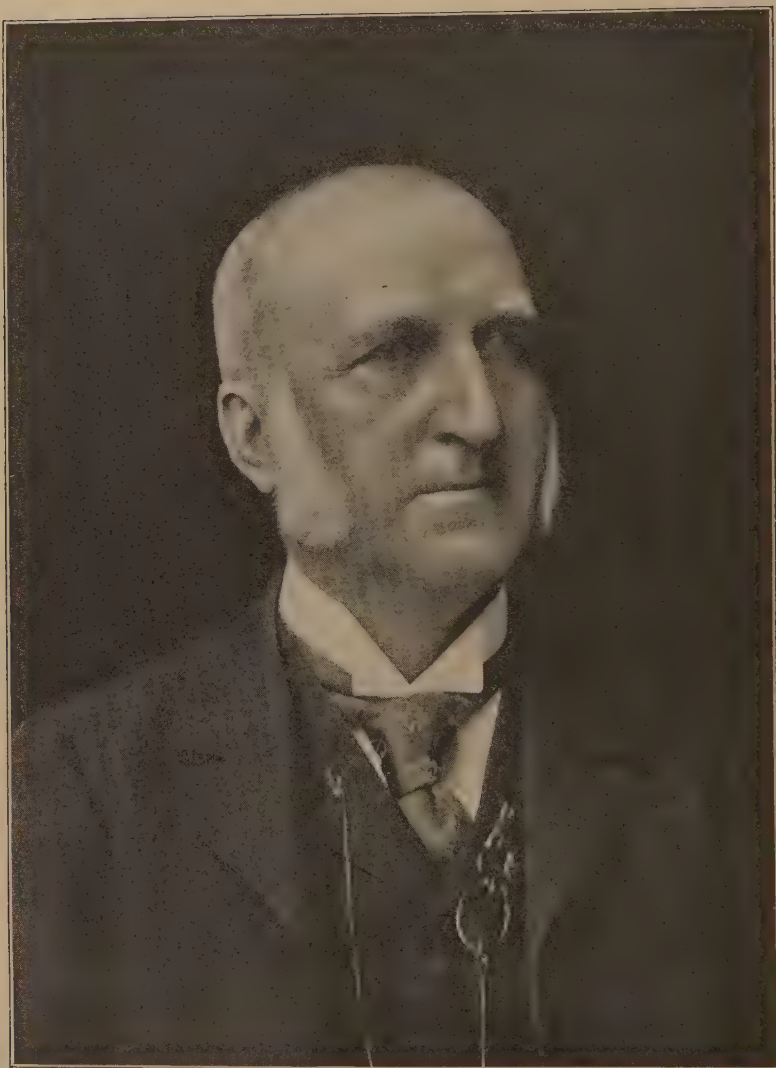
Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, Hon. W. J. Bryan, Hon. J. P. Dolliver, Hon. J. M. Robinson, Hon. J. C. Bell, Hon. E. N. Burdick, Gov. J. G. McCullough, Gov. A. J. Montague, Hon. Grover Cleveland, Mrs. Dimies T. S. Denison, President General Federation of Womans' Clubs; Mr. A. R. Talbot, Head Consul Modern Woodmen of America; Mr. John Goodwin, Grand Sire, Sovereign Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Hon. W. A. Northcott, Past Head Consul of the Modern Woodmen of America; Mr. Del Cary Smith, Grand Worthy President of the Fraternal Order of Eagles; Mr. Meade D. Detwiler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; Mr. D. P. Markey, Supreme Commander of the Knights of the Maccabees; Hon. Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters; Mr. J. C. Root, Sovereign Commander of the Woodmen of the World; Mr. Webb McNall, Supreme Master Workman of the Ancient Order of United Workmen; Mr. P. L. McArdle, Deputy Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus; Mr. Thomas G. Harrison, Great Inchohnee, Improved Order of Red Men; Mr. Tracy R. Bangs, Supreme Chancellor, Knights of Pythias.

*Burlington, Iowa,
September, 1903.*

W W Dodge

THERE is no power like that of oratory. Caesar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day.

HENRY CLAY.



Samuel M. Deane,

INTRODUCTION

BY HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

The best acquirement of a liberal education is learning where what one wants can be found. More time is wasted in fruitless search through libraries for desired information than in writing the essay or preparing the speech. The ease with which author or orator can place his hand upon the volume which gives him facts or statistics, or the trend and development of decisions, discovery, or discussion, the more rapid, interesting and fruitful is his work. The digest, the concordance, and the encyclopedia, are invaluable, but have their limits. There are fields which they do not and cannot cover. Fools are plagiarists, but the wise wish to absorb the atmosphere of the occasion or subject before venturing to grasp either. While treading along congenial lines, the way often opens very unexpectedly, and then our own initiative and faculty do the rest. The greatest marvel of the mind is its explorations, and expansion under the impulse of a hint or a suggestion. The clouds clear away, and the strong points on our side, and the weak ones on the enemy's, become so plain that triumph is assured. This sometimes comes by reading a master on a matter unrelated to the work in hand. A chapter of Macaulay or Milton will lift one up to the plane of an appreciative view and eloquent description of the virtues and missions of the Pilgrim Fathers, and Sir Walter Scott will enthuse the gray matter for a Fourth-of-July oration. For all usual efforts, at the bar, in the pulpit, on the platform or the stump, there are plenty of precedents if the student has the training to find and utilize them. But the busy man, every hour of whose time is mortgaged, is handicapped by a sudden call and a brief period for preparation, for an after-dinner

speech, or a fraternity address. The many divisions of great industrial enterprises hold annual conventions and wind up with a banquet. The same practice prevails with gatherings of bankers, railroad managers, scientists, sociologists, and educators. They desire and demand for their speakers, men in the public eye, who are outside their specialties. The call for this talent is constantly increasing, and the audiences grow more exacting. There is hardly an interest of any kind or a field of human effort, or thought which brings people together, which does not find its purpose best advanced and promoted by a closing dinner. The prime necessity at such a parting celebration is that variety of bright, crisp and entertaining talk so difficult to secure by the committee of management. It is easier to prepare a paper to make a formal address or to deliver an exhaustive and illuminating argument or oration than to make an after-dinner speech which fills the exacting demands of the occasion and the crowd. The speaker must never tire his listeners, and know that critical moment for stopping when they will cry for more. His wisdom must be illumined with humor, his unpalatable truths sugar-coated, his story fresh and his method epigrammatical but not argumentative. A book of precedents and illustrations, with well-selected examples in many departments of this art, will fill a place now unoccupied and be as valuable in its way as the digest for the lawyer and the encyclopedia for the lecturer or general speaker.

Clarence M. Soper,

June 18, 1903.

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Book I

T O A S T S

*May we always mingle in the friendly bowl
"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."*

To present a toast at a home gathering, a social session of a fraternal order, or banquet table is a delightful accomplishment. There is always a demand for the one who is ever ready with an appropriate sentiment, and he who carries a pocket full of these roses of good cheer and love's messages, to throw to those around him, is certainly to be envied. Byron, that prince of toast-makers, expounds the philosophy of pleasure in these words:

"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and sodawater the day after."

Cassius, in the tent scene of Julius Caesar, exclaims to Brutus,

"Give me a bowl of wine,—in this I bury all unkindness."

And thus again Cassius pours fourth his love to Brutus,

"My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup,—
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love."

Venus, as the goddess of pleasure, has ruled the world from the remotest ages of antiquity. Her followers are found in the palaces of royalty, in the historic national homes of presidents, in the castles of the millionaires, in the brown-stone fronts of the "smart set," and in the cottage of the toiler.

We read of a fountain in Arabia upon whose basin is inscribed, "Drink and away," but how delicious is that hasty draught, and how long and brightly the thought of its transient refreshment dwells in the memory! Some believe in presenting a toast in the red juice of the crushed grape, others in the crystal water of the mountain spring. "Wine, to strengthen friendship and light the flame of love," and "Water, bright, sparkling with glee, the gift of our God, and the drink of the free."

TOASTS—FRATERNITY

The National Anthem

Fraternity—the national anthem, sung by forty-five states, our territories, and across the seas.

—*President Wm. McKinley.*

The Bond of Brotherhood

Here's to Fraternity! With all the word conveys of want relieved,
Of friendship, help and sympathy, both given and received.
Comrades to all the world, we stand, as men full oft have stood,
But pledge, instead of King or State, the Bond of Brotherhood.

—*Miss Bina M. West*, Supreme Record-Keeper of the Supreme Hive of the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World.

Modern Woodmen of America

May the Modern Woodmen of America as a fraternal society stand out for years to come among the greatest organized charities of this nation, as the rainbow of promise, as the ark of the covenant, to give hope, comfort and shelter to the wives and children of deceased Woodmen.

—*W. W. Dodge*, of Burlington, Iowa, at Modern Woodmen Tri-State Picnic, Sept. 5, 1899, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Fraternity Opens the Gates of Our Heart

Come, thou crown of speech. Come, thou charm of peace.
Come, thou blessing of fraternity. Open the gates of our hearts. Lift the weight of our joy as we provide fraternal insurance protection for our loved ones. Let it roll on and on until it washes the unseen shores of eternity.

—*E. C. Spinney*, President of the Bankers' Union of the World, Omaha, Neb.

Fraternalism

Here's to Fraternalism—strong in numbers, strong in principles and stronger still in the education of, and in the amelioration of, the griefs and sorrows of mankind.

—*L. S. Ebright*, Provident Cl. No. 16, Royal Arcanum,
Akron Lodge No. 363, B. P. O. Elks.

Fraternity of Man

The Fraternity of Man—God born and God blessed—its mighty influence for man's betterment can be measured by no human means.

—*Frederick W. Craig*, Des Moines, Iowa, Grand
Commander Knights Templar of Iowa.

Legislatures Protect Fraternal Societies

The Legislatures of the several Commonwealths of the American Union. Whenever the question has been properly presented to their members, they have fostered and protected the Fraternal Beneficiary Societies. May they continue their fostering care in the future and give the societies the same length of time and the same opportunity to work out the problem of furnishing protection to the home at actual cost, as they have to the Old Line companies to work out the problem of commercial insurance or investment with a profit to the company, the manager, the solicitor, and the policy holder.

—*W. O. Robson*, Supreme Secretary, Royal
Arcanum, Boston, Mass.

Fraternal Protection

Fraternal Protection, as represented in the Fraternal Beneficiary Associations—born in obscurity, reared amid opposition and adversity, but its achievements the most pronounced among those of the wonderful nineteenth century.

—*W. W. Sackett*, Supreme Record,
A. O. U. W., Meadville, Pa.

Gloves and Aprons

May the brethren of our glorious craft be ever distinguished in the world by their regular lives more than by their gloves and aprons,

Freemasonry Doth Teach Honest Hearts

Come, fill up a bumper and let it go round!
May mirth and good fellowship always abound!
And may the world see that freemasonry
Doth teach honest hearts to be jovial and free!

Died in the Square

To him that did the temple rear,
Who lived and died within the square,
And lies interred, there's none know where,
But those who master masons are.

A Lodge's Solid Foundation

May the fountain of every regular lodge be solid, its build-
ings sure, and its members numerous and happy.

Noblest Work of God

Let the noblest work of man continue in God's noble work;
let faith, hope, charity and good will prevail, and truth,
temperance, harmony, justice and equality be our star of
destiny.

—Sov. Charles C. Farmer, W. O. W., at Waterloo,
Iowa, Camp Meeting, Thanksgiving, 1900.

Woodcraft

Here's to our ax shall sing,
Our saw shall ring,
The beetle lam and pound;
And we will canvas everything
Our jolly camp around.

—Sov. Chas. C. Farmer, W. O. W.

The Level and the Square

As we meet upon the level, may we part upon the square.

The Spirit of Friendship

May this day's celebration tend to strengthen the spirit of
friendship which has in times past existed between the mem-
bers of our beloved Fraternity.

The Four Comforts of Life

To every brother the four comforts of life: love, liberty, health and contentment.

Square and Plumb Line

May the square, plumb-line and level regulate the conduct of every brother.

May Virtue Flourish

May every society instituted for the promotion of virtue flourish.

A Model Brother

May every worthy brother who is willing to work and labor through the day, be happy at night with his friend, his love, and a cheerful glass.

The Compass and the Square

May every brother learn to live within the compass, and watch upon the square.

Here's to the F. O. E.

Here's hoping that every good Eagle
May be able to soar so high
He can enter the Aerie of Heaven
Without being called on to die.

—The above is the adopted toast of Wardner, Idaho,
Aerie No. 170, Fraternal Order of Eagles.

The Sun's Rays of Fraternity

May the influence of fraternal societies never wane; may their rôle of honor ever increase until all parts of the civilized world shall be lighted and warmed by the sun rays of fraternity.

—*W. W. Dodge*, Worthy President, Fraternal Order
of Eagles, Aerie 150, Burlington, Iowa.

TOASTS—PATRIOTISM

Imperial Germany

Imperial Germany, a virile nation, great and strong on land and sea, whose rapidly growing and powerful navy, like its magnificent army, commands our admiration and respect; a nation at whose head stands the noblest yachtsman in the world.

—*President Hatstat*, of the Hartford Yacht Club, at banquet in honor of Ambassador Baron Speck von Sternburg, Hartford, Conn., April 3, 1903.

Republican America

Republican America, a virile nation, great and strong on land and sea, whose rapidly growing and powerful navy, like its gallant army, commands our admiration and respect, a nation at whose head stands one of the world's greatest rulers.

Baron Speck von Sternburg, German Ambassador, at Hartford Yacht Club banquet, at which he was guest of honor, Hartford, Conn., April 3, 1903.

The Meaning of U. S. A.

The U stands for the Union eternal,
The S for the Stripes and Stars,
The A for our Army undefeated
The victor in a dozen wars;
The U stands for our "Uncle Sammy,"
The S for our Ships in stern array,
The A for the Almighty One who guards us—
That's the meaning of U. S. A.

—*Raymond A. Brown.*

To America

The best land in the world;
Let him that don't like it, leave it.

A Spread-Eagle Toast

At a Fourth of July banquet, a gentleman proposed this toast: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the great lakes, on the east by the Atlantic, on the south by the Gulf, and on the west by the Pacific." This was thought almost too conservative by the next speaker, and he put it this way: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the north pole, on the south by the south pole, on the east by the rising sun, and on the west by the setting sun." As the champagne went down, the patriotism went up, and it finally culminated in this sentiment, which was proposed by a speaker: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by primordial chaos, and on the west by the day of judgment."

—Joseph W. Hiner.

America

And may the land of our nativity be ever the abode of freedom, and the birthplace of heroes.

No Flaw in Uncle Sam's Flag.

If we drink to China, we drink the poison of the "Sick Man of the East"; if we drink to Italy we put "The Boot" on the wrong foot; if we drink to Peru, we burn our lips on the equator; so let us drink to him who hath not harm in his heart, venom in his veins, nor flaw in his flag—Uncle Sam!

The Patriot

'Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land—
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

A Toast to Our Native Land

Huge and alert, irascible, yet strong,
We make our fitful way 'mid right and wrong.
One time we pour out millions to be free,
Then rashly sweep an Empire from the Sea!
One time we pull the shackles from the slaves,
And then, quiescent, we are ruled by knaves.
Often we rudely break restraining bars,
And confidently reach out toward the stars.
Yet, under all, there flows a hidden stream,
Sprung from the Rock of Freedom, the great dream
Of Washington and Franklin, men of old,
Who knew that freedom is not bought with gold.
This, the land we love, our heritage,
Strange mixture of the gross and fine, yet sage
And full of promise,—destined to be great,
Drink to Our Native Land—God bless the State!

—Robert Bridges.

Columbia, the Pride

Here's a health to Columbia, the pride of the earth,
The stars and the stripes—drink the land of our birth!
Toast the army and navy who fought for our cause,
Who conquered and won us our freedom and laws.

Our National Birds

The American Eagle,
The Thanksgiving Turkey:
May one give us peace in all our States,
And the other a piece for all our plates.

The Stripes and Stars

To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, come what, come may,
The Stars and Stripes forever!

American Army

May it ever be very small in peace, but grow to mighty dimensions and mightier achievements in war.

American Navy

May it always be as anxious to preserve peace as to uphold the honor of the flag in war.

Give Us Pure Candidates

Here's to Columbia, free laws and a free church,
From their blessings may plotters be left in the lurch;
Give us pure candidates and a pure ballot-box,
And our freedom shall stand as firm as the rocks.

My Native Land

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessings and with prayer;
Where man is brave and woman true
And free as the mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome, foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

—*Morris.*

Our President

May he always merit the esteem and affection of a people ever ready to bestow gratitude on those who deserve it.

The Next That Dies

Toast drunk by an Irishman during the cholera epidemic in India:

"Stand to your glasses steady
And drink to your comrade's eyes:
Here's a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies."

The Eagles of Monarchy

May the eagles of monarchy never be suffered to build a nest in our land.

The Red, White and Blue

The emblems of love, purity, and fidelity—may the symbol be as highly and as unanimously worshiped as the colors of our country's flag.

The Constitutions of the Different States

The bright stars which revolve around the great sun (the Nation)—may they ever respect the great center planet that warms, lights and protects them.

My Own United States

The poet sings of sunny France, fair olive-laden Spain;
The Grecian Isles, Italia's smiles and India's torrid plain;
Of Egypt, countless ages old; dark Africa's palms and dates.
Let me acclaim the land I name—my own United States!

I love every inch of her prairie land;

Each stone of her mountain side.

I love every drop of the waters clean

That flow from her rivers wide.

I love ev'ry tree, ev'ry blade of grass

Within Columbia's gates:

The Queen of the Earth is the land of my birth—

My own United States!

America's Influence Abroad

May the pinions of the American Eagle spread the opinions of liberty throughout the world.

America, the Queen of the Waves

Here's to America, the ruler and queen of the waves—may she always extend to the weak and oppressed those blessings with which her own sons have been blessed.

Trinity of Freemen

Here's to the Bible, the Constitution, and the Ballot-Box—the political trinity of freemen.

The American Eagle

May it never rise in anger,
Nor go to roost in fear.

America

Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.

Our Country's Emblem

The Lily of France may fade,
The Thistle and Shamrock wither,
The Oak of England may decay,
But the Stars shine on forever.

Our Constitution and Laws

May Columbia's brave defenders
Ever stand for the good of her cause;
While such we can toast them, no rogues or pretenders
Can injure our dear Constitution or laws.

An Asylum for the Oppressed

May America ever be an asylum for the oppressed, and a school to teach them the great principles of republicanism.

The Sons of the South

With hearts for their friends as warm as their sunshine,
and hands for their foes as deadly as their night-dew.

Desertion in Hour of Trial

Confusion to those who, rearing the masts of patriotism,
desert the cause of liberty in the hour of trial.



Champ Clark.

The Boundaries of Our Country

East, by the Rising Sun; North, by the North Pole; West, by all Creation; and South, by the Day of Judgment.

Our Navy

With the bull dogs of war
 Standing guard on our coasts,
 All fears of attack quickly vanish;
 Manned with hearts that are true
 To the Red, White and Blue,
 They'll make all our foeman "walk Spanish."

Got the Best of Them All

Benjamin Franklin was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen in Paris when one of them said: "Three nationalities are represented here this evening. I am French, my friend is English and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each of us propose a toast." It was agreed to and the Englishman, who was accorded first honors, arose, and, in the tone of a Briton bold, said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations of the earth." The Frenchman was rather taken back at this, but he proposed: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world." Franklin then arose with an air of quaint modesty, and said: "Here's to our beloved George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they obeyed."

Our Country

Ten thousand casks,
 Forever dribbling out their base contents,
 Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
 Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
 Drink and be mad then. 'Tis your country bids!
 —*Cowper*: "The Tasks."

Our Country—Right or Wrong

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.

—*Stephen Decatur*: Toast Given at Norfolk.

TOASTS—WATER AND WINE

"Adam's Ale"

Pure Water—

Old mother nature tells us all,
'Tis the only drink for her sons below,
His heart and hand can never fail
Whose drink is only "Adam's Ale."

The Gift of God

Our drink shall be water, bright, sparkling with glee,
The gift of our God, and the drink of the free.

Love's Fire

With this—water, the extinguisher of fire—let us drink to
love's fire, everlastingly unextinguishable.

Water Best of All Drinks

We never want cash to buy it, we are never ashamed to ask
for it, and never blush to drink it.

Made Fresh and Fair

The thirsty Earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.

—Abraham Cowley.

Col. Robert Ingersoll's Eloquent Apostrophe to Whiskey

I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever
drove the skeleton from a feast or painted landscapes on the
brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In
it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each
other over the billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of
the lark, the dews of night, the wealth of summer and autumn's
rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and

you will hear the voices of men and maidens singing the "Harvest Home," mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the star-lit dawn, the dreamy tawny dusk of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man.

(In June, 1887, Col. Ingersoll sent an old friend a jug of very old, rare whiskey, accompanied by the above beautiful lines.)

The Goblet Lulls Your Woes to Sleep

Within these goblets rich and deep,
We cradle all our woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear
Or drop the unavailing tear?
For Death will never heed the sigh
Or soften at the tearful eye.
For eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be sealed in sleep
Then let us never vainly stray
In search of thorns from pleasure's way,
And in these goblets rich and deep
Will lull our crying woes to sleep.

—*Moore's* "Anacreon."

Life's Pleasures Die in the Tears of the Cup

One bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any,
Remains to be crowned by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But, oh! may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up:
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die in the tears of the cup.

Wife—Bottle—Friend

One wife, one bottle, and one friend. The first, beautiful;
the second, full; and the last, ever faithful.

Wine and Women

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and sodawater the day after.

—Byron.

One Small Cup of Wine

Barren plain and dry hilltops
Drink with joy the liquid drops;
Leafy trees with their light bowers
Laugh to hear the summer showers;
To restore the boundless main
Winds oft pour the pelting rain;
Apolla's beam, with license free,
Drinks the waters of the sea.
Pale Diana on her way
From the sun drinks day by day;
Plants, trees and Mother Earth
Are examples to our mirth.
Should ye then, oh, comrades mine
Grudge me one small cup of wine?

—S. C. Irving, Chicago, Ill.

Death Ends Drinking

Drink to-day and drown all sorrow;
You shall, perhaps, not do't to-morrow;
But while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Laughter in Wine

Here's to the gay and this is the way,
There's nothing in wine but laughter;
So down with the drink, this is no time to think
Of the tears that will follow after.

—Richard Carle, of the Storks Opera Co.

A Bowl of Wine

Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine:
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

—*Brutus to Cassius*, in the tent scene of "Julius Caesar."

Drinking to the Love of Brutus

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

—*Cassius to Brutus* in the tent scene of "Julius Caesar."

Ace High

A little whiskey now and then
Is relished by the best of men;
It surely drives away dull care,
And makes ace high look like two pair.

False Friends

Here's champagne for our real friends,
And real pain for our sham friends.

Drinks Like a Fish

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish;
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish"!

Less of Life to Live

Fill the bowl with flowing wine,
And while your lips are wet,
Press their fragrance into mine,
And forget.
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live.

Strong Drink

Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging.

The Accursed Cup

Pledge every pledge, mine honor pledge
From this auspicious day
No more to taste th' accursed cup,
And to dash its spell away.

Wine, More Sincere Than Women

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip—
'Twill chase the pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away the mind,
But unlike affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

—*Thomas Moore.*

The Nut-Brown Ale

Merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid.

—*Beattie, The Minstrel.*

Drink with Sincerity

Here's long life and prosperity,
To all of your posterity!
And those that don't drink with sincerity
May they be damned to eternity.

Drain the Bowl

Drain we the cup,
Friend,—art afraid?
Spirits are laid in the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget, round the old tree.

—*Thackeray, The Mahogany Tree.*

All in Drink

We'll have it all in drink; let meat and lodging go,—they are transitory, and show men merely mortal.

—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

The Old Nut-Brown

I gulp my sorrows down.

Oh, see them drown

• In foamy draughts of old nut-brown!

—*George Arnold.*

One Sip

We'll bathe the drooping spirits in delight

Beyond the dreams of man.

—*Milton.*

The Eastern Princes

Glittering squares of colored ice,

Sweetened with syrup, tinctured with spice,

Creams, and cordials, and sugar dates,

Cyrian apples, Otharanee quinces,

Limes and citrons, and apricots,

And wines that are known to Eastern princes.

—*T. B. Aldrich: When the Sultan Goes to Ispahan.*

Good Liquor

Good liquor, I stoutly maintain, gives genius a better discerning.

—*Goldsmith.*

When I Quaff Wine

When I quaff wine, my cares are lulled to rest. What have I to do with labors, woes, or cares? Die I must, whether I will or no. Why should I wander through life? Let us then quaff the wine of fair Lyoeus. With it our cares are forgotten.

—*Anacreon.*

The Four Glasses

The first glass for myself; the second for my friends; the third for good humor; and the fourth for mine enemies.

—*Sir W. Temple.*

Home or Hell

Well, boys, here's to
Wife or whisky,
The babes or the bottle,
Home or hell,
Which shall it be?

In the Goblet's Delirium

'Tis not in the goblet's delirium to drown
The remorse which must rise to embitter thy hours;
For madness the mirth of the banquet must crown
When thou think'st of thy home and its desolate flowers.
Yea, past and forever, the love I once knew!
'Tis not for myself, but thee, my soul grieves;
From the hemlock's deep poison if 'scapes but the dew
'Tis too happy to heed the fall from its leaves.

The Feast of Reason

"May we always mingle in the friendly bowl
The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

This Cordial Julep

This cordial julep here, that flames and dances in his crystal bounds.

—*Milton, Comus.*

Come, Fill the Bowl

Come, fill the bowl, each jolly soul!
Let Bacchus guide our revels;
Join cup to lip, with hip, hip, hip,
And bury the blue devils!

Actor's Spook

Here's that a spook may us affright,
Wherever we may roam;
For if the "ghost walks" not all right,
We actors must walk home.

Brisk Wine and Lovely Women

Brisk wine and lovely women are
The source of all our joys;
A bumper softens every care,
And beauty never cloys.
Then let us drink, and let us love,
While yet our hearts are gay;
Women and wine we all approve,
As blessing night and day.

A Health

A health!
And here let Time hold still his restless glass,
That not another golden sand may fall
To measure how it passeth.

—*Dekker and Ford: Sun's Darling.*

Eternal Health Goes Round

Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal "health" goes round;
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high—
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

—*Abraham Cowley.*

Fill the Wine Cup High

O, fill the wine cup high!
The sparkling liquor pour,
For we will care and grief defy,
They ne'er shall plague us more;
And ere the snowy foam
From off the wine departs,
The precious draught shall find a home,
A dwelling in our hearts.

—*Robert F. Williams.*

Bubble Winked

The bubble winked at me and said,
"You'll miss me, brother, when you're dead."

—*Oliver Herford.*

Five Reasons for Drinking

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or any other reason why.

—*John Sirmond.*

Forget Trouble

Fill up the bowl, upon my soul,
Your trouble you'll forget, sir;
If it takes more, fill twenty score,
Till you have drowned regret, sir.

—*Alfred Brenn.*

Here's to Hell

Here's to Hell!—toss it off in a quaff, lads,
Drink the health of the Devil, and laugh, lads,
Pledge the tale of the wheat and the chaff, lads,—
Here's to Hell.

—*Eugene R. White.*

Here's to Our Fatherland

The sparkling juice now pour
With fond and liberal hand;
O, raise the laughing rim once more,—
Here's to our Fatherland!

—*Robert F. Williams.*

Man Made Wine

God made Man frail as a bubble;
God made Love; Love made Trouble;
God made the Vine: was it a sin
That Man made Wine to drown Trouble in?

Fill Up the Goblet

Fill up the goblet and reach me some;
Drinking makes wise, but dry fasting makes glum!

—*W. R. Alger: Wine Song.*

Nature Fills the Cup

'Tis Nature's self the cup that fills,
In spite of folly's frown,
And Nature from her vine-clad hills,
That rains her life-blood down.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Other Meetings

Oh, here's to other meetings,
And merry greetings then,
And here's to those we've drunk with,
But never can again.

—*Stephen Decatur.*

Ready Cure

Don't die of love; in heaven above
Or hell they'll not endure you;
Why look so glum when Doctor Rum
Is waiting for to cure you?

—*Oliver Herford.*

Too Bold a Use

For highest cordials all their virtues lose,
By a too frequent and too bold a use;
And what would cheer the spirits in distress
Ruins our health when taken to excess.

—*John Pomfret: The Choice.*

Wine and Liberty

Come, fill the glass and drain the bowl;
And may Love and Bacchus still agree;
And every American warm his soul
With Cupid, Wine, and Liberty.

What Harm in Drinking

What harm in drinking can there be?
Since punch and life so well agree?

—*Thomas Blacklock: An Epigram on Punch.*

Wine Well Used

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be
well used; exclaim no more against it.

—*Shakespeare: Othello.*

Here With My Beer

Here
With my beer
I sit,
While golden moments flit.
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by:
And as they fly,
I,
Being dry,
Sit, idly sipping here
My beer.

—*George Arnold.*

Irishman's Toast

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,
Here's to each lad and his darling colleen,
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most,
And may God save old Ireland!—that's an Irishman's toast.

Jolly Old Bouncer

To Death, the jolly old bouncer, now
Our glasses let's be clinking;
If he hadn't put others out, I trow,
To-night we'd not be drinking.

—*Oliver Herford.*

Kisses

Kisses tender, kisses cold,
Kisses timid, kisses bold,
Kisses joyful, kisses sad,
Pass the bowl or I'll go mad.

—*Oliver Herford.*

Wine, Woman and Song

He who loves not wine, woman, or song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.

—*Probably by J. H. Voss.*

Let My Liver Heat with Wine

Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

—*Shakespeare.*

Adam's Crystal Ale

Here's to Old Adam's crystal ale,
Clear, sparkling and divine,
Fair H₂O, long may you flow!
We drink your health (in wine).

—*Oliver Herford.*

Away with Gloom

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past.

—*Thomas Moore.*

But I Can Drink

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

—*Bishop Still: Gammer Gurton's Needle.*

Leave Dull Earth Behind

Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul
The brightest wit can find us!
We'll take a flight
Toward heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

—Thomas Moore.

A Glass Is Good

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

—John O'Keefe: *Sprigs of Laurel*.

Byron's Toast

Fill the goblet again; for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core.
Let us drink; who would not? Since through life's varied round
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

—Byron.

Ben Johnson's Toast

Hath thy ale virtue or thy beer strength, that the tongue of
man may be tickled and his palate pleased in the morning.

—Ben Jonson.

Good Liquor

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brains
With grammar and nonsense and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.

—Goldsmith.

Wine Cheers the Mind

Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

—Shakespeare.

Hail, Juice Benignant

Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils, Hail, juice benignant!

—*Thomas Wharton.*

Absent Lords

Here's to ye absent lords, may they
Long in a far countree stay,
Drinking at other ladies' boards,
The health of other absent lords.

—*Old Song.*

Better the Quicker

If you'd dip in such joys, come—the better, the quicker,
But remember the fee—for it suits not my ends
To let you make havoc, scot free, with my liquor,
As though I were one of your heavy-pursed friends.

—*Horace to Virgil.*

Drink Deep

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
These shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

—*Alexander Pope.*

Double Health to Thee

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's double health to thee.

—*Lord Byron to Thomas Moore.*

Champagne, the Drink Divine

Here's to champagne, the drink divine,
That makes us forget our troubles;
It's made of a dollar's worth of wine,
And three dollars' worth of bubbles.

Pretty Girl and Cold Bottle

Here's to a long life and a merry one,
 A quick death and an easy one,
 A pretty girl and a true one,
 A cold bottle and another one.

Dear Old Times

I drink it as the Fates ordain it;
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
 In memory of dear old times.

—*Wm. Makepeace Thackeray.*

The American, a Liberal Drinker

The Frenchman loves his native wine;
 The German loves his beer;
 The Englishman loves his 'alf and 'alf,
 Because it brings good cheer;
 The Irishman loves his "whiskey straight"
 Because it gives him dizziness;
 The American has no choice at all,
 So he drinks the whole d—— business.

Be Merry and Drink

Clink, clink your glass and drink;
 Why should we trouble borrow?
 Care not for sorrow,
 A fig for the morrow!
 To-night let's be merry and drink!

Wine, the Flame of Love

Wine to strengthen friendship and light the flame of love.

Want Nothing but To Drink

Some men want youth and others health,
 Some from a wife will often shrink,
 Some men want wit and others wealth—
 May we want nothing but to drink.



JOHN B. GOODWIN,
Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

TOASTS—WOMEN

The Pilgrim Mothers

"Woman, the better half of the Yankee world, at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers."

"The Pilgrim mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

—*Hon. Joseph H. Choate* at a dinner of the New England Society of New York.

True Men Are Lovers

Woman's the toast; fill high the glass;
Let each man pledge his favorite lass;
Whether in water or in wine
It matters not, the toast's divine;
Pledge then, to sweethearts; pledge to wives;
True men are lovers all their lives.

—*I. Edward Clark*, U. S. Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.

A Woman's Will

Men dying make their wills,
But wives escape a work so sad:
How can they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had.

—*J. G. Saxe*.

Ladies of Omaha

Here's to the ladies of Omaha,
Whose beauty's noted far and wide;
The best of wives, the best of mothers,
God bless them all! God bless the others!

—*Martin Saxe*, New York City, at Omaha Convention of the Commercial Law League of America, July 21, 1896

The Three Ruling Powers

Here's to the press, the pulpit and the petticoat, the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second spreads morals, and the third spreads over a multitude of sins.

—*Edgerton Harvey.*

A Toast for Wine

Wine and women—May we always have a taste for both.

Woman's Arms Our Recompense

Here's to the ladies, God bless them!
May our arms be their defense and their arms our recompense!

Can't Help Loving Women

We admire them for their beauty, respect them for their intelligence, adore them for their virtue, and love them because we can't help it.

No Man Without a Woman

The fairest work of the Great Author: the edition is large, and no man should be without a copy.

The Pioneer Mother

What feeble messenger from the heart, are words to express our love, devotion, and admiration for our dear pioneer mother. Her womanly, grand and noble nature came to her down the stream of life, from the woman "God beloved in old Jerusalem," who was "the last at the cross and the first in the sepulcher."

—*Hon. W. W. Dodge* at Semi-Centennial celebration of admission of Iowa to statehood, Burlington, Oct., 1896.

A Handsome Woman

Let's drink to the health of a handsome woman, as it has been said by the poet, "A handsome woman is soon dressed."

The Ladies

The ladies—Heaven bless them!—are as a rule coquettes from babyhood upwards.

—*Thackeray.*

Drink To Me Only with Thy Eyes

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change from thine.

—Ben Jonson.

Women's Eyes

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,
They sparkle, still the right Promethean fire,
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

—Shakespeare.

America's Daughters

May the blue of their eyes, the red of their cheeks, and the white of their bosoms, be the standard of our love and patriotism.

Rules Us Still

For though they almost blush to reign,
Though love's own flowers wreathe the chain,
Disguise the bondage as we will,
'Tis woman—woman rules us still.

Torrent of a Woman's Will

Where is the man who has the power and skill,
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on it,
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on it.

To a Chaperone

Here's to the chaperone,
May she learn from Cupid,
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid.

—Oliver Herford.

A Perfect Woman

For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles,
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warm, to comfort and command.

—*Wordsworth.*

When She's Bad

Lovely woman, who is gladdest in her gladness when she's glad,
 Saddest in her sadness when she's sad.
 But her gladness when she's glad and her sadness when she's
 sad
 Is not in it with her badness when she's bad.

—*Col. Edwin B. Hay, Washington, D. C.*

Without A Woman In It

They talk about a woman's sphere
 As though it had a limit;
 There's not a place in earth or heaven,
 There's not a task to mankind given;
 There's not a blessing or a woe,
 There's not a whispered yes or no;
 There's not a life, there's not a birth,
 That has a feather's weight of worth—
 Without a woman in it!

Life Might Be All Poetry

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentler sex
 The seeming paragon.
 Her health! and would on earth there stood
 Some more of such a frame,
 That life might be all poetry,
 And weariness a name.

—*Edward Coate Pinckney.*

Wives and Sweethearts

Here's to our wives and sweethearts, and may they never meet.

Woman Makes Happiness

Here's to woman whose heart and whose soul
Are the light and the life of each spell we pursue;
Whether sunn'd at the tropics or chilled at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness, too.

Bumper to Womankind

A bumper to womankind, clumsy or thin,
Young or ancient—it weighs not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper—nay, fill to the brim,
And let's toast 'em, e'en all together.

When a Woman Wills

When a woman wills, she will,
And you may depend upon it;
And when she won't, she won't;
And that's the end of it;
But when she wills and undertakes it,
It beats creation how she makes it.

Loves His Wife

Here's to the man who loves his wife,
And loves his wife alone;
For many a man loves another man's wife,
When he ought to be loving his own.

Women Drive Me to Drink

Drink to fair woman, who, I think,
Is most entitled to it;
For if anything can ever drive me to drink,
She certainly could do it.

—B. Jabez Jenkins.

Kiss the Lips

The wimmin!
So let us all; yes, by the love which all our lives rejoices,
By those dear eyes that speak to us with love's seraphim voices,
By those dear arms that will infold us when we sleep forever,
By those dear lips that kiss the lips that may give answer
never,
By memories lurkin' in our hearts an' all our eyes bedimmin',
We'll drink a health to those we love an'
who love us—the wimmin!

—*Eugene Field's Toast to the Ladies.*

An Excuse for the Glass

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty,
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

—*Richard Sheridan.*

Poor Things

The ball room is gleaming with brilliance and light,
Of beauty and wealth there's no lack,
But there isn't a woman in all that vast throng
Who has a whole dress to her back!

All Conditions

A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her whom he love's best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight,
To every faithful lover, too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage;
And pillow soft to head of áge.

—*Sir Walter Scott,*

Wives

Come! a health! and it's not to be slighted with sips,
A cold pulse, or a spirit supine—
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips
To commingle its flow with the wine.
Then with wine, as is due, let the honors be paid,
Whilst I give my hand, heart, and head;
"Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind maid,
Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed!

—*Thomas Hood.*

Cannot Live Without Them

As for women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em.

—*F. Reynolds.*

America's Daughters

To America's daughters—Let all fill their glasses,
Whose beauty and virtue the whole world surpasses;
May blessings attend them, go wherever they will,
And foul fall the man e'er offers them ill.

Women, We Die for You

O, woman, woman, woman;
You are something more than human!
Ever changing, ever charming
And sometimes quite alarming.

And though you break our banks
We can only speak our thanks;
With forms so fair and hearts so true,
We live and die for you, for you!

Win her and wear her if you can. She is the most delightful of God's creatures. Heaven's best gift; man's joy and pride in prosperity; man's support and comfort in affliction. I drink her health. God bless her.

—*Shelley.*

TOASTS—LOVE

Roses Full of Dew

Here's to a world full of roses
And roses full of dew,
And here's to dew full of love,
For each and every one of you.

—*Richard Carl* of the Storks Opera Co.

Love Breaks on the Lips

Sparkling and bright in the liquid light,
Does the wine our goblet gleam in;
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

—*Charles Feno Hoffman.*

Who Loves But One

Here's to one, and only one,
And may that one be she,
Who loves but one, and only one,
And may that one be me.

An Old Quaker Toast

Here's to thee and thy folks,
May they love me and my folks
As much as me and my folks
Love thee and thy folks,
For there never were folks
Since folks were folks,
That loved folks,
As well as me and my folks
Love thee and thy folks.

Your Wish Shall Be Mine

If you were a fisher and I were a fish
I'd swallow the hook on your line,
Because I should know that this was your wish,
And your wish, of course, would be mine.

—Verna Richardson.

True as Long as You

Let's be gay while we may,
And seize love with laughter;
I'll be true, as long as you,
And not a moment after.

Those I Love

Here's to those I love;
Here's to those who love me;
Here's to those who love those that I love,
And here's to them who love those who love me.

—Quida's Toast.

Now Love the More

May those now love,
Who never loved before;
May those who've loved
Now love the more.

Love in Vain

A mighty pain to love, it is;
And 'tis a pain, that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
Is to love and love in vain.

—Abraham Crowley, *Anacreontiques*.

Love and Flowers

The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with love
For you, and you, and you

Bacchus and Venus

Bacchus' blisses and Venus' kisses—
May they ever be bachelor's fare.

Know but Cannot Express

Here's to love; a thing so divine,
Descriptions make it but the less,
Tis what we feel, but can not define—
'Tis what we know, but cannot express.

If We Only Dared

Here's to those who'd love us
If we only cared.
Here's to those we'd love
If we only dared.

Wings of Love

Here's to the wings of love;
May they never mould a feather,
Until your little barque and my little barque
Sail down life's stream together.

Love in a Trunk

I wish I were an elephant
And you a bale of hay;
I'd tuck you in my rubber trunk
And carry you away.

—Verna Richardson.

To Thee I Would Drink

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.
Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

—Byron.

The Scent of the Rose

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Antony Drunk on Cleopatra's Kisses

Upon a couch of crimson silk she lay,
And floated down the slumb'rous, murky Nile;
Her wondrous eyes rebuked the god of day,
While the bright sun grew dim before her smile
The warm air, fragrant from a lotus land,
Swept like a sensuous breath across the day;
What wonder Antony, with nerveless hand,
Drunk from her kiss, "threw all the world away?"
Why wonder that he found a keener zest,
Beside this piece of perfect, faultless clay,
Than waiting on the shores of Rome's unrest,
As willing captive at her feet he lay?
Her voice, like some soft, low-toned instrument,
With music sweet her royal love proclaims;
It stills the tempest of his discontent,
And for her sweet enchantments he gives fame.
"Love is her theme and Antony her god;"
He lays his manhood at her royal feet,
And smiles upon the ruins while the flood
Of love sweeps o'er him fragrant, warm and sweet.

—*Shakespeare.*

Blush, Happy Maiden

Blush, happy maiden, when you feel
The lips which press love's glowing seal;
But as the slow years darklier roll,
Grown wiser, the experienced soul
Will own as dearer far than they
The lips which kiss the tears away.

—*Elizabeth Akers Allen: Kisses.*

A Pressing Lover

A pressing lover seldom wants success,
 Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down
 And wastes a ten years' siege before one town.

—*Nicholas Rowe: To the Inconstant.*

Banish That Fear

Banish that fear; my flame can never waste,
 For love sincere, refines upon the taste.

—*Colley Cibber: The Double Gallant.*

Chemist of Love

The chemist of love
 Will this perishing mould,
 Were it made out of mire,
 Transmute into gold.

—*Mohammed Hafiz: Divan.*

Come, Live With Me

Come, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, or hills, or fields,
 Or woods and steepy mountains, yield.

—*Christopher Marlowe: Passionate
 Shepherd to His Love.*

In Her First Passion

In her first passion woman loves her lover;
 In all the others, all she loves is love.

—*Lord Byron: Don Juan.*

Long Life and Treasure

To the old, long life and treasure;
 To the young, all health and pleasure;
 To the fair, their face,
 With eternal grace;
 And the rest, to be loved at leisure.

—*Ben Jonson.*

Swear, Steal, and Lie

Here's that we may swear, steal, and lie:
When we swear may it be by the hand of justice;
When we steal may it be away from bad company;
When we lie may it be in the arms of the one we love best.

TOASTS—FRIENDSHIP

Brimming Glasses

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.

—Thomas Moore.

Four Hinges of Friendship

Here's to the four hinges of friendship—
Swearing, lying, stealing and drinking:
When you swear, swear by your country;
When you lie, lie for a pretty woman;
When you steal, steal away from bad company;
And when you drink, drink with me,

Rip Van Winkle's Toast

Here's to your good health'
Und your family's good health'—
May dey lif long und prosper!

Our Friends

May their joy be as deep as the ocean,
Their troubles as light as its foam.

Our Absent Friends

Although out of sight we recognize them with our glasses.

Toasted by His Friends

May he never be toasted save by the glass of his friends.

As Bad as I Am

Here's to you as good as you are,
 And to me as bad as I am:
 As good as you are and as bad as I am,
 I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.

—*Old Scotch Toast.*

Friend of My Soul

Friend of my soul, the goblet sip—
 'Twill chase the pensive tear;
 'Tis not so sweet as a woman's lip,
 But O! 'tis more sincere.
 Like her delusive beam,
 'Twill steal away the mind,
 But unlike affection's dream,
 It leaves no sting behind.

—*Tom Moore.*

"Cover up Your Henemies"

'Ere's to the 'ealth o' your royal 'ighness; hand may the
 skin o' a gooseberry be big enough for han humbrella to cover
 up hall your henemies.

—*Ermine.*

Friendships in Marble

May our injuries be written in sand and our friendships in
 marble.

Sympathy Through Pleasure and Pain

Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
 Let sympathy pledge us through pleasure, through pain;
 That, fast as feeling but touches one link,
 Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

—*Moore.*

Sow Thick With Friendship

May we all travel through the world and sow it thick with
 friendship.

Friends—Faithful, Fond and True

May thy life be long and happy,
Thy cares and sorrows few;
And the many friends around thee
Prove faithful, fond and true.

Sixteen Years After

Knock and the world knocks with you,
Boast and you boast alone.
The bad old earth is a foe to mirth,
And has a hammer as large as your own.
Buy and the gang will answer,
Sponge and they stand and sneer;
The revelers joined to a joyous sound
And shout from refusing beer.
Be rich and the men will seek you,
Poor, and they turn and go—
You're a mighty good fellow when you are mellow
And your pockets are lined with dough.
Be flush and your friends are many,
Go broke and you lose them all.
You're a dandy old sport at \$4.00 a quart—
But not if you chance to fall.
Praise and the cheers are many
Beef and the world goes by.
Be smooth and slick and the gang will stick,
As close as a hungry fly.
There is always a crowd to help you
A copious draught to drain.
When the gang is gone, you must bear alone,
The harrowing stroke of pain.

False Friends

May we never have friends who, like shadows, keep close
to us in the sunshine, only to desert us on a cloudy day or in
the night!



HON. DR. ORONHYATEKHA,
Supreme Chief Ranger Independent Order of Foresters.

The Bond of Friendship

The bond that cements the warm heart to a friend.

A Health to Everyone

Here's to friends both near and far;
Here's to woman, man's guiding star;
Here's to friends we've yet to meet,
Here's to those here; all here I greet.
Here's to childhood, youth, old age,
Here's to prophet, bard and sage,
Here's a health to every one;
Peace on earth and heaven won!

The Hill of Prosperity

When going up the hill of prosperity,
May you never meet any friends coming down.

Laugh at Your Friends

Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

—*Alexander Pope: Epilogue to Satire.*

Here's to Friendship Old

"A toast, a toast!" my lady cries,
I cannot say her nay.
She looks at me with pleading eyes,
I hasten to obey.
Long has she dwelt within my heart,
Her wishes have been mine.
'Tis but the lightest friendship's part
My wishes to resign.
Then here's a toast to friendships old,
A pledge to friendships new,
And may the two a third enfold
Fair lady,—here's to you!

—*Mrs. Dimies T. S. Denison, President General*
Federation of Women's Clubs.

TOASTS—GIRLS

A Yankee Girl

The girl that is witty,
The girl that is pretty,
The girl with an eye as black as a sloe;
Here's to girls of each station
O'er the Yankee nation,
And in particular, one that I know.

Not So Very Shocking

Here's to a bird, a bottle, and an open-work stocking—
There's nothing in this that's so very shocking—
The bird came from Jersey, the bottle from France,
The open-work stocking was seen at a dance.

The Girl I Love

Here's to the girl I love,
I wish that she were nigh;
If drinking beer would bring her here,
I'd drink the damn place dry.
A creature not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food.

—Wordsworth.

Dashing Coquette

Health to the bold, dashing coquette
Who careth not for me;
Whose heart, untouched by love as yet,
Is wild and fancy free.
Toasts of love to the timid dove
Are always going 'round;
Let mine be heard to the untamed bird,
And make your glasses sound!

Kisses and Lasses

Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad,
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For of kisses and lasses,
Like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.

The American Girl

Here's to the plain American men
Of blood, and brains and brawn!
Who honor the right
Hold sacred the fight,
Once made at Liberty's dawn;
For I'm an American girl, you see,
And admire the men of my own country.
When they're honest and brave,
And their minds are clean,
Our own are the best, the world has seen;
So here's a toast to them all.

—*Laura Alberta*, Chicago Member of Eastern
Star and of Actors' Society of America.

A Pretty Girl—Bless Her

You may run the whole gamut of color and shade,
A pretty girl—however you dress her—
Is the prettiest thing that ever was made,
And the last one's the prettiest, bless her!

Women of America

Here's to the prettiest,
Here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all who are true;
Here's to the neatest one,
Here's to the sweetest one,
Here's to them all in one,—
Women of America—here's to you!

—*Hon. W. A. Northcott*, Lieutenant-Governor of
Illinois, Head Consul-M. W. of Illinois.

The Girl I Love

Here's to the land which gave me birth,
Here's to the flag she flies;
Here's to her sons—the best on earth,
Here's to her smiling skies;
Here's to a heart which beats for me,
True as the stars above;
Here's to the day—when mine she'll be,
Here's to the girl I love.

—*Stein Song, from the Opera Prince of Pilsen.*

A Pretty Girl and Heaven

Here's to turkey when you're hungry,
Champagne when you are dry,
A pretty girl when you need her,
And heaven when you die.

Her Mutual Breast

Drink ye to her that each loves best;
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Leave a Kiss Within the Cup

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
And thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change from thine.

—*Ben Jonson: Celia.*

Imprisoned Laughter

Here's to the imprisoned laughter of the peasant girls of
France.

—*Prince of Pilsen Opera.*

Keeps Twenty Lovers Guessing

Here's lovers two to the maiden true,
And four to the maid caressing,
But the wayward girl with the lips that curl
Keeps twenty lovers guessing.

The Girl That Took Him In

To the hour he found his courage;
To the smile that won his heart
With a little look of sweetness
And a dainty Cupid dart;
To a bachelor's broken pledges;
To the venial little sin
That he cannot do without her—
To the girl that took him in!

Leave My Happy Home for You

Here's to the red and sparkling wine,
I'll be your sweetheart, if you'll be mine,
I'll be constant, I'll be true,
I'll leave my happy home for you.

When Raining Kisses.

Here's to a girl who's bound to win
Her share at least of blisses,
Who knows enough not to go in
When it is raining kisses.

When Daring in Dress.

Divine in looks, glorious in a pipe,
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress,
More dazzling when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

—Lord Byron.

Maids of All Ages.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunty, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

—Richard Brinsley Sheridan: School for Scandal.

Maiden's Eyes.

Here's to the girl with eyes of blue,
Whose heart is kind and love is true;
Here's to the girl with eyes of brown,
Whose spirit proud you cannot down;
Here's to the girl with eyes of gray,
Whose sunny smile drives care away:
Whate'er the hue of their eyes may be,
I'll drink to the girls, this toast with thee!

TOASTS—HAPPINESS

You Good Fellows

Here's that you may live a hundred happy years,
And I may live a hundred less one day:
For I don't care to live any more
When all you good fellows have past away.

—*Richard Carle*, of the Stork's Opera Company.

The Eventful Tale of Life

Just a little sunshine,
Just a little rain,
Just a little poverty,
Just a little pain,
Just a little happiness,
Just a little gold,
And then the eventful tale of life is told.

Tears and Pearls

Here's to our tears,
May they crystallize and become pearls,
To be worn by those we love
In memory of happy days.

—*Richard Carle*.

Home, Sweet Home

The central telegraph office of human affection into which run innumerable wires of love and sympathy, many of which may extend into distant lands, but are never disconnected from the one great terminus, "Home, Sweet Home."

Sad Days of Future

Here's to the happiest days of our past,
May they be the saddest of our future.

—*Richard Carle*, of Stork's Opera Company.

Let's Have Laughing

Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, on sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing;
Who the devil cares for more?

—Byron.

Happiness Without Regret

May we look forward with pleasure, and backward without regret.

A Bachelor's Life

A pipe, a book, a friend,
A stein that's always full,—
Here's to the joys of a bachelor's life,
A life that is never dull.

Sunshine After Rain

I wish for you a life of gladness,
Full of joy and free from pain,
Full of mirth and free from sadness,
Bright as sunshine after rain.

—Verna Richardson.

How They Take It

Some take their gold in minted mold,
And some in harps hereafter;
But give me mine in tresses fine,
And keep the change in laughter.

—Oliver Herford.

Those That Are Single

May those that are single get wives to their mind,
And those that are married true happiness find.

George Washington's Last Toast

On March 3, 1797, the day before retiring from office, Washington gave a dinner to President-elect Adams at which he chaffed the new President on entering servitude, and in especially good humor raised his glass and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man. I do it with all sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness."

The effect was not enlivening.

TOASTS—MISCELLANEOUS

The Royal Corn

Aye, the corn, the Royal Corn,
Within whose yellow heart
There is health and strength for all the nations.

—Gov. R. J. Oglesby, of Illinois.

Toast to the Horse

That bundle of sentient nerves, with the heart of a woman, the eye of a gazelle, the courage of a gladiator, the docility of a slave, the proud courage of a king and the blind obedience of a good soldier. The companion of the desert and the plain; that turns the moist furrow in the spring in order that all the world may have abundant harvests; that furnishes the sport of kings; that, with blazing eye and distended nostrils, fearlessly leads our greatest generals through carnage and the smoke of battle to glory and renown; whose blood forms one of the ingredients that go to make the ink in which all history is written, and that finally mutely and sadly in black trappings pulls the humblest of us all to the newly sodded threshold of eternity.

—Dr. Kane, President of the New York Drivers' Association, at a public dinner.

Christening of the Battleship "Iowa."

At the christening of the monster battleship "Iowa", Miss Mary Lord Drake, daughter of Governor Francis M. Drake, of Iowa, pronounced these words, as the great ocean monster plunged into the waters of the mighty deep: "I christen thee 'Iowa'. May good luck go with thee!"

Iowa.

Iowa—May the affections of her people, like the rivers of her border, flow to an inseparable union.

—Hon. Enoch W. Eastman, Ex-Lieutenant Governor of Iowa.

Christening of the Honolulu Cable

"To the memory of Mr. John W. Mackay, I christen thee, Pacific cable. Good luck to thee! May it always carry messages of happiness!"

—*Sentiment of Miss Gage*, daughter of Governor Gage, of California, at the completion of the Clarence H. Mackay cable between San Francisco and Honolulu, Dec. 15, 1902.

Washington

Solitary and alone in its grandeur stands forth the character of Washington in history: solitary and alone like some peak that has no fellow in the mountain range of greatness.

—*Senator John W. Daniels*, of Virginia, at the Dedication of Washington's Monument.

The Merry Old World

Here's to the merry old world,
And the days—be they bright or blue
Here's to the Fates, let them bring what they may,
But the best of them all—that's you!

"The Lord Be Thankit"

Some hae meat and canna' eat,
And some wad eat who want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
So let the Lord be thankit.

—*Burns*.

Dum Vivimus

Yesterday's yesterday while to-day's here;
To-day is to-day till to-morrow appear;
To-morrow's to-morrow until to-day's past—
And kisses are kisses as long as they last.

—*Oliver Herford*.

Kingdom—Paradise—World

The father's kingdom; the child's paradise; the mother's world,

To All Who Are Here

Here's toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from;
May the best day you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come.

To the Health of the Academy

Long live the good school, giving out year by year
Recruits to true manhood and womanhood dear.
And its sons and its daughters in country and town
Remember its honor and guard its renown.

—*Bert Brown.*

The Actor

Here's a health to the actor, the man who here lives
A hundred odd lives while most others live one.
And whose depth of experience, this way gained, gives
His good heart the kindness and warmth of the sun—
Whose knowledge of motives and feelings and hearts
Makes his the best loved, the most noble of arts.

—*Ashley Miller—Ethel Browning.*

Drink, to Act Better

As we play our parts in the theater of life, may we drink
much to make us act better.

He Seeks the Stage

Here's to the actor, friendliest of men!
Who "takes the part" of others now and then;
And if with comrade he gets in a rage
He's sure "to make up" ere he seeks the stage!

Toast to the Burg Wagon

Here's to "The Burg," the wagon that has made Burlington
famous: the rumble of its wheels, like the drum-beats of Eng-
land, are heard around the world.

—Toast given by *W. W. Dodge*, at banquet of Burg
Wagon Co., Burlington, Iowa, January, 1903.

The Thirsty Earth

The thirsty earth drinks up the rains,
It thirsts and gapes and drinks again;
The sea, as you would think, would little have cause to drink,
Drink three ten thousand rivers up,
So full they overflow his cup;
The sun, with his drunken fiery face,
Drinks up the sea;
And when he's done, the moon and stars drink up the sun;
They drink, and frolic all the night,
Dance in their own bright light.
In nature nothing's sober found—
One eternal health goes round:
So fill your bowl, and fill it free—
As all nature drinks, way not you and me—
Say man of reason, can you see?

The Power of the Press

Mightiest of the mighty means
On which the arm of progress leans,
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress—
Mightiest of mighty is the press.

—Bowring.

Our Brotherhood

Our Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has been the most potent influence on earth in raising to a higher level the character and standing of our brothers.

In making them proficient in their chosen calling, and to its beneficent influence, may be traced that splendid heroism and devotion to duty that has been exemplified when they have sacrificed their lives in many instances, in trying to save the precious lives entrusted to their care.

—Edward D. Brigham, Iowa Commissioner of Labor Statistics.

The Drummer's Jewels

Here's to the commercial traveler, one of God's noblemen. He is ubiquitous. You find him in every quarter of the world and upon every road. Kings and emperors give him an audience, while statesmen's cabinets welcome him in friendly chat. The great journals of the country look to him for new stories that will make the world laugh. The darkest days are brightened with the sunshine of good cheer that he scatters about him. Tottering fortunes are made secure by his nerve and foresight in the gloomy hours of an employer's despair. And when his trip is ended you find him guided by the star of love, "treking" towards his home, where the brightest jewel is: wife—and the most precious gems: his children.

—*W. W. Dodge*, at banquet of Traveling Men's Protective Association, Burlington, Ia., December 27, 1902.

A Drummer's Free Life

We live free from care,
In harmony everywhere,
Combined just like brother and brother;
And this be our toast,
The good "drummer's" boast:
Success and goodwill to each other.

Knight of the Grip Sack is a Thoroughbred

We come into this world all naked and bare;
We go through this world full of sorrow and care;
We go out of this world, we know not where;
But, if we're all good fellows here, we'll be thoroughbreds there.

The Drummer's Toast

Fill up boys, and drink a bout;
Wine will banish sorrow!
Come, drain the goblet out;
We'll have more to-morrow!

Labor Day

"Labor Day", the youngest of the holidays, was born amid the showers, the budding flowers and the glorious sunshine of spring. May it for all time be cherished by mankind, may its observance ever be the means of driving away the frowns and shadows of life and bring ease, comfort and joy to the home of toil. Its purpose is noble—to educate, to elevate, to establish justice. Long live Labor Day!

—*State Senator W. W. Dodge, of Burlington, Ia., author of the law creating "Labor Day" in Iowa.*

A Shot From a Silver String

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mighty likes his ease;
True love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot an invisible thing,
His arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

—*A. Ward Cobb.*

The American Girl

Here's to the girls of the American shore,
I love but one, I love no more;
Since she's not here to drink her part,
I drink her share with all my heart.

Love and Laughter

And I said to my heart, "Let us drink our fill
Of life and sunshine, and love and laughter,
For the Fates have ever a stronger will,
And life is never the same life after."

—*Zetta Leonta Van Lynden, San Francisco, Cal.*

The Cipher

A place that is dear to true Bohemians,
A place that exists in the hearts of those who love it,
A place where hearts beat light, and hands grasp firm,
Where poverty is no disgrace and charity does not chill,
A place where kindred virtues have fled for refuge,
And Mrs. Grundy has no sway.

Girls! There's Heaven in Thy Kiss

Girls! Girls! Thou soul of all our bliss.
Girls! Girls! There's heaven in thy kiss.
The queen upon her throne,
The maiden in her dairy,
In this you're all alike,
You're all contrary.

—*Mrs. B. Barrett.*

Brisk Wine and Lovely Girls

Brisk wine and lovely girls are
The source of all our joys;
A bumper softens every care,
And beauty never cloys.
Then let us drink and let us love
While yet our hearts are gay;
Girls and wine we all approve
As blessing night and day.

The Girl From Iowa

Some love the girls of sunny Spain,
And some the girls of France;
While others love the English girl,
Whose eyes with love-light dance;
The Yankee girl is charming altho' a trifle gay,
But the one that gets me, heart and soul,
Is my sweet girl from Iowa.



TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN,
Grand Worthy President Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Life is But a Game of Cards

"Life is but a game of cards
Which one has to learn.
Each shuffles, cuts and deals a pack,
And each a trump doth turn.
Some turn a high card at the top,
While others turn a low;
Some hold a hand quite full of trumps,
While others none can show.
When, last of all, a spade is turned
By the hoary hand of time,
It always closes up the game
In every land and clime.
No matter what a man may win,
Or what a man may save,
The dreaded spade turns up at last
And digs the player's grave."

Our Mothers

Now, boys, just a moment. You've all had your say,
While enjoying yourselves in so pleasant a way.
We have toasted our sweethearts, our friends and our wives;
We've toasted each other, wishing all merry lives;
But I now will propose to you the toast that is best—
'Tis one in a million and outshines the rest.
Don't frown when I tell you this toast beats all others;
But drink one more toast, boys,
A toast to—Our Mothers.

A Parting Toast

Good-bye, dear ones, and if you need a friend,
How happy I will be,
Should you get tired of life's rough way
Just come and lean on me.
I'll take you by the smoothest road that God to man e'er gave;
And will go by the longest way that takes us to the grave.

Book II

**C L A S S I F I E D
S E L E C T I O N S**

*Quotation is a good thing; there is a community
of mind in it; classical quotation is the parole of
literary men all over the world.*

—*Dr. Johnson*

The caskets of literature present so many precious gems, beautiful, dazzling beyond conception, that for one to cull from these a choice selection is a stupendous task. When one strays among the authors, and strives to borrow their rich and matchless gems to store away in a ready album for future use, he finds a task as hopeless as Sisyphus in his endless effort in rolling a rock up a hill.

Dr. Southey tells us that "A quotation may be likened to a text on which a sermon is preached." That is the thought of the author in presenting, in classified form, such a choice collection of beautiful pearls of thought as will prove especially valuable in giving strength, beauty and richness to the banquet speech or public address.

CLASSIFIED SELECTIONS

QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

—*Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1.*

Set honor in one eye, and death in the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

—*Julius Cæsar, Act 1, Scene 2.*

I do love my country's good, with a respect more tender,
more holy and profound, than mine own life.

—*Coriolanus, Act III, Scene 2.*

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

—*Hamlet, Act I, Scene 3.*

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school; and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow; then, a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth; and then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capons lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
And full of wise saws and modern instances,—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—*As You Like It, Act II, Scene 7.*

Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Scene 3.*

True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures, kings.

—*Richard III, Act V, Scene 2.*

Our legions are brimfull, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

—*Brutus to Cassius, in the tent scene of Julius Cæsar.*

What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any
other name would smell as sweet.

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene 2.*

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent..

—*Love's Labor's Lost, Act IV, Scene 3.*

But man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd—
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

—*Measure for Measure, Act II, Scene 2.*

The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

—*Merchant of Venice, Act. V, Scene 1.*

I drew this gallant head of war
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

—*King John, Act V, Scene 2.*

Methinks, the truth should live from age to age
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

—*Richard III, Act III, Scene 1.*

Stand not upon the order of your going, but go, at once!
—*Macbeth, Act III, Scene 4.*

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
I only speak right on.

—*Julius Cæsar, Act III, Scene 2.*

Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word.
—*Coriolanus, Act III, Scene 3.*

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good-night! till it be to-morrow.
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene 2.*

Let every eye negotiate for itself. And trust no agent.
—*Much Ado about Nothing, Act II, Scene 1.*

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
—*Hamlet, Act I, Scene 3.*

O, that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek.
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene 2.*

We come into this world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
—*Comedy of Errors, Act V, Scene 1.*

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
—*King Henry VI, Part 2.*

Fates! we will know your pleasures;
That we shall die, we know, 'tis but the time,
And draining days out, that men stand upon.

—*Julius Cæsar, Act III, Scene 1.*

He was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Scene 2.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

—*Julius Cæsar, Act IV, Scene 3.*

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

—*Hamlet, Act III, Scene 2.*

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day.
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

—*Hamlet, Scene 3.*

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason!
How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and
admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how
like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!
And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man
delights not me,—no, nor women neither though by your
smiling you seem to say so.

—*Hamlet, Act II, Scene 2.*

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

—*Julius Cæsar, Act IV, Scene 3.*

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still discord and wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it.

—*Henry IV, Part 2, Act I.*

Trifles light as air
 Are to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ.

—*Othello, Act III, Scene 3.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not
 escape calumny.

—*Hamlet, Act III, Scene 1.*

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.

—*King John, Act II, Scene 2.*

All that lives must die,—
 Passing through nature to eternity.

—*Hamlet, Act I, Scene 2.*

To be or not to be, that is the question:—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them?—To die, to sleep,—
 No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep:—
 To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life.

—*Hamlet, Act III, Scene 1.*

But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave of memory:
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

—*Hamlet, Act III, Scene 2.*

Thou see'st the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

—*Macbeth, Act II, Scene 4.*

Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

—*Othello, Act III.*

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatened eye.

—*King John, Act III.*

FRATERNAL SENTIMENTS

Sunshine of Friendship

No man can wrap his cloak about him and say that he will stand alone, that his life shall not influence nor be influenced by other lives. Even the mountain that lifts its snow-capped summit to the clouds is enclosed around with influences that constantly change its characteristics, the sun, the mighty king of day, melts its ice-bound top, and the rain plows furrows in its gigantic sides. So these different organizations throw around human lives, sunshine of friendship and rain drops of charity and love, protecting the living, soothing the dying, holding in fond remembrance the dead, and assisting with tender care the loved ones who remain.

—*Commander Sovereign Frank Cox, W.O.W.,
White Oak Camp No. 34, Milo, Ohio.*

Fraternity, the National Anthem

Fraternity—the national anthem, sung by forty-five states,
our territories, and across the seas.

—*President McKinley.*

The Elks' Eleven O'clock Toast

Upon the stroke of the mystic hour
When the prayers for the absent are said:
Brothers! Somewhere fighting life's battles;
Brothers! Somewhere sleeping with the dead—
We give to them tender devotion,
We sing to them fraternity's song.
To the living—God's benediction!
To the dead—sweet memories belong!

Oh Love, within thy charmed circle,
Dwell the sweethearts, wives and our mothers,
Homage to them we feel in our hearts
When the lips speak "OUR ABSENT BROTHERS".

—*Col. Edwin B. Hay, Washington, D. C.,
Past Grand Exalted Ruler, B. P. O. Elks.*

Justice and Fraternity

The years are gliding swiftly by. Only a little while and there shall be no man living who saw service on either side of that great struggle of systems and ideas. Its passions long ago vanished from manly bosoms. That has come to pass within a single generation in America which in Europe required ages to accomplish. There is no disputing the verdict of events. Let us relate them truly and interpret them fairly. If we would have the North do justice to our heroes, we must do justice to its heroes. I here render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, even as I would render unto God the things that are God's. As living men, standing erect in the presence of heaven and the world, we have grown gray without being ashamed; and we need not fear that history will fail to vindicate our integrity. When these are gone

that fought the battle, and posterity comes to strike the final balance sheet, it will be shown that the makers of the constitution left the relation of the federal government to the states open to a double construction. It will be told how the mistaken notion that slave labor was requisite to the profitable cultivation of sugar, rice and cotton, raised a paramount property interest in the southern section of the Union, whilst in the northern section, responding to the trend of modern thought and the outer movement of mankind, there arose a great moral sentiment against slavery. The conflict thus established, gradually but surely sectionalizing party lines, was irrepressible. It was fought to its bitter and logical conclusion at Appomattox. It found us in a huddle of petty sovereignties, held together by a rope of sand. It made and it left us a nation. *Esto Perpetua!*

—Henry Watterson.

Permanency

With one exception there is nothing permanent. In a little time every dear face that is turned towards mine to-night will lie beneath the sod and every tired hand will be folded over the weary breast and silent heart. In a little time these grand old mountains shall crumble into dust and mother earth will be clad in her winding sheet. In a little time the gorgeous sun will close his eye of flame and his mighty furnaces will wane, smolder and die out. In a little time "There will be a new heaven and a new earth," for all these things shall pass away except that you and I shall again waken to enter the pearly portals of eternal day, adorned in the glistening robes of immortality. In a little time you and I will stand in the white light and look on pages beautified and hallowed by our fraternal acts in this world, or blackened and distorted by the neglect of the plainest duties which should have been performed. Thrones crumble and decay; empires sink into dust, but love to God and fellow man are as eternal as the great white throne, for "God is love."

—F. A. Falkenburg, of Denver, Head Consul Pacific Jurisdiction W. O. W., at a banquet at Portland, Oregon.

The Stability of Freemasonry

Character is superior to individual possessions. You may estimate a man by his executive ability, or his wealth, or his special skill, but unless behind all these there may be found honesty of purpose, integrity of life and charity of heart, which we are told is the greatest of virtues, he falls below the standard which Freemasonry demands.

—*Companion Arthur G. Pollard, General
Grand King, Lowell, Mass.*

True Fraternity

True fraternity never cast a shadow on a home, never wounded a human soul, never gave ear to the poisonous tongue of slander, never was deaf to the cry of the needy, never blind to the wants of the deserving, and its broad and noble heart ever responds to call back the erring, to lift up the falling, and to aid the distressed and to uplift the race.

—*Sovereign Journy, W. O. W., Boomville, Mo.*

What Hon. Champ Clark Says of Fraternal Societies

I believe in fraternal societies, and I am prepared to give reasons for the faith that is in me, though in this age of enlightenment, when scores of large fraternal and benevolent organizations merit and receive the confidence of the best people in the land, it is hardly necessary for me to support my belief with evidence.

I am in favor of these organizations because they promote social intercourse, strengthen the bond of human love, and make us better acquainted with our fellowmen. The meetings and outings of these societies give us rest from the worries and cares of life, and broaden our knowledge.

The benevolent and charitable work of these secret and semi-secret orders is wide and of much good in the world. I endorse the insurance feature, because I believe every man should provide protection for his loved ones in the event of his death. To do this one must have old-line insurance society and enjoy the more favorable rates given him thereby.

Really there should be no conflict between the two. Those who are wealthy can take the old-line insurance, while those in more moderate circumstances will be more lightly burdened by the reasonable assessments of their society.

—*Hon. Champ Clark*, Member of Congress, Ninth District, Missouri.

The Modern Woodmen of America

Have faith and abiding confidence in the Modern Woodmen of America, and other worthy fraternal benefit societies. Remember the words of the great French statesman, De Tocqueville, addressed to Charles Sumner: "Life is neither a pleasure nor a pain, but a serious business, which it is our duty to carry through and to terminate with honor." If each of us, Neighbors, view life in this beautiful and philosophical light, our hearts need not be troubled when God's finger puts us to sleep, and his angel wraps around us the blue web of eternity. We will die in the sweet consciousness that a Neighbor is near by to help our grief stricken wife and precious little ones, and to deliver to them without delay the full benefits of our certificate of insurance.

—*Neighbor W. W. Dodge*, of Burlington, Iowa,
at Tri-State Picnic of Modern Woodmen of
America, Burlington, Iowa, Sept. 6, 1898.

Liberty Cannot Exist Without Fraternity

Woodcraft teaches in an eloquent ritual the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity. The greatest of these is fraternity, for without fraternity, liberty and equality cannot exist. Liberty cannot exist without fraternity, for man must call man brother before man will take up arms in defense of man. Equality cannot exist without fraternity, for man must call man brother before man becomes the equal of man. The history of the world may be thus epitomized: Man called man master, and there was tyranny; man called man brother, and there was liberty.

—Extract from an eloquent address delivered by Sovereign Banker
Morris Sheppard, W. O. W. at Alexandria, La., April 8, 1900

Fraternity Teaches to Guard the Family

There is not a fraternal order to-day but recognizes God as the Supreme Ruler of the universe. And in our "land of the free and the home of the brave," the constitution and laws of the land are the foundation principles of every order. We are taught to respect the rights of our fellows, to wrong no man, to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and do unto all men as we would they should do unto us. Fraternities teach us to protect each other, to guard the good names of a member's family and loved ones, to care for the sick, bury the dead, and educate the orphan.

—*Mystic Mirror*, 1899.

The True Drift of Fraternity

From time immemorial, men have formed associations for political, social or financial advantage. In every age, wherever literature, art and science was unfolded, where civilization struggled up the rugged heights, fraternal societies have led the van and placed a torch upon the hilltops to guide pilgrim mankind to higher levels of existence. In the dark ages little bands of scholars, patriots and religious devotees, cemented together in bonds of fellowship, kept alive from utter extinction the spark of civilization with a devotion and heroism unparalleled through all time. History records nothing more beautiful and inspiring than the organized efforts of men and women throughout the recurring centuries to lift the race from barbarism, vice and gluttony to a nobler existence, and no fact stands out bolder from its pages than the influence wielded for good by men and women linked together in fraternal unity.

Impressive and lovely is the idea of fraternal fellowship and kindred companionship. Love, friendship and helpfulness are the offspring of a happier environment, where men and women clasp hands in fraternal greeting and association and help each other and mankind to live happy and useful lives.

Standing to-day where the fierce light of a new century is



JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

breaking upon the hilltops, the Woodmen of the World furnish a supreme example of the evolution of fraternal organization. It is the climax of all that was beneficent and beautiful in the orders of the past. Its aims and practices are lofty and philanthropic. We call ourselves Sovereigns. Our sovereignty is humanity—poor, threadbare, helpless humanity—the widow and the fatherless and the brother in distress. Our gospel is charity; our sceptre is love; our motto interpreted means that our works speak for us.

—*Sovereign J. W. Mackay*, W. O. W. Clerk of
Valley Camp, at Norfolk, Neb.

God Bless Our Lodge

This is a motto which adorns the wall of many Christian homes. Carefully and prayerfully worked by tender hands, it is one of the most appropriate sentiments which could be selected for such a purpose.

A lady in a distant city, recently, while out shopping, chanced to meet a lady friend who wished to make a call and invited her to accompany her. The house visited had an air of neatness and comfort, and the appointments of the parlor indicated that the family were, at least, in comfortable circumstances. While the lady of the house and her friend were absent from the little parlor for a short time, the lady left alone was deeply impressed with the reading of two mottoes which decorated the room. One, "God Bless Our Home and Lodge," the other "Lodge Charities are God's Charities." Upon asking the lady of the house about them this was her explanation:

Her husband had been a loving, thoughtful man, and although they had but his salary to depend upon they managed to save some money with which they purchased a lot and erected that little home. The saving was not sufficient to build the house without leaving them in debt, so the place was mortgaged. Shortly after taking possession her husband fell sick and in a short time he died.

"When my husband was with me in life," she continued, "I

knew he belonged to several societies, but I was wrapped up in my home and babies and paid little heed to what he said about his lodge and the protection against an evil day. When he was sick, fellow members tenderly watched with him, and when he died followed with him to the grave; and in a short time after his death the societies and associations to which he belonged paid me \$8,000 in benefits, enough to free our home and keep me and the little ones from want until I could adapt myself to changed circumstances and learn to be a breadwinner for the family. Since his death I felt it my duty to further protect the children, and I have connected myself with one of the lodges he belonged to. Now," said she, "can you understand why, when living in a home saved by the lodges, through the instrumentality of a loving husband, the mottoes on the walls of that home shall always read: 'God Bless Our Home and Lodge' and 'Lodge Charities are God's Charities'?"

Woodcraft as Exemplified by the "Woodmen of the World"

The Woodmen of the World, of which our Camp is a component part, was organized in 1890, at Omaha, Nebraska.

The philosophy of the ritual of the Woodmen of the World every member understands. It is beautiful, impressive and touching. It is not a farce and is not intended to infringe upon the personal liberty or dignity of the most sensitive neophyte. Its teachings are of the very highest type of morality and of good living. It educates our applicants to speak well of others and especially of the members and their families and to remain silent and give them the benefit of every doubt rather than to defame, slander or libel them, a lesson needed in every community; a lesson that is a protest against gossip and the tearing down of good names and fair fame.

The doctrines of the Woodmen of the World serve to make life on earth pleasant to its members. It gives to them social pleasures and advantages. It teaches its members to aid and assist each other in indigence, in sickness and distress,

and give a word of good cheer to those dependent upon its members, carry flowers to their bedside when sick and place them upon his grave when dead, and not only place the inexpensive and vanishing flowers but a magnificent monument costing \$100.00 that will grace their last resting place for generations and centuries to come, and we leave to the religious organizations the proper preparation of those whom they may receive for the future life, in which we believe and refer to in the beautiful ceremonies incident to the death and burial of our members.

—*John T. Yates*, Sovereign Clerk, Woodmen of the World, Omaha, Nebraska, May, 1903.

A Boy Preacher's Blessing

May the blessing of thy God wait upon thee and the sun of glory shine around thy head. May the gates of plenty, honor and happiness be always open to thee and thine. May no strife disturb thy days, nor sorrow distress thy nights. May angel's hands thy eyelids close, and the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and when length of years make thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtains of death gently close around the scenes of thy existence, may the angels of God attend thy bed and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction; and, finally, may the Saviour's blood wash thee from all impurities, and at last usher thee into a land of everlasting felicity.

—*Lonnie Lawrence Dennis*: the eight year old boy preacher's blessing]
to a Burlington, Iowa, congregation, January 14, 1903.

Fraternity—Its Grandeur and Sublimity

Fraternity: the virtue that transcends all others in its grandeur and sublimity, is the corner-stone of the Woodmen of the World. It teaches each Sovereign to do his part, to work for the best good of the greatest number, and when sorrow comes to the home of a friend, it tells each Sovereign that his duty is there, to comfort, to console, and if possible make lighter the gloom that has fallen like a pall upon its

happiness. O, blessed Woodmen of the World! What peace and content have come to the turbulent hearts of men, because of your insistence that Fraternity, with its virtues, the guiding star of its firmament.

—*Edward Walsh*, General Deputy for
Nebraska, Woodmen of the World.

The American Scholar in the Twentieth Century

It is the highest duty of the American scholar in our new century to uphold not merely the faith in humanity to which these years have borne testimony but also the special faith that to our own nation has been given that mission to lead the world to a true conception of the fellowship of man, that democracy must in the end prevail in the society of human beings. For it must be confessed that democracy is undergoing a severer strain than was ever before pressed upon it. The horizon of our century is not, like that of its predecessor, arched by the rainbow of promise after the storm of revolution.

—*William Morton Payne*, in the Annual Address before
the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Northwestern University, Chicago, June, 1903.

Woodmen of the World

The Woodmen of the World!—May the lustre of its beneficent principle never be dimmed, but continue to shine resplendent, a beacon light to a haven of security and prosperity, for the families of those that love the home and hearthstones of this great nation!

—*Edward Walsh*, General Deputy for
Nebraska, Woodmen of the World.

Freemasonry—The Charity of

Is not our house not only strongly founded and wisely built, but beautifully adorned? Are not purity of thought, integrity of life, benignity of manner, and, above all, sweet charity, the beautiful garments with which a true Mason is invested? Oh, how lovely is this charity! It constitutes the highest dignity of human nature—it elevates and refines our feelings—it calms the storms of passion—it causes men to look with kindness on

each other and to view no one as a stranger whose joys we can heighten, whose wants we can supply, or whose sorrows we can soothe. No distinction of rank will affect its operation—it will consider no object as beneath its notice that can be benefited by its exertions and no task to be mean by which it can promote human happiness.

—*R. J. Simpson.*

Freemasonry—The General Suitability

It is equally suited to the north, the south, the east, the west—all are interested in its beautiful lessons of brotherly love, and all treasure its contemplations of immortal life.

—*R. J. Simpson.*

FREEMASONRY

The following beautiful and eloquent fraternal sentiments were taken from *Morals and Dogmas of the Scottish Rite*:

Religion and Duty Commend Themselves to Masons

Masonry, around whose altars the Christian, the Hebrew, the Moslem, the Brahmin, the followers of Confucius and Zoroaster, can assemble as brethren and unite in prayer to the one God who is above all the Baalim, must needs leave it to each of its initiates to look for the foundation of his faith and hope to the written scriptures of his own religion. For itself, it finds those truths definite enough which are written by the finger of God upon the heart of man and on the pages of the book of Nature. Views of religion and duty, wrought out by the meditations of the studious, confirmed by the allegiance of the good and wise, stamped as sterling by the response they find in every uncorrupted mind, commend themselves to Masons of every creed, and may well be accepted by all.

Genuine Brotherhood

There can be no genuine Brotherhood without mutual regard, good opinion, and esteem, mutual charity, and mutual

allowance for faults and failings. It is those only who learn habitually to think better of each other, to look habitually for the good that is in each other, and expect, allow for, and overlook the evil, who can be brethren, one of the other, in any true sense of the word. Those who gloat over the failings of one another, who think each other to be naturally base and low, of a nature in which evil predominates and excellence is not to be looked for, cannot even be friends, and much less brethren.

Selfishness is a Sin

The hope of success and not the hope of reward, should be our stimulating and sustaining power. Our object, and not ourselves, should be our inspiring thought. Selfishness is a sin, when temporary, and for time. Spun out to eternity, it does not become celestial prudence. We should toil and die, not for Heaven or Bliss, but for DUTY.

Masonry, the Interpretation of the Great Book of Nature

Masonry, when properly expounded, is at once the interpretation of the great book of Nature, the recital of physical and astronomical phenomena, the purest philosophy, and the place of deposit, where, as in a treasury, are kept in safety all the great truths of the primitive revelation that form the basis of all religions. In the modern degrees three things are to be recognized: the image of primeval times, the tableau of the efficient causes of the universe, and the book in which are written the morality of all peoples, and the code by which they must govern themselves as they would be prosperous.

The Duty of a Freemason

A Freemason should be a man of honor and of conscience, preferring his duty to everything beside, even to his life; independent in his opinions, and of good morals; submissive to the laws, devoted to humanity, to his country, to his family; kind and indulgent to his brethren, friend of all virtuous men, and ready to assist his fellows by all means in his power.

What is Freemasonry

Freemasonry is the subjugation of the human that is in man by the divine; the conquest of the appetites and passions by the moral sense and the reason; a continual effort, struggle, and warfare of the spiritual against the material and sensual. That victory, when it has been achieved and secured, and the conqueror may rest upon his shield and wear the well-earned laurels, is the true Holy Empire.

The Ties of Society

The ties of society teach us to love one another. That is a miserable society where the absence of affectionate kindness is sought to be supplied by punctilious decorum, graceful urbanity, and polished insincerity; where ambition, jealousy, and distrust rule in place of simplicity, confidence, and kindness.

PATRIOTISM

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!

—*Scott.*

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.

—*Longfellow.*

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

—*Longfellow.*

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

—*Moore.*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired a shot heard round the world.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a
doorstep

Into a world unknown—the corner-stone of a nation.

—*Longfellow.*

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.

—*Drake.*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

—*Moore.*

You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of
the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all
of the time.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

O, beautiful and grand,
My own, my native land!
Of thee I boast:
Great Empire of the West,
The dearest and the best,
Made up of all the rest,
I love thee most.

—*Abraham Coles.*

I am standing now just behind the curtain and in full glow of the coming sunset. Behind me are the shadows on the track, before me lies the dark valley and the river. When I mingle with its dark waters, I want to cast one lingering look upon a country whose government is of the people, for the people, and by the people.

—*L. L. Polks.*

What government is the best? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

—*Goethe.*

Our country is that spot to which our heart is attached.

—*Voltaire.*

I fancy the proper means for increasing the love we bear to our native country is to reside some time in a foreign one.

—*Shenstone.*

Our country, however bounded or described—still our country, to be cherished in all our hearts—to be defended by all our hands.

—*R. C. Winthrop.*

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

—*Daniel Webster.*

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

—*Rufus Choate: Letter to the Whig Convention.*

Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country.

—*Addison.*

The patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.

—*Goldsmith.*

And though the warrior's sun has set,
And its light shall linger round us yet,—
Bright radiant, blest.

—*Don Jorge Manrique.*

He who loves not his country, can love nothing.

—*Byron.*

This republic can never fail, so long as the citizen is vigilant.

—*McKinley: Speech, Redlands, Cal., May 8, 1901.*

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed, and stand fast.

—*Jean Paul F. Richter, from the German.*

None but the brave deserves the fair.

—*Dryden.*

A star for every state, and a state for every star.

—*Winthrop: An Address on Boston Common in 1862.*

Love of country produces among men such examples as Cincinnatus, Alfred, Washington—pure, unselfish, symmetrical; among women, Victoria Colonna, Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday, Jeannie Dare—romantic, devoted, marvelous.

—*Lamartine.*

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right, but our country, right or wrong.

—*Stephen Decatur.*

A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They are foreign powers; they arouse and animate our own people.

—*Henry Clay.*

I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.

—*Nathan Hale.*

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Henry Lee.

Whoever would understand the character of Washington, in all its compass and grandeur, must learn it from his own writings, and from a complete history of his country during the long period in which he was the most prominent actor.

—*Jared Sparks.*

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

—*Scott.*

LIFE

Life, I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we meet,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life, we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps, 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning, choose thine own time,
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning.

—*Anna Letitia Barbauld.*

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!

—*Byron.*

There are moments in life in which circumstances, like winged shuttles, move backward and forward before us, and ceaselessly finish the web, which we ourselves, more or less, have spun and put upon the loom.

—*Goethe.*

He who postpones the hour of living as he ought, is like the rustic who waits for the river to pass along (before he crosses); but it glides on and will glide on forever.

—*Horace.*

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
 Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness:
 So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
 Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

—Longfellow.

We look before and after,
 And sigh for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

—Shelley.

This world that we're alivin' in
 Is mighty hard to beat;
 You get a thorn with ev'ry rose,
 But ain't the roses sweet!

—Frank L. Stanton.

Life is neither a pleasure nor a pain, but is a serious business which it is our duty to carry through and to terminate with honor.

—*De Tocqueville*, French Statesman, to Senator Charles Sumner.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;
 Make me a child again, just for to-night!
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
 Take me again to your heart as of yore;
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
 Over my slumbers a loving watch keep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
 Finds mark the archer little meant!
 And many a word, at random spoken,
 May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!

—Scott: *Lord of the Isles*.

By their own soul's law, learn to live,
And if men hate thee, take no heed,
And if men scorn thee, have no care,
But sing thy song
And hope thy hope
And pray thy prayer
And crave no praise they will not give,
No bays they grudge thee for thy lair.

—*Blanche Walsh.*

Trust no future howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury their dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!

—*Longfellow.*

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern
which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when
it comes up to-morrow.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

We live in deeds, not years: in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—*Bailey: Festus.*

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

—*Longfellow.*

The tissues of the life to be,
We weave with colors all our own;
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

We are like vessels tossed on the bosom of the deep; our passions are the winds that sweep us impetuously forward; each pleasure is a rock; the whole of life is a wide ocean. Reason is the pilot to guide us, but often it allows itself to be led astray by the storms of pride.

—*Metastasio* (Translation from Italian).

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—*Longfellow*.

I came at morn—'twas spring, I smiled,
The fields with green were clad;
I walked abroad at noon—and lo!
'Twas summer—I was glad;
I sate me down; 'twas autumn eve,
And I with sadness wept;
I laid me down at night, and then
'Twas winter—and I slept.

—*Harry Pyper: Epitaph—A Life*.

A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
With some few friends for certain ends,
But little cause to need 'em,
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—*Longfellow*.

Gather roses while they blossom; to-morrow is not to-day!
Allow no moment to escape; to-morrow is not to-day.

To-day is the opportunity for enjoyment and work.
Knowest thou where thou wilt be to-morrow? Time flies
swiftly away.

Gleim (Translated from the German).

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds
He all.

—*Friedrich Von Logau: Retribution.*
Translated by Longfellow.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

—*Owen Meredith: Lucile.*

This life is like a game played with dice—the same figures
do not always turn up: so, too, life has not always the same
shape but is ever changing.

—*Alexis* (Translation from the Greek).

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—*Longfellow.*

The hill of youth is fun to climb,
But when we reach the top,
In looking back we wonder why
We never cared to stop.

On going down the other side,
It is not half the fun;
We cannot stop, though hard we try,
Until the race is run.

—*Mary La Heffe.*

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

—*Whittier: Maud Muller.*

Oft in the stilly night
E're slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

—*Moore.*

Rivers are roads which move and carry us whither we wish
to go.

—*Pascal* (Translated from the French).

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

—*Goldsmith.*

Eternity has no gray hairs! The flowers fade, the heart
withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the
sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of
eternity.

—*Bishop Heber.*

A noble life, crowned with heroic death, rises above and
outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire
of the earth.

—*James A. Garfield.*

Eloquence is a painting of the thoughts; and thus those
who, after having made the sketch, still add to it, make a
picture instead of a portrait.

—*Pascal* (Translated from the French.)

Arrow-swift the present sweepeth, and motionless forever
stands the past.

—*Schiller.*

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In
the morning of life, they all lie behind us; at noon we trample
them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long, broad,
and deepening before us.

—*Longfellow.*

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and
we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we
only know them when they are gone.

—*George Eliot.*



WEBB McNALL,
Supreme Master Workman Ancient Order United Workmen.

It is not the mere stage of life that stamps the value on us,
but the manner in which we act our part.

—*Schiller* (Translated from the German).

Think that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

—*Bobart*.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man
the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it in turn will
look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly,
kind companion.

—*Thackeray*.

And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow, y' are like to reap.

—*Butler: Hudibras*.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

—*Byron: On My Thirty-sixth Year*.

For the powers of destiny are jealous. Shouts before
victory encroach on their rights; we place the seeds in their
hands, the end tells us whether for good or bad.

—*Schiller* (Translated from the German).

We build statues of snow, and weep to see them melt.

—*Walter Scott*.

A man's ideal, like his horizon, is constantly receding from
him as he advances toward it.

—*W. G. T. Shedd*.

Oh, many are the things that we must altogether leave in
the hands of fate! Our skill is not shown in winning the
game with good cards, but to make the best of whatever cards
are placed in our hands.

—*George Forster* (Translated from the German).

How great a pity that we should not feel for what end we
are born into this world, till just as we are leaving it.

—*Walsingham*.

Seems it strange that thou shouldst live forever Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all. This is a miracle; and that no more.

—*Young.*

Times of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

—*Colton.*

Life is but to live with honor.

—*Calderon* (Translated from the Spanish).

It is the crushed grape that gives out the blood-red wine; it is the suffering soul that breathes the sweetest melodies.

—*Gail Hamilton.*

As the flint contains the spark, unknown to itself, which the steel alone can awaken to life, so adversity often reveals to us hidden gems, which prosperity or negligence would forever have hidden.

—*H. W. Shaw.*

Time is like a river, made up of the things which happen, and a torrent; for as soon as a thing has been seen, then it is carried off, and another comes in its place, and this will be carried away also.

—*Marcus Antoninus* (Translated from the Greek).

This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of our lives touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity.

—*Chapin.*

Not to understand a treasure's worth till time has stole away the slighted good, is cause of half the poverty we feel, and makes the world the wilderness it is.

—*Cowper.*

There is no man whom fortune does not visit once in his life; but when she does not find him ready to receive her, she walks in at the door and flies out at the window.

—*Cardinal Imperiali.*

If life be miserable, it is painful to endure; if it be happy, it is frightful to lose.

—*La Bruyere* (Translated from the French).

There is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor pain which death does not put an end to.

—*Cervantes* (Translated from the Spanish)

We sail on the stream of time from wave to wave; the sea of forgetfulness is our last place.

—*Johann Gottfried von Herder* (Translated from the German).

All the means of action—the shapeless masses, the materials, lie everywhere about us; what we need is the celestial fire to change the flint into transparent crystal, bright and clear.

—*Longfellow*.

Often do the spirits of great events stride on before the events, and in to-day already walks to-morrow.

—*Coleridge*

It is a beautiful thought, that however far one shore may be from another, the wave that ripples over my foot will in a short time be on the opposite strand.

—*Wilhelm von Humboldt* (Translated from the German).

The great thing in this world is not so much where we are, but in what direction we are moving.

—*O. W. Holmes*.

What bloomed so sweetly in spring oft fades before autumn. There is one time for the blossom, another for the tomb.

—*Kulman* (Translated from the German).

Two barks were carried forward by the self-same wind on the faithless billows; one returned safely to the shore, while the other foundered at sea. It is not the fault of the wind if their fortune differ; the difference arises from the skill of the pilot.

—*Metastasio* (Translated from the Italian).

There is a widespread impression that some persons are born to succeed, and that others are born to fail; that some people start in life with currents against them, while others are born along with favoring winds and timely tides. But experience proves the contrary. Some of the most successful men in the history of our country began life with great odds against them. Garfield went from the canal boat to the White House, and Lincoln went from the log cabin to the President's chair.

Young men who, either by adverse circumstances or poverty, are forced to feel that they have no chance, would do well to remember that the "captains of industry" to-day, using that term in its widest sense, began life as poor boys. Ouida says, suggestively: "It is the north wind that lashes men into vikings; it is the soft, luscious wind from the south which lulls them to lotus dreams."

—Extract from a Sermon of Rev. Dr. Ezra K. Bell,
of Washington, D. C., March, 1903.

Do not keep the alabaster box of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without flowers, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness and love emanating from sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends while they are yet among the living. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened heart; flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.

—George W. Childs.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart
wherein no error grows.

—*Knowles.*

When the day is done, when the work of life is finished,
when the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, beneath
the silent stars, the laborer should fall asleep. How little,
after all, we know of what is ill or well! How little of this
wondrous stream of cataracts and pools—this stream of life
that rises in a world unknown and flows to that mysterious
sea whose shore the foot of one who comes hath never
pressed! How little of this life we know—this straggling way
of light 'twixt gloom, this strip of land by verdure clad
between the unknown wastes, this throbbing moment filled
with love and pain, this dream that lies between the shadowy
shores of sleep and death. We stand upon this verge of
crumbling time. We love, we hope, we disappear. Again we
mingle with the dust and the “knot intricate” forever falls
apart. But this we know—a noble life enriches all the world.

The Sculptor Boy

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives, that angel vision.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

You'll quit in the race when they set the pace
If your pedigree is not gold.
For there's more in grit than in grooming,
And there's more in gait than in gold.
And whatever you do you may hold this true:
The jewel that lives is the soul.

A Beautiful Prose Poem by Robert G. Ingersoll

Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren-mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babies—lured by light and flame and charmed by color's wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing tangled worth and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle-song, drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition with its lust of pelf and place and

power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed, knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold and honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knee and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at least that the unstudied gesture of esteem the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things—then holding withered hand of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locked in marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night—sitting by the holy hearth of home, as the last embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshiped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss.

DEATH

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man.

—*Daniel Webster.*

But O, for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still

—*Tennyson.*

Twilight is like death; the dark portal of night comes upon us, to open again in the glorious morning of immortality.

—*James Ellis.*

Death is a black camel, which kneels at the gates of all.

—*Abd-el-Kader.*

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.

—*Longfellow.*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

—*Longfellow.*

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

—*Longfellow.*

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

The grave is deep and still, and fearful is its brink; it
covers with a dark mantle an unknown land.

The song of the nightingale sounds not in its bosom; the
roses of friendship fall only on the moss of the hillock.

Forsaken brides in vain wring their hands; the wailings of
the orphan penetrate not the depths of the ground.

—*Salis.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower.

—*Moliere.*

Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not
feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with
the poor handful of dust that lies moldering before him?

—*Washington Irving.*

Death is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.

—Milton.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

—Longfellow.

Ingersoll's Oration at His Brother's Grave

A tribute to Ebon C. Ingersoll, by his brother Robert:

I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For, whether in mid sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights, and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and

music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, and wronged and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For Justice all places a temple, and all seasons, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of sweet flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

And now, to you, who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

WOMAN

Honor to women! They twine and weave the roses of heaven into the life of man: it is they who unite us in the fascinating bonds of love; and, concealed in the modest veil of the graces, they cherish carefully the external fire of delicate feeling with holy hands.

—Schiller (Translated from the German).

Mighty is the force of motherhood! It transforms all things by its vital heat; it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadless defiance into tremulous submission; it turns thoughtlessness into foresight, and yet stills all anxiety into calm content; it makes selfishness become self-denial, and gives even to hard vanity the glance of admiring love.

—*George Eliot.*

As unto the bow the string is, so unto the man is woman; though she bends him, she obeys him; though she draws him, yet she follows—useless each without the other.

—*Longfellow.*

The perfect woman is as beautiful as she is strong, as tender as she is sensible. She is calm, deliberate, dignified, leisurely; she is gay, graceful, sprightly, sympathetic; she is severe upon occasion, and upon occasion playful; she has fancies, dreams, romances ideas.

—*Gail Hamilton.*

Man is but a rough pebble without the attrition received from contact with the gentler sex. It is wonderful how the ladies pumice a man down into a smoothness which occasions him to roll over and over with the rest of his species, jostling but not wounding his neighbors.

—*Maryatt.*

Nature has given horns to bulls, hoofs to horses, swiftness to hares, the power of swimming to fishes, of flying to birds, understanding to men. She had nothing more for women. What then does she give? Beauty, which can resist shields and spears. She who is beautiful is stronger than iron and fire.

—*Anacreon* (Translated from the Greek).

First, then, a woman will, or won't—depend on't;
If she will do't she will; and there's an end on't.
But, if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront; and jealousy injustice.

—*Aaron Hill.*

For the ladies, 'tis Apollo's will
They should have power to save, but not to kill;
For love and he long since have thought it fit,
Wit live by beauty, beauty reign by wit.

—*Dryden.*

A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty.

—*Thackeray.*

Women are the poetry of the world in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind

—*Hargrave.*

Oh, trebly blest the placid lot of those whose hearth foundations are in pure love laid, where husband's breast with tempered ardor glows, and wife, oft mother, in heart is a maid!

—*Euripides.*

He who trusts women, ploughs the wind, sows on the barren sea, finds not the bottom of the hidden ocean, writes his recollections in the snow, draws water, like the Danaïdes, with pitchers full of holes.

—*Paul Fleming* (Translated from the German.)

Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!
What an inviting hell invented!

—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

The love of woman is a precious treasure. Tenderness has no deeper source, devotion no purer shrine, sacrifice no more saintlike abnegation.

—*Saint Foix* (Translated from the French.)

The man at the head of the house can mar the pleasure of the household, but he cannot make it; that must rest with the woman, and it is her great privilege.

—*Arthur Helps.*

To be man's tender mate was woman born, and in obeying nature, she best serves the purpose of heaven.

—*Schiller* (Translated from the German).

A beautiful woman without fixed principles may be likened to those fair but rootless flowers which float in streams, driven by every breeze.

—*Lady Blessington*.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one.

—*Lavater*.

Women have much heart and much more imagination than men; hence, fancy often allures them.

—*Lamartine*.

Wise men, like wine, are best when old; pretty women, like bread, are best when young.

—*Haliburton*.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

—*Congreve*.

Nature made nothing but women dangerous and fair;
Therefore, if you should chance to see 'em,
Avoid 'em straight, I charge you.

—*Davenant and Dryden*.

No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

—*Thomas Hughes*.

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair to look like you.

—*Otway*.

God has put into the heart of man love and the boldness to sue, and into the heart of woman fear and the courage to refuse.

—*Marguerite de Valois*.

Without woman, man would be rough, rude, solitary, and would ignore all the graces, which are but the smiles of love.
—*Chateaubriand*.

Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most.
—*Thomson*.

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.
—*Saadi*.

There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which beams and blazes in the dark hours of adversity.
—*Washington Irving*.

The future of society is in the hands of mothers; if the world was lost through woman she alone can save it.
—*Beaufort*.

The Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage, not from their birth.
—*Homer* (Translated from the Greek).

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.
—*Lamartine* (Translated from the French).

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.
—*Gay*.

Woman is most perfect when most womanly.
—*Gladstone*.

Woman, above all other educators, educates humanly. Man is the brain, but woman is the heart, of humanity.
—*Samuel Smiles*.

Nothing is so oppressive as a secret; it is difficult for ladies to keep it long; and I know even in this matter a good number of men who are women.
—*La Fontaine* (Translated from the French).

One lamp, thy mother's love, amid the stars shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before the throne of God burn through eternity.
—*N. P. Willis*.

Women are like tricks by sleight-of-hand, which to admire we should not understand.

—Congreve.

God's noblest work may be an honest man, but surely his loveliest is a beautiful woman.

Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine forever round thee,
Brightening each other! thou art all divine.

—Addison.

Who trusts himself to women, or to waves,
Should never hazard what he fears to lose.

—Oldmixon.

Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

—E. S. Barrett.

The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

—N. P. Willis.

Handsome women without religion are like flowers without perfume.

—Heine.

But one thing on earth is better than a wife—that is a mother.

—Leopold Shefer.

For where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?

—Shakespeare.

If the whole world were put into one scale and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam.

—Lord Lansdale.

There are only two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons.

—Malherbe.

A beautiful woman is a practical poet, taming her savage mate, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all whom she approaches.

—Emerson.

O, woman! in ordinary cases so mere a mortal, how in the great and rare events of life dost thou swell into the angels!

—*Bulwer Lytton.*

When a woman's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

Disguise our bondage as we will
'Tis woman, woman rules us still.

—*Moore.*

You have, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion to our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind.

—*Timon of Athens.*

And nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man
An' then she made the lasses, O.

—*Bobby Burns.*

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great.
A woman's noblest station is Retreat,
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth that shuns too strong a light.

—*Lord Lyttleton.*

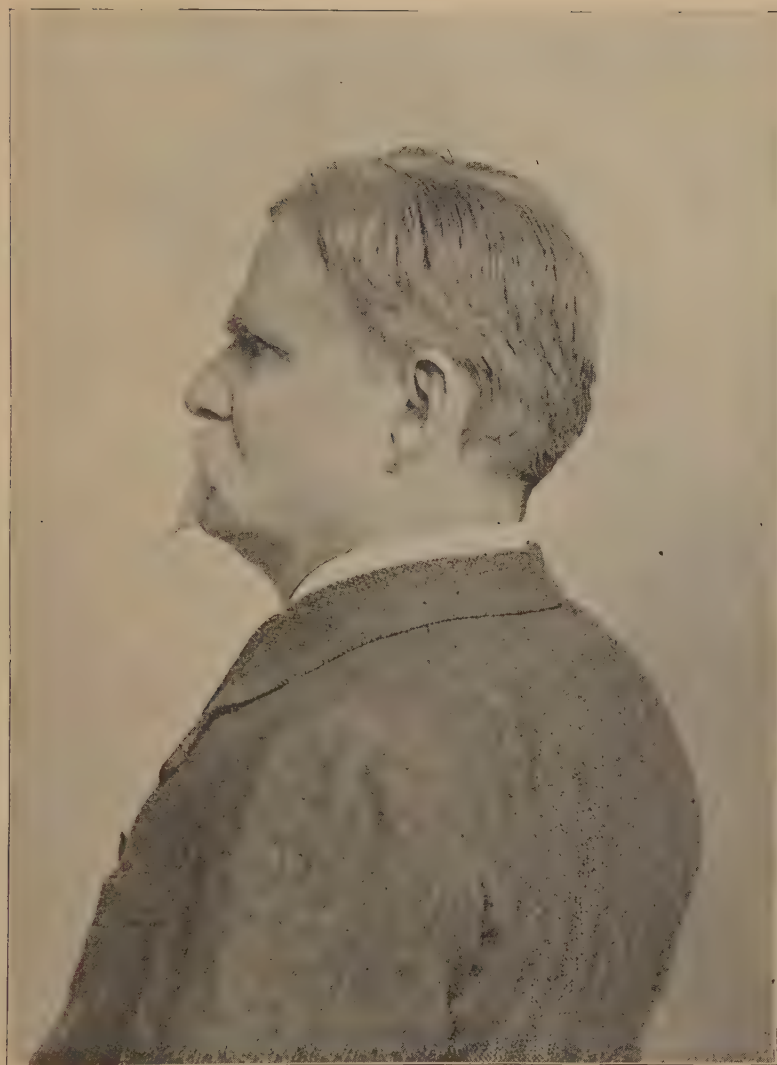
Oh, woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,—
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

—*Shakespeare.*

Misfortune sprinkles ashes on the heart of the woman, and brings forth germs of strength of which she herself had no conscious possession.

—*Anna Cora Mowatt.*



HENRY WATTERSON.

A wife, domestic, good and pure,
Like snail should keep within her door,
But not, like snail, with silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back."

—Howe, in his "*Advice to Wives*."

NATURE

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year—
of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and
sear.

—Bryant.

When Summer gathers up her robes of glory, and like a
dream of beauty glides away.

—J. H. Whitman.

The sun, which ripens the corn, and fills the succulent herb
with nutriment, also pencils with beauty the violet and the
rose.

J. C. Abbott.

The nightingale, their only vesper-bell, sung sweetly to the
rose, the day's farewell.

—Byron.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, the bridal of the
earth and sky.

—George Herbert.

Day, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of
heaven, and Evening stooped down to unloose the latchets of
his sandal shoon.

—Longfellow.

Now glowed the firmament with living sapphires; Hes-
perus, that led the starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
rising in clouded majesty, at length, apparent queen, unveiled
her peerless light, and o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

—Milton.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western hori-
zon, like a magician, extending his golden wand o'er the land-
scape.

—Longfellow.

Hushed as the falling dews, whose noiseless showers
impearl the folded leaves of evening flowers.

—*Congreve.*

Night drew her sable curtain down, and pinned it with a
star.

—*Macdonald Clarke.*

And not a breath crept through the rosy air, and yet the
forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

—*Byron.*

The babbling day has touched the hem of night's garment,
and, weary and still, drops asleep in her bosom.

—*Longfellow.*

The day is done, and darkness falls from the wings of
night, as a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in its
flight.

—*Longfellow.*

I heard the trailing garment of the night
Sweep through her marble halls.

—*Longfellow.*

Heaven's ebony vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Thro' which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.

—*Shelley.*

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Caressed the mountain tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow lands
Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen

—*Longfellow.*

The sunbeams dropped
Their gold and passing in porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
As if the very day paused and grew eve.

—*Edwin Arnold.*

There is an evening twilight of the heart, when its wild
passion waves are lulled to rest.

—*Halleck.*

Water is the mother of the wine,
The nurse and fountain of fecundity,
The adorning and refresher of the world.

—*Charles Mackay.*

Nature without learning is like a blind man; learning without nature is like the maimed; practice without both these is incomplete. As in agriculture a good soil is first sought for, then a skillful husbandman, and then good seed; in the same way nature corresponds to the soil; the teacher to the husbandman; precepts and instruction to the seed.

—*Plutarchus.*

The evening came, the setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and like the miracle in Egypt, smote the rivers, the brooks, and the ponds, and they became as blood.

—*Longfellow.*

So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,
And scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—*Longfellow: Nature.*

The hills are bare, the trees are stripped,
Their wanton limbs are all unfrocked,
The naked fields uncovered lie—
What wonder that the corn is shocked

The harvests are gathered,
And great is the yield
Of orchard and garden,
Of vineyard and field.
So here's to Thanksgiving!
May every one dine
On the fat of the land
And the fruit of the vine.

PRESS

There she is—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world. Her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with the armies, and her envoys into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent at this moment giving bribes at Madrid, and another inspecting the price of potatoes at Covent Garden.

—*Thackeray.*

The engine of our liberty, the terror of tyrants, and the schoolmaster of the whole world.

The Press—right or wrong; when right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be set right.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

—*Byron.*

WELCOME

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming,
and look brighter when we come.

—*Byron.*

"Stay" is a charming word in a friend's vocabulary.

—*Alcott.*

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.

—*Thomas O. Davis: The Welcome.*

Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend:
True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest—
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

—*Pope.*

A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
 The mists enfolded me with soft white arms;
 The birds did sing to lap me in content,
 The rivers wove their charms—
 And every little daisy in the grass
 Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass!

—*Stoddard: Hymn to the Beautiful.*

The atmosphere
 Breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers
 Seem full of welcomes.

—*Longfellow.*

Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

Welcome; fall to.

—*As You Like It.*

Most dearly welcome!

—*Winter's Tale.*

Welcome, my friends all!

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

You're welcome, my fair guests.

—*King Henry VII.*

Sit down and feed and welcome to our table.

—*As You Like It.*

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

Bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your tongue.

—*Macbeth.*

Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

—*Comedy of Errors.*

Welcome ever smiles, and farewell goes out sighing.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony.

—*Hamlet.*

HOME

The golden setting, in which the brightest jewel is "Mother."

An arbor which shades when the sunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity.

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

A hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon.

Home is the coziest, kindest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and deepest sorrows.

The jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

A working model of heaven, with real angels in the form of mothers and wives.

One who has been absent from his old home and friends for many years on returning to the scenes of long ago, can in no more feeling manner give outward expression to those slumbering thoughts with which his memory startles him, than in recalling the words of Rip Van Winkle when he came down from the "Kaatskill Mountains" and meeting a crowd of villagers at his old home, in dark despair exclaimed: "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle? I'm changed, everything is changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am."

—*W. W. Dodge*, Worthy President Fraternal Order
of Eagles, Aerie 150, Burlington, Iowa.

As a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

—*Goldsmith*.

The brightest spot on earth is the home where sobriety dwells and peace abides; where smiling confidence waits for the footfalls of fidelity and where love fills the crimson bowls of happy hearts to the brim with the champagne of laughter and the sherry of song.

—*Gov. R. L. Taylor*, of Tennessee.

MUSIC

Music should strike fire from the heart of man, and bring tears from the eyes of woman.

—Beethoven.

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak;
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

—Congreve.

Conversation is the music of the mind—an intellectual orchestra, where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together.

—Colton.

Music is well-said to be the speech of angels.

—Carlyle.

Music resembles Poetry: in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master hand alone can reach.

—Pope: *Essay on Criticism*.

Music was a thing of the soul—a rose—lipped shell that murmured of the eternal sea—a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.

—J. G. Holland.

The Koran says that bells hang on the trees of Paradise and are set in motion by wind from the throne of God as often as the blessed wish for music.

Bells are musical
As those that on the golden shafted trees
Of Eden, shook by the eternal breeze.

TRUTH

Seize upon truth, wherever it is found, amongst your friends, amongst your foes, on Christian or on heathen ground; the flower's divine where'er it grows.

—Watts.

Will, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
And never rests till it the first attain;
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
But never stays till it the last do gain.

—*Sir John Davies: The Immortality of the Soul.*

Truth crush'd to earth, will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded, writhes with pain
And dies among her worshippers.

—*Bryant.*

Truth is so great a perfection, that if God would render himself visible to men, he would choose light for his body and truth for his soul.

—*Pythagoras.*

CHARACTER

A good character is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.

—*Colton.*

The noblest contribution which any man can make for the benefit of posterity is that of a good character. The richest bequest which any man can leave to the youth of his native land is that of a shining, spotless example.

—*R. C. Winthrop.*

A man's character is the reality of himself. His reputation is the opinion others have formed of him. Character is in him; reputation is from other people—that is the substance, this is the shadow.

—*H. W. Beecher.*

As fire when thrown into water is cooled down and put out, so also a false accusation, when brought against a man of the purest and holiest character, boils over and is at once dissipated and vanishes.

—*Cicero.*

As there is nothing in the world great but man, there is nothing truly great in man but character.

—*W. W. Evarts.*

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

—*Solomon.*

PARTING

The tides which ebb and flow
Twice daily come and go,
Though not with grieving;
But when friends give good-byes,
Hearts ebb and flow with sighs,
Each other leaving.

Life, in swiftly fleeting,
Tells again no meeting
Of the ones we love.
Parting leaves us groping
In doubt, but still hoping
We may meet above.

—*Edwin B. Hay*, Washington, D. C.,
P. G. Exalted Ruler P. B. O. Elks.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

—*Montgomery.*

Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return,
Thou hast but taken up thy lamp and gone to bed
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

—*Longfellow.*

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers bright. —*Scott.*

Well, if we must, we must; and in that case, the less said
the better. —*Sheridan.*

CHARITY

We may cover a multitude of sins with the white robe of
charity. —*H. W. Beecher.*

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun! —*Hood.*

With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out. —*Pollock.*

HAPPINESS

There is never a sky of winter
To the heart that sings away;
Never a night but hath stars to light,
And dreams of a rosy day.
The world is ever a garden
Red with the blooms of May;
Never a thorn, or a stormy morn,
To the heart that sings away!

—*Frank L. Stanton, Atlanta, Ga.*

Happiness is the greatest paradox in nature. It can grow in any soil, live under any conditions. It defies environment. It comes from within. It is the revelation of the depths of the inner life, as light and heat proclaim the sun from which they radiate. Happiness consists not of having, but of being; not of possessing, but of enjoying. It is the warm glow of a heart at peace within itself. A martyr at the stake may have happi-

ness that a king on his throne might envy. Man is the creator of his own happiness. It is the aroma of a life lived in harmony with high ideals. For what a man has he may be dependent on others; what he is rests with him alone. What he obtains in life is but acquisition; what he attains is growth. Happiness is the soul's joy in the possession of the intangible.

—William George Jordan.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.

—Robert Burns.

Pleasures are not of such a solid nature that we can dive into them; we must merely skim over them: they resemble those boggy lands over which we must run lightly, without stopping to put down our feet.

—Fontenelle (Translated from the French).

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

—Byron: *Childe Harold*.

One good, hearty laugh is a bombshell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent are a gun that kicks over the man who shoots it off.

—Talmage.

Pleasure is a flower, which grows indeed of itself, but only in fruitful gardens, and well-cultivated fields.

—Schleiermacher.

Seek not to know what must not be revealed; joys only flow where fate is most concealed.

—Dryden.

Happiness is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray.

—Sir P. Sidney.

You traverse the world in search of happiness, which is within the reach of every man; a contented mind confers it on all.

—*Horace.*

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.

—*Massey.*

On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet.

—*Byron: Childe Harold.*

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem;
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.

—*Blanchard.*

Every man has a paradise around him till he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden.

—*Longfellow.*

Mortal joy is ever on the wing and hard to bind; it can only be kept in a closed box; with silence we best guard the fickle good, and swift it vanishes if a flippant tongue haste to raise the lid.

—*Schiller* (Translated from the German)

God himself metes out happiness to men, to the good and bad, to each as to Him seems best.

—*Homerus* (Translated from the Greek).

The rose does not bloom without thorns. True; but would that the thorns did not outlive the rose!

—*Jean Paul F. Richter* (Translated from the German)

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure,
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.

—*Congreve.*

HOPE

Hope, the evening beam that smiles the clouds away, and
tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.

—Byron.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

—Goldsmith.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun.
The brightness of our life is gone.

—Longfellow.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.

—Campbell.

Hope, like the stars of evening, shines the sweetest and the
brightest when life seems the gloomiest and darkest.

—Dr. O. Winslow.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.

—Pope.

We speak of hope; but is not hope only a more gentle
name for fear?

—L. E. Landon.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts
the shadow of our burden behind us.

—S. Smiles.

Hope is a delusion; no hand can grasp a wave or a shadow.

—Victor Hugo.

MORALITY

Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!

—Scott.

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.
—*Pope.*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
—*Pope.*

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery clime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.
—*Milton.*

Experience unveils too late the snares laid for youth; it is
the white frost which discovers the spider's web when the flies
are no longer there to be caught.

—*J. Petit.*

What conscience dictates to be done,
And warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.
—*From Pope's Universal Prayer.*

Whoso acts a hundred times with high moral principle
before he speaks once of it, that is a man whom one could
bless and clasp to one's heart. Striving after perfection and
virtue, determines the value of the man.

—*George Forster.*

Though the rose grows on a thorn, it does not thereby lose
its perfume; nor is the wine less good because it flows from
the vine-stock; nor is the goshawk less worth because it is
hatched in a humble nest; nor do moral precepts lose their
value because they come from the mouth of a Jew.

—*Rabbi Santob.*

Thou art after all what thou art. Deck thyself in a wig with a thousand locks; ensconce thy legs in buskins an ell high; thou still remainest just what thou art.

—*Anastasius Grün* (Translated from the German).

Close upon vice follows woe, as the onion causes the tear to flow; the W dully succeeds the V: this is the order as in A B C.

—*Schiller* (Translated from the German).

It is impossible for those who are engaged in low and grovelling pursuits to entertain noble and generous sentiments. No; their thoughts must always necessarily be somewhat similar to their employments.

—*Demosthenes*.

The accusing spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.

—*La Ferve: Story in Tristram Shandy*.

The stream is always purest at its source.

—*Pascal*.

No fountain is so small that heaven may not be imaged in its bosom.

—*Hawthorne*.

God pardons like a mother who kisses away the repentant tears of her child.

—*Beecher*.

A vine bears three grapes: the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, and the third of repentance.

—*Anacharsis*.

For the Infinite has sowed His name in the heavens in burning stars, but on the earth He has sowed His name in tender flowers.

—*Jean Paul F. Richter* (Translated from the German).

FRIENDSHIP

O, Friendship, flavor of flowers! O lively sprite of life!
O sacred bond of blissful peace, the stalworth staunch of strife.

—*Grimoald.*

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.

—*Goldsmith.*

Friendship has steps which lead up on the throne of God, through all spirits, even to the Infinite; only love is satiable and like truth admits no three degrees of comparison; and a single being fills the heart.

—*Jean Paul F. Richter* (Translated from the German).

Other blessings may be taken away, but if we have acquired a good friend by goodness, we have a blessing which improves in value when others fail. It is even heightened by sufferings.

—*William Ellery Channing.*

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.

—*Bulwer Lytton.*

True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

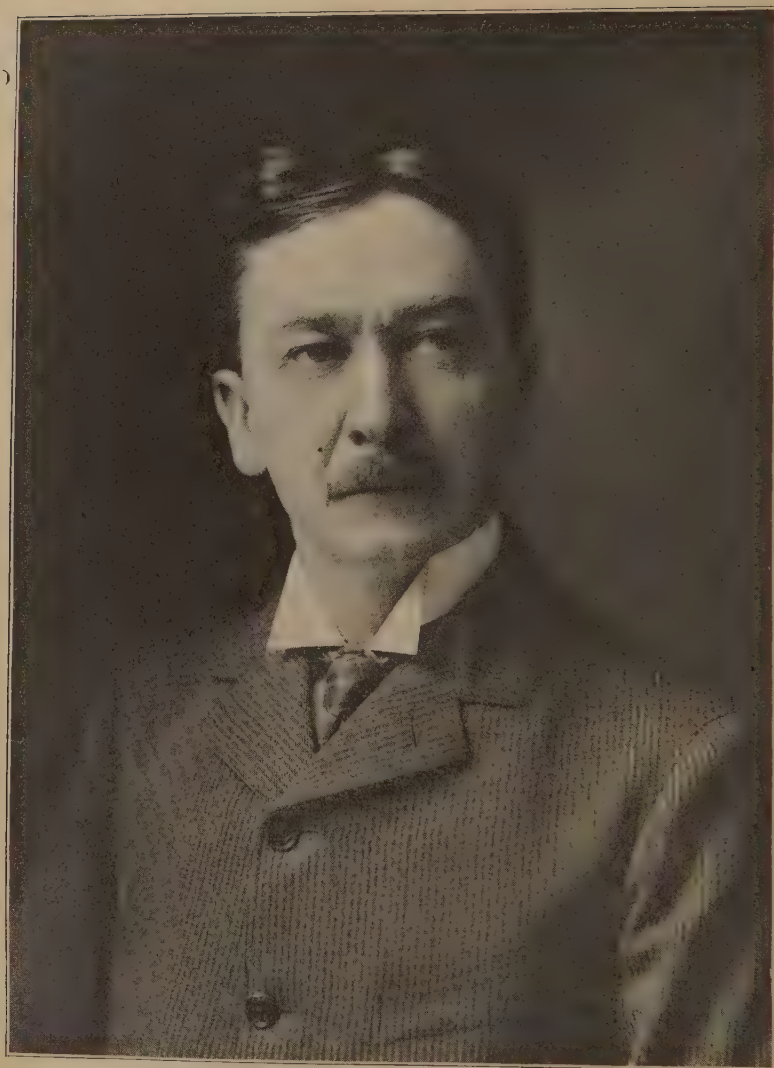
—*C. C. Colton.*

The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, let there be truth between us two forevermore. It is sublime, to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves, or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right.

—*Emerson.*

A friend is a being that is willing to bear with us in all our faults and failings.

—*George Forster* (Translated from the German).



D. P. MARKEY,
Supreme Commander, Knights of the Maccabees of the World.

The fragrance of the flower is never borne against the breeze; but the fragrance of human virtues diffuses itself everywhere.

—*Ramayana.*

False friendship, like the ivy, decays and ruins the walls it embraces; but the true friendship gives new light and animation to the object it supports.

—*Robert Burton.*

Friend is the holiest of gifts;
God can bestow nothing more sacred upon us.

—*Tiedge.*

Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend?

—*Grimoald.*

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why?
To find one good, you must a hundred try.

—*Claude Mermet* (Translated from the French).

He who does not feel his friends to be the world to him,
does not deserve that the world should hear of him.

—*Goethe* (Translated from the German).

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of o' lang syne?

—*Burns; Auld Lang Syne.*

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and
in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth and the sacred professions of
fellowship.

—*Longfellow; Courtship of Miles Standish.*

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. We cannot exist without mutual help. All therefore that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow men; and no one who has the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Friendship, gift of heaven, delight of great souls; friendship, which kings, so distinguished for ingratitude, are unhappy enough not to know.

—*Voltaire* (Translated from the French).

Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence.

—*Schleiermacher*.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity; as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

—*Colton*.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?

—*Spenser*.

Friendship improves happiness, and abates misery, by doubling our joy, and dividing our grief.

—*Addison*.

True friendship between man and man is infinite and immortal.

—*Plato*.

As the yellow gold is tried in the fire, so the faith of friendship must be seen in adversity.

—*Ovid*.

Friendship makes prosperity brighter, while it lightens adversity by sharing its griefs and anxieties.

—*Cicero*.

HONOR

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

—*Pope: Essay on Man*.

Honor is unstable, and seldom the same; for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. She builds a lofty structure on the sandy foundation of the esteem of those who are, of all beings, the most subject to change.

—*Colton*.

His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

—Tennyson.

False honor, like a comet, blazes broad,
But blazes for extinction. Real merit
Shines like th' eternal sun, to shine forever.

—Sir J. Hill.

Be noble-minded! Our own heart, and not other men's
opinions of us, forms our true honor.

—Schiller.

Both love and friendship are inferior to loyalty and honor.

—Calderon.

True honor leaves no room for hesitation and doubt.

—Plutarchus.

LOVE

Love is ever busy with his shuttle, is ever weaving into
life's dull warp bright, gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian.

—Longfellow.

Knowest thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom?
Where the gold-orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?
Knowest thou it?

Thither, I thither,
My dearest and kindest, with thee would I go!

—Goethe.

When Fame stands by us all alone, she is an angel clad in
light and strength; but when Love touches her she drops her
sword and fades away, ghostlike and ashamed.

—Ouida.

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

—Byron: *Childe Harold*.

When God formed the rose, he said, "Thou shalt flourish and spread thy perfume." When he commanded the sun to emerge from chaos, he added, "Thou shalt enlighten and warm the world." When he gave life to the lark, he enjoined upon it to soar and sing in the air. Finally, he created man and told him to love, and seeing the sun shine, perceiving the rose scattering its odors, hearing the lark warble in the air, how can man help loving?

—*Grun* (Translated from the German).

How can I tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines?
How can I tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays?

—*Longfellow*.

Love is a lock that linketh noble minds,
Faith is the key that shuts the spring of love.

—*Robert Greene*,

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

—*Tennyson*.

O tender longing! the golden time of first love; the eye sees the heaven open while the heart is silent in blissfulness.

Oh! that the year were ever vernal!

And lovers' youthful dreams eternal!

Schiller (Translated from the German).

It is folly to pretend that one ever wholly recovers from a disappointed passion. Such wounds always leave a scar. There are faces I can never look upon without emotion; there are names I can never hear spoken without almost starting.

—*Longfellow*.

There is nothing holier in this life of ours, than the first consciousness of love—the first fluttering of its silken wings.

—*Longfellow.*

Love is a child that talks in broken language, yet then he speaks most plain.

—*Dryden.*

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

—*Moore.*

For love the smallest gift commends;
All things are valued by our friends.

—*Theognis* (Translated from the Greek.)

Love is not a fire which can be confined within the breast; everything betrays us, the voice, silence, the eyes; and its fires imperfectly covered only burst forth the more.

—*Racine* (Translated from the French).

Man's love is of man's life, a part; it is woman's whole existence.

—*Byron.*

Love is never lost. If not reciprocated it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.

—*Washington Irving.*

Nothing makes love sweeter and tenderer than a little precious scolding and freezing, just as the grape-clusters acquire by a frost before vintage thinner skins and better must.

—*Richter* (Translated from the German).

The man who has never felt the influence of love is like one who lives ever in gloomy winter, or he resembles a brook that never gives forth a pleasant murmur, a dumb bird that never sings, or a withered tree whose boughs never unfold a blossom to the sun. O Cupid! sweet god of Love!

—*Solomon Gessner* (Translated from the German).

Life is a flower of which love is the honey.

—*Victor Hugo*

The first sight of love is the last of wisdom.

—*Bret.*

I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold, and the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

—*Bayard Taylor.*

Rejoice Among the Flowers of Love

We pass through all the shifting scenes of humor and pathos, of comedy and tragedy, from the laughing and dancing morning of youth, into the solemn and shadowy evening of old age. The world applauds us if we triumph; it despises us if we fail. Too often it gives the meed of praise to its benefactors only when they are under the sod. What a strange and cruel philosophy! What do words of praise avail to lift the shadows of our path no longer pressed by weary feet? What are songs worth to hearts that lie still in the songless dust? Why fill the hands of the dead with flowers which we have withheld from the living and then with tears bend over the pallid face and whine, "He looks so natural."

If you have love to give, give it to the living; if you have blessings to bestow, bestow them upon the living. None but God can bless the dead. Who would not rather have one smile, one tender word, to-day, than to know that a million roses would be heaped upon his coffin, if he should die to-morrow? Who would not rather rejoice among the flowers of love while he lives, rather than to sleep the dreamless sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers? God speed the day when the spirit of love shall fall upon the world like the light of morning until all nations shall burst into laughter and song!

—*Gov. R. L. Taylor, of Tennessee.*

The Loom of Love

The sun and stars are God's mighty looms, on which He weaves the lights and shadows that tint the earth and sky with colors divine; but let those looms of light for a moment

stop; let the flaming shuttles cease to fly, and instantly this beautiful world of ours, with all its bloom and beauty blighted, with all its mirth and music hushed, would lie naked and dead on the cold bosom of eternal night. And so it is with human life. It hath its spirit looms and hath its flying shuttles forever delivering to the warp and woof of hope and memory the shining threads of human kindness and weaving them into gossamer webs of love around our hearts and in our homes. Every tender word we speak, every blessing we bestow, is a thread of sunshine woven into somebody's life; and all the smiles and sympathies which come to us from other lips and other hearts are threads of light and love woven into our own. But let the loom of love for a moment stop; let its blissful shuttle cease to fly, and that moment happiness will lie dead on the hearth-stone; and laughter and song will perish among the roses at the door.

—Gov. R. L. Taylor, of Tennessee.

Love Hath My Heart

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange, one for the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven.

—Sir Philip Sidney.

Ministers of Love

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

—S. T. Coleridge.

Love Knows No Law

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will.

—John G. Whittier.

To See Her Was to Love Her

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.

—*Robert Burns.*

When Age Chills the Blood

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past—
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove—
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

—*Lord Byron.*

Tell Me, What's Love?

"Tell me, what's Love," said Youth, one day,
To drooping Age, who crost his way.
"It is a sunny hour of play;
For which repentance dear doth pay;
And this is Love, as wise men say."

—*Thomas Moore.*

Time Is Short

Time is short, life is short.

Life is sweet, love is sweet, use to-day while you may;
Love is sweet, and to-morrow may fail;
Love is sweet, use to-day.

—*Christina G. Rossetti: The Prince's Progress.*

What Is Love?

Ask not of me, love, what is love?
Ask what is good of God above;
Ask of the great sun what is light;
Ask what is darkness of the night;
Ask sin of what may be forgiven;
Ask what is happiness of heaven;
Ask what is folly of the crowd;
Ask what is fashion of the shroud;
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss;
Ask of thyself what beauty is.

—*Philip J. Bailey.*

These Hours Redeem

Oh, Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill.
—Lord Byron: *Childe Harold*.

Could We Forbear Dispute

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
—Edmund Waller.

One Long Kiss

Once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.
—Sir A. Tennyson

If Love Were Young

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might we move
To live with thee, and be thy love
—Sir Walter Raleigh: *Nymph's
Reply to Passionate Shepherd*.

Wasted Affections

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of
refreshment.
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the
fountain.
—Longfellow.

When Love Pleads Admission

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast),
The woman that deliberates is lost.
—Addison.

Love the Emblem of Eternity

Love is the emblem of eternity; it confounds all notion of time, effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end.

—*Madame De Staël.*

Affection Sets the Heart On Fire

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else suffer'd it will set the heart on fire.

—*Venus and Adonis.*

Pleasures Fade Away

Thus pleasures fade away;
Youth, talents, beauty thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn and gray.

—*Scott.*

SORROW**Content**

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

—*Henry VIII.*, Act. II, Scene III.

Each Time We Love

Each time we love
We turn a nearer and a broader mark
To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.

—*Alexander Smith.*

The Path of Sorrow

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the lands where sorrow is unknown.

—*Cowper.*

Sorrow Never Dies

Men die, but sorrow never dies;
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Do Not Cheat Thy Heart

Do not cheat thy heart, and tell her,
“Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day.”
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

The First Pressure of Sorrow

The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts
the best wine; afterwards the constant weight of it brings
forth bitterness—the taste and stain from the lees of the vat.

—*Longfellow.*

A Crown of Sorrow

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

—*Tennyson.*

Book III

A N E C D O T E S

An anecdote, if well read or told, will prove more interesting and potential than the most eloquent utterance or the most elaborate argument. Large audiences have frequently been convulsed with laughter or bowed down with grief by its mighty influence.

—Dr. Davies.

The division of this work pertaining to anecdotes, can not be better introduced than by quoting the words of the famous Goethe: "Anecdotes and maxims are rich treasures to the man of the world, for he knows how to introduce the former at fit places in conversation, and to recollect the latter on proper occasion." It seems now days, that no speech is complete, either at the banquet table, or social session, without an anecdote well told. Even at the small home gathering, the witty story-teller is always a bright particular star. His "jokes are the cayenne of conversation," his keen wit and bright jests are ever ready, like a shuttle, to weave into the dull moments, and bring smiles and good cheer to all. We hope the following pages will serve to enliven many a weary evening hour in the home when the days' toil is done, cause mirth and laughter at the social banquet board, and furnish to the orator a vehicle of truth, if striking and appropriate, "More impressive and powerful than argument."

ANECDOTES

WITH A RELIGIOUS FLAVORING

Oh, Lor', Hit 'im Again.—In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation where there was a rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel: I'll give 5 pence for repairs." Just then a bit of plastering falling from the ceiling hit him on the head. Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said, "Brethren, its worse than I thought; I'll make it 50 pence."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again!"

Col. Robert Ingersoll and the Rev. Phillips Brooks.—The late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, who was so fond of poking fun at preachers, often had the tables turned on himself. One day the famous skeptic paid a visit to the Rev. Phillips Brooks before that great divine became a bishop. He was refused admission, because, as the servant said, it was "sermon day," and some of Doctor Brooks' own home people had been denied admission. But Doctor Brooks learned that Ingersoll was at the door, and sent out word that he should come in.

After the interview, and as Colonel Ingersoll was about to leave, he said:

"Doctor Brooks, your man told me that you had denied yourself to some of your home people this morning. Now how is it that you have admitted me, a stranger?"

"Oh, that's quite easy," said Doctor Brooks, laughing. "They are my church members, and I shall see them again, here or in heaven, but isn't it right for me to consider your belief, and that I shall probably never meet you again!"

A Ghost Story.—A foolish Irish fellow went to the parish priest and told him, with a very long face, that he had seen a ghost.

"When and where?" said the pastor.

"Last night," replied the timid man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the specter."

"In what shape did it appear?" inquired the priest.

"It appeared in the shape of a great ass."

"Go home and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the priest; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

Would Leave Her "Breff" Behind.—"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christian?" asked the temperance clergyman of an old negro woman who was smoking a pipe.

"Yes, brudder, I spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard it."

"Well, Chloe, you smoke, and you can not enter the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, I spects I leave my breff behind when I go dar."

The Clergy or the Bench?—The following story was told by Dr. Henry M. Leipziger in introducing Judge Sulzerberger at a banquet where several rabbis had previously spoken: Two ladies had a dispute as to which was the most influential, the clergy or the bench.

"I think the bench is the most influential," said one, "because the judge can say: 'You shall be hanged!'" "But," said the other, "the clergyman can say: 'You shall be damned.'" "Ah, yes," said the first, "but when the judge says: 'You shall be hanged,' you are hanged."

Would Never Get There.—She was a colored woman, and attending a revival of religion, and had worked herself up to the extreme pitch of going to the place in a moment, or sooner if possible. As her friends gave vent to their feelings, she likewise gave vent to her feelings, and exclaimed:

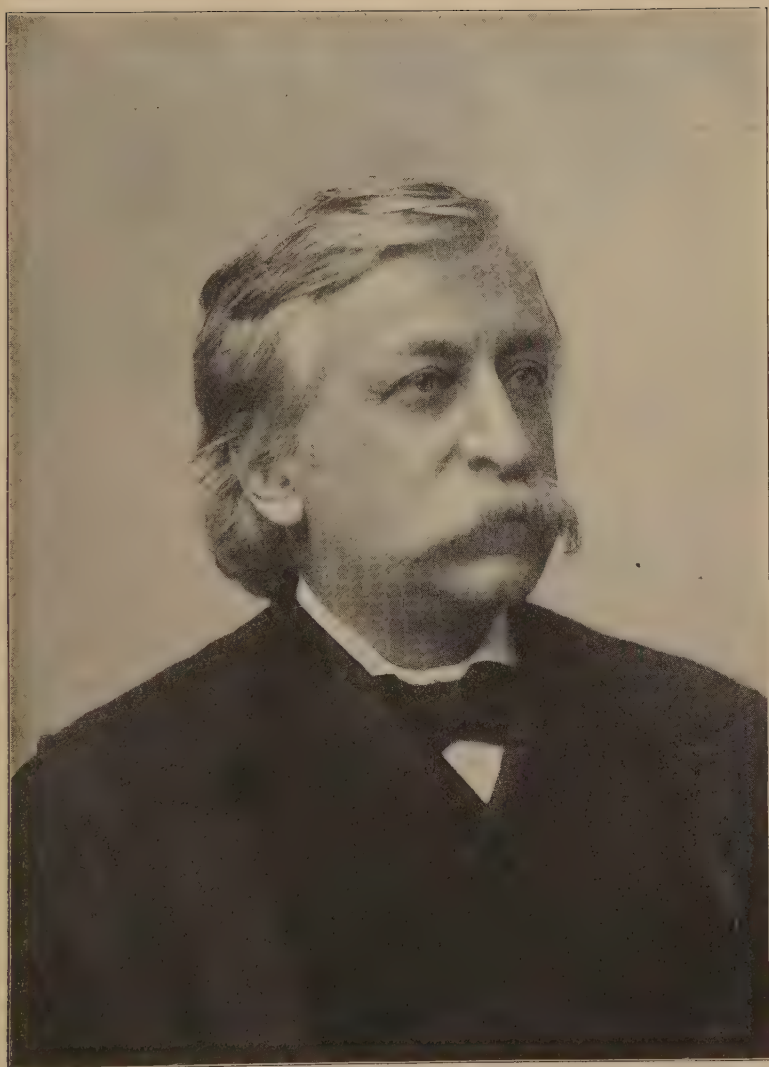
"I wish I was a June bug!"

A brother of sable hue, standing near by, inquired:

"What do you want to be one for?"

"That I might fly to Hebben."

"You fool niggah; woodpecker ketch you 'fore you get half way dar!"



MELVILLE W. FULLER,
Chief Justice of the United States.

Lucky to Get His Hat Back.—The hat was passed around in a colored church for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church, it was handed to the minister—who, by the way, had exchanged pulpits with the regular preacher—and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known; then, raising his eyes to the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor:

"I t'ank God dat I got my hat from dis congregation!"

The Consequences of a Long Sermon.—The late Dr. Boardman, a famous Philadelphia clergyman, used to tell of preaching a funeral sermon at one time when he took up more time than usual without being aware of it. The undertaker was a rather nervous man and became fearful that Dr. Boardman would make it a very late funeral. Finally he whispered to a member of the preacher's congregation: "Does he always preach as long as this?" "Longer sometimes," was the reply. "That is a fine sermon on the resurrection." "Oh, yes, it's a good sermon, I suppose," said the funeral director, "but if he preaches much longer I won't be able to get the body buried in time for the resurrection."

Widow O'Brien's Toast.—Father Foley, parish priest in a New England fishing town, was a clergyman much beloved by his own flock, and well liked by "the heretics," likewise for his genial manners and capital stories. His reverence, though, of course, a strict disciplinarian, went not a step further than the letter of the law allowed. He was far from ascetic in his religious devotion, being a jolly lover of good living, and by no means averse to a glass of "something hot," when paying a visit to a member of his parish. On one of the fast days—a cold, bleak one, too—Father Foley, on his way from a distant visitation, dropped in to see Widow O'Brien, who was as jolly as himself, and equally as fond of the creature comforts, and, what is better, well able to provide them. As it was about dinner-time, his reverence thought he would stay and have a "morsel" with the old dame; but what was his horror to see served up in good style a pair of splendid roast ducks!

"Oh, musha! Mistress O'Brien, what have ye there?" he exclaimed in well-feigned surprise.

"Ducks, yer riverence."

"Duck! roast duck! and this a fast day of the holy Church!"

"Wisha! I never thought of that; but why can't we ate a bit of duck, yer riverence?"

"Why? Because the Council of Trint won't have us—that's why."

"Well, well, now, but I'm sorry fur that, fur I can only give ye a bite of bread and cheese and a glass of somethin hot. Would that be any harrum, sir?"

"Harrum! by no manes, woman. Sure we must live any way, and bread and cheese is not forbid."

"And a whiskey punch?"

"Nather that."

"Well, thin, yer riverence, would it be any harrum fur me to give a toast?"

"By no manes, Mrs. O'Brien. Toast away as much as ye like, bedad!"

"Well, thin, here's to the Council of Trint fur if it keeps us from atin' it doesn't keep us from drinkin'!"

No one enjoyed this story better than Father Foley himself, who never tired of telling it.

Three Kinds of Poor.—One of the patriarchs among the Baptists of this country was Rev. A. K. Bell. He was a leader of the earlier generation of its clergymen, believed that charity was only half done unless a smile or a jest went with it. He was a great worker among the poor and upon one occasion at a public gathering was unexpectedly called upon to speak on "The Poor in Large Cities."

Dr. Bell arose solemnly and began: "Ladies and gentlemen, there are three kinds of poor. There are the Lord's poor, the devil's poor and the poor devils. This will conclude my address." And the old clergyman sat down without another word.

Some Scottish Humor.—John Johnston, vice-president of the Marine National bank, a good Presbyterian, was called upon by the Milwaukee Ministerial association, composed of all denominations, to tell them what the pew expected from the pulpit and he improved his opportunities. The pew, he told the clergymen, could get its ideas on current topics from the press and was not greatly in need of pulpit-made sensationalism. Then he suggested that there were easy ways of presenting Bible truths and told a story of a Presbyterian minister in Scotland whose only son had joined the Methodist church

and become one of its ministers. One night father and son were walking together when they passed a Methodist church in which the minister was praying in so loud a voice it could be heard on the street. "I think, son," said the father, "that God must be out of the city to-night."

The Minister and the Cow.—I knew a minister at one time who exchanged with one of his clerical brethren, and during the most powerful passages of his eloquence he saw a woman dressed in black who was soaking her handkerchief with tears.

He learned her name and he inquired her residence; he called upon her the next day, desiring to apply the sermon to her mind, but with a sort of secret squint of the eye, hoping that he might get a compliment for his discourse. "I called, madam," said he, "because I saw you were deeply affected during my discourse yesterday afternoon." "I was, I was, very much." "And I called to see if it could not be applied to your condition, and if I could not follow up the sermon by some practical remarks." "You are so kind, sir, I will take you into my confidence. I am a widow woman, as you see by my dress and manner; but I had a cow that I thought the world of, and I spent all my time a-feeding that cow and a-stroking that cow and a-patting that cow and talking to that cow, and it really begins to take the place of my husband. And the cow's name is Nellie, and day before yesterday I couldn't find Nellie anywhere, and I went to the barn, walked in and she was not there, and I says, "Where is Nellie?" and I remembered there was a pond and a quagmire around the house, and I went there and my worst fears were more than realized. There was Nellie going down and down, and I couldn't see anything but her horns and the line of her back and her tail, and said I, 'Farewell, Nellie, farewell, Nellie,' and she raised her head out of the mud and gave one last bellow of farewell to me, and your voice yesterday afternoon did sound so much like it."

—Anecdote related by *William E. Park*, at a dinner of the Republican Club of New York, Feb. 15, 1896.

Them's My Sentiments.—In the good old state of Iowa, there lived a pious farmer, who, every night before retiring, knelt down along side of his bed and offered up a long prayer. Occasionally, when the old man had put in a specially long day at hard labor, he would fall asleep during the prayer, and

after awaking, did not know where he left off, and would have to begin all over again. Finally, an idea occurred to him, and he wrote out a long prayer such as he thought would suit all occasions, and tacked it at the head of his bed, and thereafter, whenever the old man was very tired, he would kneel down, and point to the head of his bed and would say, "Oh Lord, them's my sentiments, amen."

—*E. P. Edsen*, Chief Justice and Past Grand Worthy President F. O. E.

Less Noise and More Light.—An old colored gentleman down in Virginia while out riding a mule was caught in a violent thunder storm as he was passing through a dense forest. Being unable to make any headway except through the agency of the fitful flashes of lightning, which occasionally revealed his surroundings, and becoming greatly alarmed at the loud and terrible peals of thunder which shook the earth and reverberated over his head, he at last appealed to the Throne of Grace in this fashion: "O Lord, if it's jes' the same to you, I'd rather hev a little less noise an' a little mo' light."

—*Governor Charles T. O. Ferrall*, of Virginia.

To Reach Heaven a Surprise.—There is a very old story told of a North Carolina preacher, who was called upon to deliver a sermon at the funeral of a man of his parish whose antecedents had left in his mind very grave doubts whether his soul had taken the upward direction after it was separated from the body. However, he was equal to the emergency, and he got over the difficulty in this way: Said he, "My brethren, there will be a great many surprises for you if any of you happen to reach the kingdom of heaven, you will look about you expecting to find a great many people who won't be there; you will see a great many people there that you had no idea would ever get in; but the last and greatest surprise of all will be that you got there yourselves."

—*Isaac H. Bailey*.

Noah's Wonderful Wife.—There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—then turning the page—"one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher-wood, and covered with pitch

inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

—*Henry W. Grady*, at a banquet of the New England Society in the city of New York, in 1886.

The Value of a Sermon.—"Brudren," said a darky minister down on a plantation, "brudren, I's got a five-dollar sermon, an' a two dollar sermon, an' a one-dollar sermon, an' I want dis here indelicate audience to take up a collection as to which one ob dem dey can afford to hear."

—*Theodore Cuyler*.

The Hot Weather Joke.—It is frightfully warm in some parts of Arizona. One of Uncle Sam's soldiers died not long ago at Fort Yuma and in a few days afterward came back after his blankets.

A Skeleton Causes an Archdeacon to Disappear.—A man who had often been told that there is a skeleton in the cupboard of every household, no matter how respectable that household may be, determined to put this opinion to a practical test. Selecting for the subject of his experiment a venerable archdeacon of the church, against whom the most censorious critic had never breathed a word, he went to the nearest post-office, and despatched this telegram to the reverend gentleman: "All is discovered. Fly at once." The archdeacon disappeared from England, and has never been heard of since.

How to Get a Stolen Umbrella.—I went to meeting last Sunday. Laws! how it did rain! I took my umbrella with me, put it under the seat, and when I came out it was raining harder than ever. I looked for my umbrella—it was gone; some one had stolen it. I went right back, and before anybody got out, I stood up and said: "Brothers and sisters, somebody has stolen my umbrella. I am not going to say who took it, but if that umbrella isn't in my back yard by six o'clock to-morrow morning I'll come round next Sunday morning and tell the whole congregation who stole it." What was the consequence? When I woke up next morning the back yard was full of umbrellas.

—*George Thatcher*.

Great Excitement in Heaven.—The editor of a rural newspaper was told one morning by the local physician that Deacon Jones was seriously ill. The deacon was a person of some distinction in the community, so the editor posted a series of bulletins as follows:

"10:00 a.m.—Deacon Jones no better.

"11:00 a.m.—Deacon Jones has relapse.

"12:30 p.m.—Deacon Jones has slight rally.

"2:15 p.m.—Deacon Jones' family has been summoned.

"3:10 p.m.—Deacon Jones has died and gone to heaven."

Later in the afternoon a traveling salesman happened by, stopped to read the bulletins, and, going to the bulletin board, made another report concerning the deceased; it was:

"4:10 p.m.—Great excitement in heaven! Deacon Jones has not yet arrived."

Curran Met His Match.—Curran, the famous Irish advocate, was a master of repartee, but he did not always score, though he enjoyed an encounter none the less if he was fairly beaten. One day, in a gay mood, he stopped and chatted with a certain Father O'Leary. "Ah, father," said the advocate, waiting for an opening, "how I wish when I die that you had the key to heaven!"

"Why?" said the priest, for he guessed a trap was laid.

"Because you could let me in."

"Ah," said Father O'Leary, "it would be better for you if I had the key to the other place, for then I could let you out."

Pray to be Born Again.—A Methodist minister who was being annoyed, when taking part in a discussion, by a small brother who was constantly asking irrelevant questions, finally asked him if he was a believer in the doctrine of regeneration; and, being answered in the affirmative, then said, "You also believe in the efficacy of prayer?" which the little fellow also answered in the affirmative. He then said, "Believing these two things I would advise you to go home and pray diligently that you be born again and that you be still-born."

—*L. S. Ebright*, Provident I, No. 16 Royal Arcanum,
Akron Lodge No. 363 B. P. O. Elks.

A Humorous Scotch Mixture.—In a Scotch church an old minister who was very deaf was also very anxious to introduce some new hymn books into the church and asked his precentor to give out the notice immediately after the sermon. The pre-

centor, having a notice of his own, gave out that members of the congregation wishing to have their children baptized were to send their names into the vestry. The old minister, thinking that it was the notice about the hymn books, stood up and said, "And I wish to say, for the benefit of those who have not any, that they may be had in the vestry any afternoon, between 3 and 4—ordinary little ones at a shilling each, and special little ones, with red backs, at one and three."

Witty Repartee of a Bishop and Curate's Daughter.—My father can preach better than your father, because he is a bishop," said a bishop's daughter to the daughter of an English curate. "Well, anyhow, we've got a hen in our yard which lays an egg every day." "That's nothing," retorted the bishop's daughter, "my father lays a corner-stone every week."

A Colored Preacher's Description of the Way to Perdition and Damnation.—"Men and Brethren," said a colored parson, "two ways are open before you, the broad and narrow way, which leads to perdition, and the straight and crooked way which leads to damnation."

Where Shall Hosea be Put?—Down in South Carolina I once attended a colored church. The preacher, one of those negroes with an oily face and big spectacles, was talking about the prophets. He had taken an hour to discourse upon the major prophets, and then he took up the minor ones. In course of time he reached Hosea.

"My breddren," he exclaimed, "we come now to Hosea. Let us consider him. Where shall we put Hosea?" At that moment an old negro who had been peacefully slumbering in one of the back pews woke up and looked at the pastor.

"Hosea can take my seat," he said. "I'm so dogged tired that I'm going home."

A Preacher's Strange Illustration.—An Oregon preacher recently said in his sermon, that when the disciples came into the tomb of Jesus, they found the door guarded by three Roman angels, with improved Springfield rifles and fixed bayonets.

The above sounds something after the style of Rev. Joab Powell, a clergyman of the Hard Shell Baptist persuasion, and a resident of Oregon. In a sermon he once gave vent to the following brilliant metaphor:

"Brethren and Sisters—I'm an aged tree in the forest of the Lord, withered in the branches and hollow in the butt; the storms of sixty winters have whistled through my boughs and stripped them of their foliage; the scorching heat of sixty summers has peeled off my bark; but, thank God, my old root still stands!

THE LAWYER, THE BENCH, THE DOCTOR

Too Good to be True.—An angel had been sent to call the doctor, says the Medical World, from labor to reward. He had served the people faithfully and well; had gone to see them at all hours of the day and night, in all kinds of weather; had made moderate charges, and waited patiently for his pay; had sympathized with them in their afflictions, mourned with them in their sorrows, and rejoiced with them when restored to health. Before leaving for heaven, the doctor asked if he could visit the regions below. Permission being granted, while the angel waited outside the doctor went in to look around. Having been gone an unusual length of time the angel went to look for him, and found the doctor seated fanning himself and watching a lot of people burning in one of the hottest fires in the place, while a look of supreme bliss lighted his face. The angel looked, and over the door was the sign: "These are the people who did not pay the doctor." The angel touched him and said, "Come, let us go." With a radiant smile the doctor said, "You go on; this is heaven enough for me."

—*Dr. Eugene Carson Hay, Hot Springs, Ark.*

A Wife's Second Husband.—A young widow came into the office of a brother attorney. She was crying profusely. "My dear madam," said the lawyer, "there is no need of your carrying on so. You will get your third out of the estate." "You are very bold, sir," she replied; "I have only just buried my second."

—*Martin Saxe, New York City. (From a sentiment to the ladies, delivered at the convention of the Commercial Law League of America, Omaha, July 21, 1896.)*

The Doctor Picks the Bones.—Once upon a time a good medical man was watching a funeral procession, and pondering awhile on the much and goodly game which he betimes had brought to pot, a dog who was also watching the funeral train,

said to him, "Say, Doc, ain't it funny, when I bury a bone I do it so that I may dig it up again and pick it by and by, while you bury your stuff for keeps?" The doctor was a truthful, Godly man, and made reply, "Never mind, doggie, don't you fret, the bones I bury are well picked before I bury them."

—*Dr. G. Frank Lydston*, at the First Annual Banquet of the Law Students' Association of Chicago.

Too Much Disturbance in Court.—While Judge Gary of Chicago was once trying a case he was disturbed by a young man who kept moving about in the rear of the room, lifting chairs and looking under things. "Young man," Judge Gary called out, "you are making a great deal of unnecessary noise. What are you about?" "Your honor," replied the young man, "I have lost my overcoat, and am trying to find it." "Well," said the venerable jurist, "people often lose whole suits in here without making all that disturbance."

A Good Dose of Castor Oil.—Probably the proudest exploit of my life was my success as an army surgeon, although I have never been granted a diploma. During the spring of 1864, I was for a short time in command of a government transport, and on one occasion for about three days, I had 500 men aboard, and no surgeon. I made it my first duty to examine the ship medicine chest, in which I found but one medicine I knew anything of though a pretty good supply of that. I had scarcely closed the chest, when my first patient came. "Captain, I am all out of sorts and run down." "Put out your tongue. Let me feel your pulse." Then I looked solemn, which, I take it, is one of the most important accomplishments of a good doctor. "My man, in your condition, whiskey is one of the worst things you can take. What you need is a good dose of castor oil." And I administered it, then and there. He made a wry face but was cured. The second patient followed, and received his dose, and the third, and the fourth, and after that, patients began to grow scarce. But I am proud to say that when I arrived in port, three days later, I hadn't a sick man aboard.

—*Dr. William C. Swain*, Milwaukee, Wis.

The State of Iowa against a Niggah.—An Iowa judge was telling stories in a hotel lobby, and he related an amusing incident that had occurred in his court when a colored man was brought up for some petty offence. The charge was

read, and as the statement, "The State of Iowa against John Jones," was read in a loud voice, the colored man's eyes bulged nearly out of their sockets, and he seemed perfectly overcome with terror and astonishment. When he was asked if he had anything to say, or pleaded guilty or not guilty, he gasped out: "Well, yo' honoh, ef de whole state ob Iowa am again dis one pore niggah, I's gwine ter gib up right now."

The Lawyer Out-Wits the Physician.—It is true the physician sometimes makes a slip, and cures the lawyer even to his own undoing. I remember an instance of a physician who presented his bill for professional services to a lawyer who had recently recovered from a serious illness. The lawyer pleaded inability to pay, claiming to have used all his money in meeting an insurance assessment. "Are you insured?" asked the physician with a startled air. "Yes," said the lawyer, "and in case of my death, the proceeds of the insurance are to be first applied to paying the expense of my last illness." "Humph," said the physician reflectively, "I wish I had known that sooner. I think I would have gotten my money."

—*Frank T. Lodge*, of Detroit, Mich., at the Annual Banquet of the Michigan College of Medicine and Surgery, at Detroit, Mich., March 6, 1895.

Always Answer When Your Name Is Called.—An able judge, in days gone by, was a little apt to get under the influence of the prohibited article, whenever he attended a revival meeting. On one occasion the minister in an eloquent and vehement style exclaimed, "Where is the drunkard, the miserable drunkard? Show me the drunkard." The tipsy judge got up in his pew and said: "Here he is, what will you have next?" The minister not apparently noticing the interruption began on another hard case and said, "Where is the hypocrite, the detestable hypocrite, more miserable far than the drunkard. Show me the hypocrite." The tipsy judge got up and took his umbrella and punching forward over two seats, hit a bald headed deacon and said, "Deacon, deacon, why don't you get up and answer to your name when it is called."

A Poser for Conkling.—When Roscoe Conkling first began the practice of law in New York, he lost a most important murder case on which he had worked very hard not only for the fee, which he needed badly, but for a reputation which he had to make. Despite his efforts his client was hanged.

Later, when he presented his bill to the man's family, they refused to pay it on the ground that it was excessive. He took the bill to Charles O'Connor, the great criminal lawyer, asking him to pass judgment as to the equity of his charges. O'Connor scanned the account very closely and then, turning to Conkling, very gravely remarked, "Well, Conkling, taking into consideration the enormous amount of energy and time you have devoted to this case, the charges are reasonable, but see here, Conkling, don't you think the man could have been hanged for less money than that?"

The Dignity of the Law.—A celebrated judge was once trying a case where the accused could only understand Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter and the latter replied.

"What does he say?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing, my lord."

"How dare you say that, when we all heard him? Come, sir, what was it?"

"My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit you, sir. Now, what did he say?"

"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that old woman with the red bed curtain round her sitting up there?'" At this everybody present roared.

"And what did you say?" said the judge, looking a little uncomfortable.

"I said, 'Whist, ye sphalpeen—that's the ould boy that's going to hang yez.'"

The Bubble Reputation.—The Governor—Colonel, don't you know Judge Blank? Shake hands with him.

The Colonel—Ah, you are Judge Blank of Blankville?

The Judge—Yes; Blankville is my home.

The Colonel—Of course I know you by reputation then.

The Governor—Colonel, don't you know it always makes me feel mighty uncomfortable when a man says that about me—that he knows me by reputation?

The Colonel—How is that, Governor? Why should it make you feel uncomfortable?

The Governor—Because, by jingo, I always wonder which reputation he means.

The Physician's Advice.—Once upon a time a very nervous man called on his physician and asked for medical advice.

"Take a tonic and dismiss from your mind all that tends to worry you," said the doctor.

Several months afterward the patient received a bill from the physician asking him to remit \$18, and he answered it thus:

"Dear Doctor—I have taken a tonic and your advice. Your bill tends to worry me and so I dismiss it from my mind."

Moral. Advice sometimes defeats its giver.

A Witty Reply.—Whenever the United States supreme court, on hearing the argument of counsel for plaintiff in error is entirely satisfied that he has no case, the chief justice is apt to say to counsel for defendant in error that the court does not care to hear further argument. At one time Hon. Matthew Carpenter from Wisconsin was counsel for plaintiff in error and opened the case. Before he was through the court was satisfied that there was nothing in it, and so when he had concluded and counsel for defendant in error arose Chief Justice Waite said, "The court does not care to hear any further argument."

Counsel was a little deaf and, although noticing that the chief justice spoke, did not hear what he had said and, turning to Mr. Carpenter, who sat beside him, asked what had been said.

"Oh, hang it," replied Carpenter in tones audible to the bench. "The chief justice said he would rather give you the case than hear you talk."

The Judge She Wanted.—She walked into the office of the judge of probate and inquired:

"Are you the judge of reprobates?"

"I am the judge of probate," was the reply.

"Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the lady; "You see, my husband died detested and left me several little infidels, and I want to be appointed their executor."

Why Is a Judge Like a Baseball Player?—At a banquet given by the Bar of a certain city to the judges of the state courts, a lawyer asked "Why is a judge like a baseball player?" and answered his question at once by saying, "Because when he fails to make a hit they put him on the bench."

The Privilege of Possum.—A Georgia darky arrested for stealing a possum from a white man said to the judge:

"I don't count it no stealin' 'tall, yo' honner, kaze de possum wuz raise fer de nigger, des lak de mule wuz. Let de white man take de turkey en leave de possum fer de nigger is what I says."

"But," said the judge, "the negro frequently takes the turkey too."

"Not dis season, suh," was the quick reply. "Dey roostin' too high."

What He Struck.—A lawyer tells of a client who came joyfully one day declaring that he had found oil flowing from a spring on his land, and bringing a sample.

The bottle was one which he had picked up in a hurry somewhere about the house.

The lawyer forwarded it to an expert chemist, and they waited with interest for his report of the analysis

In a day or two came this telegram:

"Find no trace of oil. Your friend has struck paregoric."

Guilty of Contempt of Court.—Senator Chilton tells a good story of one of his experiences in the Texas courts. Two practitioners in the circuit got into a wordy war in the presence of the court. On the table between them lay Destey's Federal Procedure, a small pocket volume in fine print, and by it lay one of the great volumes of Lacey's Railway Digest. The personalities grew furious and one of the attorneys seized Destey's Procedure and hurled it at his opponent. The judge promptly adjudged the assaulting lawyer guilty of contempt of court and gave him an opportunity to speak in his own behalf as to the amount of fine to be imposed. "Your honor," said the culprit, "I have no malice in my heart against my brother at the bar. I only threw Destey's Practice at him when I might have crushed him with Lacey's Digest." The humor of the situation mollified the court and the fine was made nominal.

—Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri.

Laugh on Hand-Writing Expert.—"Have the letters been duly examined by the handwriting expert?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Very well, let the handwriting expert now be examined by the insanity expert."

Old Lawyer's Advice to His Son.—There was an old lawyer, who counseled his son, who was about to enter upon the practice of law. He said:

"My son, when the law is against you, impress upon the jury the importance of doing justice without regard to the law. When justice is against you, sound it into the ears of the jury that the law must be obeyed without regard to justice."

"But, father," broke in the boy, "what shall I do when both law and justice are against me?"

"Oh, my son," was the reply, "in that case, talk round it."

Had It on Good Authority.—"Can you give me any evidence in regard to the character of the deceased?" said the judge.

"Yes, my lord," replied the witness. "He was a man without blame, beloved and respected by all men, pure in all his thoughts and—"

"Where did you learn that?" said the judge.

"I copied it from his tombstone, my lord."

He Made Me and He Made a Daisy.—The following story was told by Judge Marvin of this city. An old deacon who was accustomed to open prayer meeting in the days when early candle light was designated as the time for the brethren to gather together, always read a passage from the Scriptures and then made some comments on the same. One evening he read this passage: "And not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice," commenting thus: "And now brethren and sisters, why does the good God look after the little sparrow? Because He made the little sparrow, He made the little sparrow and He made a soaring eagle, He made the little brook and He made a rushing and roaring river, He made the little hill and He made a sublime and towering mountain, He made the rose and He made a lily; He made me and He made a daisy."

—*L. S. Ebright*, Provident CI No. 16, Royal Akron Lodge No. 363 P. B. O. Elks, Arcanum.

A Doctor's Tonic Enabled Wife to Thrash Husband.—A doctor had prescribed a tonic for a lady patient. It had such a beneficial effect, that not long after, the lady came to the doctor's office, and in reply to an inquiry as to how the tonic had helped her, she said, "Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. Three weeks ago I could not spank the baby, but now I am able to thrash my husband. God bless you!"

A Distinguished Jurist Makes a Candid Explanation.—This story is related by the Hiawatha (Kan.) Democrat: Some years ago a stranger got off an east-bound Grand Island train at Hiawatha, and after ascertaining how long he would have to wait for the Missouri Pacific train south started up street. Coming to a sign which read, "C. W. Johnson, Attorney at Law," he walked in and said to Mr. Johnson:

"Are you a lawyer?"

Mr. Johnson pleaded guilty.

"How long have you been practicing?"

"About twenty years," was the reply.

"Have you made your pile yet?" was the next question.

Mr. Johnson sadly admitted that he had not.

"I suppose you think you are a pretty good lawyer," said the stranger.

Mr. Johnson admitted that he did.

"You think you know the law pretty well, I suppose?"

By this time, Mr. Johnson had made up his mind to go into the cross-examination business himself and commenced:

"Are you a lawyer?"

The stranger said he was.

"How long have you been practicing?"

"About thirty years."

"Have you made your pile yet?"

"No."

You think you are a pretty good lawyer, I suppose?"

The stranger thought that he was.

"Do you think you know the law?"

"That is what I am paid for," was the reply. "The fact is I am the Associate Justice Miller, of the supreme court."

Wanted to Fight in Peace.—There is a mountain region in Kentucky, where from time immemorial it has been the custom of the people to gather at the county seat of their county each Saturday and have fist-fights. This was an amusement witnessed and applauded by all, including the peace officers. After the construction of the Cincinnati Southern Road, which ran through one of these counties, one of the old-time fighters concluded he would go out and see something of the world. The first thing he did when he got to Cincinnati, was to fill up on Cincinnati whiskey, take a position on the sidewalk and proceed to knock down every passer-by until he had five or six flat on the sidewalk. The minions of the law

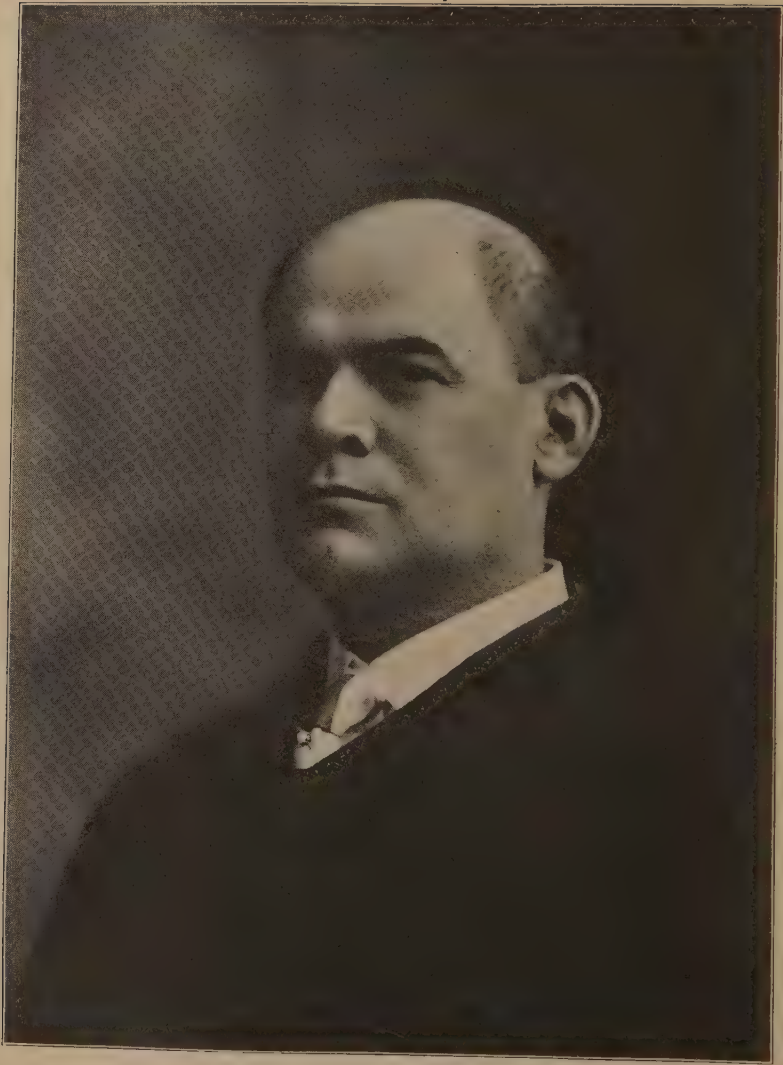
gathered around him, finally succeeded in overpowering him, and carried him before the police judge, who said: "Sixty days and one hundred dollars." From the police court he was taken to the jail. He immediately sent for a lawyer. When his lawyer came, he told him what he had been doing and begged to know what they had put him in jail for. The lawyer explained to him that it was for a breach of the peace, that it was for fighting, whereat the Kentuckian was profoundly astonished, and said to his lawyer: "Mr. Lawyer, for God's sake get me out of here, so I can go back to Kentucky where I can fight in peace."

Did It to Please the Turtle.—Sidney Smith upon seeing his grandchild pat the back of a large turtle, asked her why she did so. The little maid replied: "Grandpa, I do it to please the turtle." "My child," he answered, "you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and chapter."

The Doctor Knew.—An English laborer went to the register's office to record his father's death, and when the register asked the date of death, said: "Well, father ain't dead yet, but he will be before morning, and I thought it would save me another trip if you would put it down now." "Oh, that won't do at all," said the register; "why your father may be well before morning." "Ah, no, he won't," said the young laborer. "Our doctor says he won't, and he knows what he's givin' father."

Did Not Care to Meet Them.—An Irish judge tried two most notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the court, as well as the prisoners themselves, they were found not guilty. As they were being removed from the bar, the judge, addressing the jailor, said: "Mr. Murphy, you will greatly ease my mind if you would keep those respectable gentlemen until seven or half-past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five, and I should like to have at least two hours' start of them."

Wanted to Get Out.—A tramp who had been hauled up before an Austin justice about forty times, threw himself into the Colorado river one day last week, expecting to wake up in heaven, but he was taken out in a comatose condition. As there is a great deal of rivalry among justices as to who shall get to the remains first to hold the inquest, as soon as the



TRACY R. BANGS,
Supreme Chancellor Knights of Pythias.

body was out of the water, the identical justice was on the spot and busy examining the witnesses before the others came up. The unfortunate man, reviving, and seeing his old enemy, the justice, whooped out:

"If he hasn't got to heaven ahead of me, I hope I may be blessed! Let me get out of this d—d place right off!"

A Client's Parting Words to His Lawyer.—"Prisoner," said the judge, "have you anything to say before the sentence of the court is passed upon you?"

"I have, your honor." (turning to his lawyer). "You slick-fingered, smooth-jawed puddin'-head! You billy-be-dad-slammed hunk of slap fat! You said you could clear me for \$25, and took your money in advance. You hain't got sense enough to be assistant janitor to a corn-crib; you don't know as much law as a Texas horned-frog, and you haven't the moral principle of a blind owl! Go ahead, judge!"

Bob Ingersoll and the Peoria Justice.—During the war days, when Bob Ingersoll was practicing law at Peoria, Ill., he was employed to defend a client in a justice's court. Justice had power, under the statute, to impose a fine not exceeding \$5, for contempt of court. The justice took offence at the conduct and remarks of Ingersoll, and threatened once or twice to fine him. Finally the justice rapped on his desk and said: "Mr. Ingersoll, I fine you \$10 for contempt of court, and you will stand committed until this fine is paid." Ingersoll looked at him a moment in astonishment, and then said: "Well, that only shows what a d—d fool you are, or you'd know you could only fine me \$5."

Maginnis Himself.—Deputy Coroner Johnston was sworn, and deposed:

"Last night, about eleven o'clock, your honor, I was standing in the door of the morgue, when a man came through Dunbar alley. He was bareheaded and his nose was bleeding, and he was all covered with sawdust.

"'Hello!' I said, 'you're in pretty bad luck. What's the matter with you?'

"'Oh, nothin',' he said, 'I've just been over to Maginnis's.'

"About three minutes later another man came into the alley, limping badly. One of his eyes was swollen dreadfully, and his cheek was bloody.

"'Well,' I asked, 'what policeman clubbed you?'

"No policeman, young feller,' he answered; 'I've just been over to Maginnis's.'

"A third man appeared pretty soon, looking like a total wreck. Somebody had stepped on the fingers of his left hand. They were all broken, and dangling like so many sausages.

"Ah,' said I, 'what's happened to you?'

"Not much in particular. I've just been over to Maginnis's.'

"I went inside, your honor, and presently I perceived a face peering through the window of the morgue from the outside. It was the worst bunged-up face I ever saw. The forehead was skinned and gory, the eyes were mere lines on mounds of discolored flesh, and his lips were like two slices of cantaloupe. All his front teeth were knocked out, and blood was dripping down on his shirt front.

"Well,' I said, going to the door, 'what do you want, my friend?'

"I'm looking for the receiving hospital.'

"Been over to Maginnis's?' I inquired.

"Maginnis be d—d,' said he, 'I'm Maginnis himself.'

"Yes," affirmed Mr. Johnston, "I recognize the prisoners in the dock as the four men. I presume the gentlemen met later and resumed the discussion."

Decision reserved.

His Lawyer Convinced Him.—"Prisoner, luckily for you, you have been found not guilty by the jury, but you know perfectly well you stole that horse. You may as well tell the truth, as no harm can happen to you now by a confession, for you cannot be tried again. Now tell me, did you not steal that horse?"

"Well, my lord," replied the man, "I always thought I did, until I heard the speech of my counsel, but now I begin to think I didn't."

Condemnation, Cremation and Damnation.—A decision was made, the other day, by a certain New Jersey magistrate, which was to the effect that the prisoner was adjudged guilty, and must be sent to jail for twenty days. "And my only regret is," said the stern judge, "that this court has no power to cremate you." When counsel interposed objection to the remark, the reply was, "Why, sir, such fellows deserve not only condemnation, but cremation and damnation."

His Lawyer's Extreme Youth.—Judge—"Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you?"

Prisoner—"Well, all I got to say is, I hope your honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, and let me off easy."

A Justice of the Peace Charges a Jury.—In a western state, a justice of the peace without authority of law deemed it to be his duty to instruct the jury of his court on their duties pertaining to the case. He did so in the following extraordinary manner:

"Gentlemen of the jury, charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence, as well as myself; you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the people has told you, your verdict will be for the people; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be d—d if I'd know what you will do." Constable, take charge of the jury."

Jones and Graston Lived Too Far Apart.—"And you say that you are innocent of the charge of stealing a rooster from Mr. Jones?" asked an Arkansas judge of a meek-looking prisoner. "Yes, sir, I am innocent; as innocent as a child." "You are confident that you did not steal the rooster from Mr. Jones?" "Yes, sir, and I can prove it." "How can you prove it?" "I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones's rooster, judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Graston the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Graston's."

"The proof is conclusive," said the judge; "discharge the prisoner."

The Courts Move Quickly in Arizona.—An Arizona lawyer, complaining of the slowness of legal proceedings in the East, said: "Our courts move quick. We haven't so much style or red tape, and believe that, when a thing has to be done, the way to get it done is to get right at it and rush it. I remember, last spring, the judge came to our place to hold court. There was a jail full of fellows there—in for murder and horse-stealing. The judge was in a hurry, and said that docket must be closed within twenty-four hours. Well, it was." "How in the world did he do it?" "He didn't do it."

That night, the boys organized a little committee, took the prisoners out of jail, hung the horse-thieves, and told the murderers to get out of the territory. Next morning, the judge signed the docket and cost-bills and went on his way rejoicing."

Gave His Client Good Advice.—It is narrated that John R. Porter, of the State of New York, now famous throughout that state for his brilliant attainments, when a young man, was assigned by the court the defense of a man charged with assault in the second degree, to give the accused the best advice he could under the circumstances, and to bring the case to a trial with all convenient speed. Porter immediately retired to an adjacent room to consult with his client, and returned shortly without him.

"Where is your client?" demanded the astonished judge.

"He has left the place, I guess," replied Porter with the most refreshing sang-froid.

"Left the place! Why, what do you mean, Mr. Porter?"

"Why, your honor directed me to give him the best advice I could under the circumstances. He told me he was guilty, so I advised him to cut and run for it. He took my advice, as a client ought, opened the window and skedaddled. He is about a mile away now."

The very audacity of the young barrister deprived the court of the power of speech, and nothing came of the matter.

A Client's Simplicity.—An old lawyer in Paris had instructed a very young client of his to weep every time he struck the desk with his hand. Unfortunately the barrister forgot himself and struck the desk at the wrong moment. The client fell to sobbing and crying. "What is the matter with you?" asked the presiding judge. "Well; he told me to cry as often as he struck the table." Here was a nice predicament; but the astute lawyer was equal to the occasion. Addressing the jury, he said: "Well, gentlemen, let me ask you how you can reconcile the idea of crime in conjunction with such candor and simplicity? I await your verdict with the most perfect confidence."

The Obstinate Juryman Stands by the Judge.—In one of the western states a case was tried, and at its termination the judge charged the jury, and they retired for consultation. Hour after hour passed and no verdict was brought in. The

judge's dinner hour arrived, and he became hungry and impatient. Upon inquiry he learned that one obstinate jurymen was holding out against eleven. That he could not stand, and he ordered the twelve men to be brought before him. He told them that in his charge to them he had so plainly stated the case and the law that the verdict ought to be unanimous, and the man who permitted his individual opinion to weigh against the judgment of eleven men of wisdom was unfit and disqualified ever again to act in the capacity of a jurymen. At the end of this excited harangue a little, squeaky voice came from one of the jurymen. He said: "Judge, will your honor allow me to say a word?" Permission being given, he added: "May it please your honor, I am the only man on your side."

A Lawyer's Wit.—A lawyer's wit sometimes does more than enliven a dull hour in court. It so opens the eyes of the judge that he sees with clearness a point that otherwise he would have ignored. An illustration of this penetrating wit once occurred at the trial of a sailor in a New England seaport.

The sailor, after having drunk to excess in a low saloon, had quarreled with the landlord, and beaten him severely with a bottle snatched from the bar. As the case admitted of no legal defense, the sailor's lawyer, putting in a plea of guilty, addressed himself to the court in order to secure as light a sentence as possible. He urged that the prisoner had acted under the influence of liquor, and very poor liquor at that. "But sir," said the court, not inclined to view the appeal with favor, "we are to consider the aggravated character of the offense. Your client admits he assaulted this man with a bottle." "Yes, your honor," interposed the witty lawyer, "we admit all that; but I beg you to remember that this man first assaulted my client with its contents." The court smiled at this unexpected point, and Jack got the benefit of it in a light sentence.

Fined a Corpse for Carrying Concealed Weapons.—A dead body was lately found floating in the St. Francis river, in Arkansas. There was found on the body a pistol and fifteen dollars. A negro justice of the peace held an inquest, and after much study fined the body fifteen dollars for carrying concealed weapons, and appropriated the cash and the pistol.

Knew Her Voice.—A farmer dropped into a lawyer's office and observed for the first time the telephone instrument. The lawyer explained how he could talk with persons hundreds of miles away. The farmer's faith bump was not sufficiently developed to take kindly to all this, and questioned the lawyer's statement. The lawyer, anxious to retain the old man's good opinion, thought of one of the bankers of the town, whose residence was near that of the farmer's. He knew the banker had a telephone at his residence. He suggested that he ring up the banker, and have them call his wife to the 'phone, when the old man could converse with her. The farmer consented and the lawyer rang up the banker's. Now this wife of the farmer's was of the sort that when he had finished his work, and was ready to go to the house, he would first slip quietly to the door and open it, look in, and if she spoke in a certain tone of voice, go back to work and quit only when the danger tide was not so great. Now it so happened that when the lawyer ascertained the wife was at the other end of the line, and turned the receiver over to the farmer, a thunderstorm was in progress outside. Just as the farmer placed the receiver at his ear, lightning struck the wire and running in knocked the old man senseless. After much work the lawyer and others brought him back to life. As the old man sat up, rubbing his eyes slowly, in a dazed sort of way, he said: "Gosh, boys, that was her, I could tell her voice the first clip."

—*Hon. T. G. Harper, Burlington, Iowa.*

A Kentuckian's Belief in Whiskey.—While Judge John W. Henry, who was one of the noblest and best men I ever knew, was holding court in Kansas City, Mr. Karnes, a very able and dignified lawyer, came into the court room. Judge Henry was sitting on the bench, although court had not yet opened. Mr. Karnes said to him, "Judge, I feel very badly to-day." Judge Henry being a Kentuckian and therefore believing that whiskey was a specific for all ills, said, "Take a drink of whiskey." Mr. Karnes replied, "If I did I would taste it all day." Judge Henry's face lighted up and he quickly responded, "I wish to God I could."

—*Henry Wollman, of the New York Bar.*

How the Judge's Heart Was Broken.—While Judge Henry was Chief Justice of Missouri, he got seduced into a wheat deal. Instead of the market going up, it did what it seems

always to do under those circumstances, it went down. The St. Louis brokers wired Judge Henry for a thousand dollars additional margin; he sent it. The market kept on breaking, they kept on calling, and the judge kept on sending his money. Finally he received another wire call, but his ready cash was gone. He was on the bench, presiding over that august tribunal, whose chief he was; he called for a telegraph blank, and wired to his brokers "Go to hell; my heart is breaking."

—*Henry Wollman*, of the New York Bar.

A Case of Bacon's Abridgement.—In Arkansas, a man by name of Driver was arrested for the crime of stealing hogs from a man by name of Pig, and mortgaging them to a man by name of Ham. A witness named Shoat was called. Driver's lawyer in defense, contended that the proof by Shoat of Driver's stealing Pig's hogs and mortgaging them to Ham, was not larceny, but merely a case of Bacon's Abridgement.

Hon. T. G. Harper, Burlington, Iowa.

Iowa Nearer Hell Than Missouri.—Some years ago, a lawyer at Monticello, Mo., a son of the Emerald Isle, with the wit characteristic of his country, received a collection from an Iowa attorney against a man who had been dead a long time. He returned the collection with the following advice:

"—— is dead, and in h—l, and as Iowa is nearer that place than Missouri, you had better bring suit in Iowa."

He Was Discovered.—A certain judge from Louisiana, who is noted far and wide for his gravity and judicial bearing on the Bench, and for his great personal dignity at all times, visited the capital the other day with the firm determination of having a good time. In his own words:

"I decided to throw dull care, dignity and all else that hampers a poor old judge in the enjoyment of life to the winds of heaven, and have just one good time, a fling, as we used to say at college. No one in town knows me, I argued, and for once, just once, I'm going to have some fun. But it was no use; my attempts met with a dead failure. I started out all right, with some gay and newly-found friends at a celebrated uptown café. We were in the midst of the feast, good stories were going round, and an occasional song made the rafters ring, when one of the waiters halted at my elbow and said sotto voce:

"Is that duck all right, jedge?"

"'Judge?'" said I, "'Judge?' What do you mean by calling me Judge?"

"Oh, I knows yo', Jedge, sho' nuff. Ain't I dun waited on yo' fer two years down at the X-house, an' I knows how yo' like yo' ducks. But yo' is a heap mo' lively up hyer, Jedge, dan yo' is down dere."

"Another good resolution gone wrong," continued the Judge sadly. "I never smiled again during the whole of that evening, and I shall never try again to lay aside my fetters. I made the effort in Paris, only to be confronted by my stenographer. I essayed it at the Cliff House, in San Francisco, only to run into my wife's favorite cousin. The world is too small. There is not much fun outside of college walls, and I will never make another attempt to have any."

The Spirit and the Letter of the Law.—One of the best magistrates that ever sat on the bench in the minor courts of Burlington, Iowa, was Judge Michael Fleming. How well I remember Judge Fleming trying a case.

One day, a poor devil was brought in court for a violation of a criminal statute, and Hon. George Tracy in his good natured way said:

"Judge, I will have to ask you to bind this man over to appear before the grand jury. I am sorry for him, but my duty is plain."

"George," said Judge Fleming, "I'm an old man, and I've discovered there is a law of God and a law of man. This poor boy is ignorant and not malicious, and by my conscience I waive the law of man and discharge the prisoner."

"Get out, ye blackguard you, and don't let me set eyes on ye again," the judge said to the prisoner with a great show of anger, and the fellow flew down street.

Tracy shrugged his shoulders and then laughed. "The poor boy," said the judge as the man got out of his hearing.

—*P. J. Fitzgerald*, at a Knights of Columbus Social Session, Burlington, Iowa, June, 1903.

Green Garden Located Ten Miles beyond Hell.—Under the recent laws of Iowa, it is held that a habitual drunkard may be sent to the hospital for inebriates on an order of the district court. At the April term, 1903 of the district court of Burlington, Iowa, wherein a man by the name of Cline was charged with being an inebriate and a fit subject to be sent to the hospital for treatment, a man by the name of Hobbs,

who entertained decided views as to the evils of intemperance, was a witness against Cline. He was asked the question, as to whether or not a man who was in the habit of getting drunk, should be sent to the penitentiary, and his reply was:

"Yes, not only to the penitentiary, but to Green Garden."

The lawyer for defendant, Frank Thompson, asked him the location of Green Garden, as no one seemed to understand the meaning of this reply. The witness quickly answered:

"Green Garden, why that is ten miles beyond hell."

—*W. W. Dodge*, County Attorney, Burlington, Iowa, June, 1903.

Plato and the Farmer.—The good American farmer called upon a doctor, and was ushered into the library. At once the well-filled book-shelves drew his attention.

"Are you fond of reading?" asked the doctor, noting the wandering gaze.

"Well, yes," returned the farmer, modestly.

"I should be pleased to lend you a book to take home with you," said the other. "Just take any one that you think you'd like to read."

"Oh, I'm no good at selectin'," replied the old man. "You pick one out, doctor."

So the doctor, in a spirit of fun, gave the farmer a volume of Plato's philosophy. The old man went his way, and at the end of a week reappeared with the book under his arm.

"Well," queried the doctor, "did you read the book?"

"Yes, I did," was the emphatic answer.

"And what did you think of it?"

"It was fust-rate," responded the farmer. "I've read it through from kiver to kiver. I never heard tell of this fellow Plato before, but all the same, I'm glad to find that the old chap has been writing up some of my best ideas."

An Irishman Slept with a Judge.—Judge Shay, of New York, was traveling in Ireland, and on one occasion was obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:

"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge, would you not?"

"Yes, your honor," said Pat; "and I think your honor would have been a long time in the ould country before ye'd been a judge, too."

Rough on the Lawyer.—A very eminent lawyer in New York received a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was trying to brow-beat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that Mr. A., the lawyer, should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:

"How old are you?" asked the lawyer.

"Seventy-two years," answered the witness.

"Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

"I do not know but it is."

"State some circumstance," said the lawyer, "which occurred, say, twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember."

"I appeal to your honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner; it is insolent," exclaimed the witness to the judge.

"You had better answer the question," said the judge.

"Yes, sir; state it!" commanded the lawyer.

"Well, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B.'s office, did you not?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer.

"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me, 'Mr. D., my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a new suit of clothes.' I remember, also, from that day to this he has not paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it was but yesterday."

Must Shoot Somebody.—About three miles from the town of Mountain Dew, Arkansas, a traveler on horseback came upon a man seated on a log by the roadside. His chin was resting in his hands, his shotgun leaned up against a tree, and he was so busy with his thoughts that he did not see or hear the horseman until he rode up and saluted. Seeing that something was wrong with him, the traveler asked the cause, and he got up and came out to him and replied:

"Stranger, I've bin hevin' a lawsuit and got beat."

"And you ought to have won?"

"I had. The cause was as cl'ar as noonday. I sold a feller a muwl for \$40, and he paid me \$25 down and bucked the balance. I orter had a verdict as suah as shootin'."

"Well, the law is uncertain."

"I reckon it is. The suit was decided ag'in me yisterday. I went home and got my gun and was back in town the fust thing this mawin', but he had gone."

"Who?"

"The defendant. Couldn't find hide nor ha'r of him. The judge was also gone. So was the jury. So was the defendant's lawyer. Drat 'em, but they all slipped out and didn't give me no show!"

"No show for what?"

"Why, what did I go after my gun fur? What's she loaded with buckshot fur? What am I a-feelin' so cast down and broken up about? I was gwine to shute, of co'se, but they wouldn't wait."

"Well, you shouldn't take it so to heart," the traveler said, hoping to console him a bit.

"It's powerful tuff, fur I was dead right about it," he answered as he looked up the road, "but thar's one little gleam of hope left. The lawyer who had my case is comin' along this way this even', and I'm a gwine to hold him under that shotgun till he hands me over the \$10 I paid him to talk fur me! Dog-gone it, but I hain't a-gwine to let the hull bilin' lot of 'em git cl'ar off without gittin' a shot in on somebody! 'Tain't human natur' and it hain't in the laws of the sov'rign state of Arkansas that I should!"

Better Than His Father's.—De Wolf Hopper, the popular comedian, was once a witness in a suit for slander and the opposing counsel in the court-room said: "You are an actor, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Hopper.

"Is not that a low calling?"

"I don't know; but it's so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

"What was your father's calling, may I ask?"

"He was a lawyer," said Hopper.

Expert Insane on Insanity.—One of the old members of the Baltimore Bar tells the following anecdote as illustrating the cleverness and sarcasm of the late Severn Teackle Wallis:

Mr. Wallis was defending the will of a wealthy testator, and, as the lawyers say, when the estate is large, a lawyer will "wrestle with a will with a will." A prominent physician was called to testify for those contesting the will. The doctor

became restless under the lengthy and exhaustive cross-examination of Mr. Wallis, and finally he petulantly exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Wallis, I believe the testator was insane."

Mr. Wallis kept his temper and said quietly: "Doctor, you are the first person who has ever intimated in or out of court that the testator was insane. Why do you say he was insane?"

"I believe," the doctor replied, "that every man is more or less insane on some one subject."

"Is it your deliberate professional opinion," Mr. Wallis then asked, "expressed here in court under oath, that every man is more or less insane on some one subject?"

"Yes," the doctor replied; "I will say here under oath that, from my reading, knowledge and experience, I believe that every man is more or less insane on some subject."

Then Mr. Wallis said, in that firm tone of sarcasm for which he was noted: "Doctor, has it ever occurred to you that you are insane on the subject of insanity?"

Immediately the doctor fired up and exclaimed: "But, Mr. Wallis, I am not insane."

Mr. Wallis arose and said: "Doctor, according to your own sworn theory, you must be insane on some subject. I pronounce you insane on the subject of insanity."

Court, jury and spectators laughed aloud, and nothing more was said about the testator being insane.

How It Should Have Been Painted.—A certain lawyer had his portrait painted in his favorite attitude, standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody said, "Oh, how like! It's the very picture of him."

An old farmer dissented. "'Tain't like, no 'tain't," said he, dryly, looking out of the corner of his eye.

"'Tain't like?" exclaimed everybody; "just show us wherein 'tain't like."

"'Tain't like, no 'tain't," responded the old farmer; "don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket? 'Twould be as like ag'in if he had it in somebody else's pocket."

All Creation Could Not Qualify Him.—During the administration of President Benjamin Harrison Senator Clark of Wyoming, then a practicing lawyer in the Territory, as it was in those days, was appointed a judge of the territorial court. He was not certain about accepting the position, and he went

over to have a talk with Judge Corn, the democratic incumbent.

"Hello, Clark," said the judge. "Have you come over to be sworn in?"

"No," said Clark, "I have not yet made up my mind to take the place."

"Oh, take it by all manner of means," said Judge Corn. "It is a pleasant job and I think you will like it."

"But," said Clark, "I have a good many private matters to attend to and I cannot accept for some time yet anyway. If I conclude to take the place I will let you know."

"All right," said Judge Corn, "come over and I will swear you in, but," he added, with a laugh, "while I can swear you in, all creation cannot qualify you."

Justice Had No Prejudices.—Wayne MacVeagh, former Attorney General of the United States, a prominent Philadelphia lawyer, ex-minister to Italy, has a keen sense of humor. Recently he was arguing a tedious, technical case before the supreme court. The affair drifted through long days of uninteresting detail. When it was finally ended Mr. MacVeagh and a colleague, in talking it over, speculated, as to whom Chief Justice Fuller would assign to write the opinion in the case and the speculations resulted in a wager.

Just then Chief Justice Fuller came down the corridor. Mr. MacVeagh called him and told him of the wager.

"If you will help me out, Mr. Chief Justice, and tell me whether my guess is correct the affair can be settled right here, for you have the assigning to do and you know whom you will ask to write the decision."

"Whom have you selected in your wager, Mr. MacVeagh?" asked Mr. Fuller, keenly interested.

"Justice Gray, answered Mr. MacVeagh.

"And why did you choose Mr. Gray?"

"Because I noticed he slept through the entire argument," answered Mr. MacVeagh.

Couldn't Fool Him.—Dr. Robert C. James told a story the other day on a friend of his, a Cincinnati physician, who in the last years of his life was so emaciated that he could have made a success as a "living skeleton" in a museum.

One day he saw a boy selling apples and called to him to bring him some. The boy started up the stairs, but opened

the wrong door and entered a room where the doctor kept a small skeleton.

This frightened him so badly that he dropped his basket and ran as fast as he could to escape. The doctor picked up the apples and took them to his room to keep until the boy returned.

A few days afterward he saw the boy, and, leaning out of the window, called to him to come and get his basket and his pay for his apples, but the boy said:

"Naw, yer can't fool me; I knows yer even ef yer have yer clothes on."

Evidence.—The late Chief Justice Cockburn was once counsel for the plaintiff in a certain case, and a Mr. B—— was for the Defendant. Cockburn called a witness and proceeded to examine him. "I understand," he said, "that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. Jones. Is that so?" "Yes," replied the man. "What did he say?" demanded Cockburn.

Mr. B—— promptly rose and objected. The conversation could not be admitted as evidence. But Cockburn persisted and Mr. B—— appealed to the judges, who thereupon retired to consider the point. They were absent for nearly half an hour. When they returned they announced that Mr. Cockburn might put the question.

"Well, what did he say?" asked counsel.

"Please, sir, he wasn't at home," replied the witness.

Rough on Blackstone.—A young lawyer in Arkansas was arguing a case before a judge whose self-conceit was in inverse proportion to his knowledge of the law.

The counsel was endeavoring to sustain a legal position he had taken in the case. He proceeded to quote Blackstone, when the court interrupted him by saying:

"It is presumed, sir, that this court knows the law."

"Yes, your honor, but the presumption of the court may be rebutted," suggested the attorney.

"Sit down, sir, or the court will commit you for contempt. This court will not be dictated to with impunity; and if such an infringement be made again on its dignity, it will immediately order the offender to jail."

"Well, if your honor please, I don't say that my point is well taken. I have great respect for this court, but I'd just like to read a little from Blackstone to show what a blamed old jackass he must have been."

Lost His Jurisdiction.—Justice Brewer tells this story of an Indiana justice of the peace who was deeply impressed with the responsibilities of his office. He owned a farm whose eastern line of fence was built on the boundary between the states of Indiana and Ohio. His son and hired man fighting near it one day, the justice rushed out and mounted the fence with head high and the air of one who has but to command, and shouted:

"In the name of the State of Indiana I demand the preservation of the peace!"

Just then the fence gave way under his weight, and as he went down with the fence toppling over to the Ohio side, he shouted to his son: "Give him the mischief, Jim; I've lost my jurisdiction!"

One Lawyer Was Enough.—In Spain a blacksmith of a village murdered a man and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together and begged of the Alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels and such offices. But the Alcalde said: "How, then, can I carry out the law?" A laborer answered: "Sir, there are two lawyers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; you may hang the other."

Just a Little Drop.—In the west of Ireland on a certain circuit a judge was wont to doze during the speeches of counsel.

On one occasion counsel was addressing him on the subject of certain town commissioners' rights to obtain water from a certain river, water being very scarce at the time.

During his speech he made use of the words:

"But, my Lord, we must have water—we must have water."

Whereupon the judge woke up, exclaiming: "Well, just a little drop—just a little drop! I like it strong."

Lawyers Prohibited in China.—A prominent Washington member of the legal fraternity recently asked Minister Wu Ting Fang as to the status of lawyers in China. The Oriental answered quietly:

"Lawyers are prohibited in my country."

When the Washington man fully realized the significance of Wu Ting Fang's remark he hastened to change the subject.

What Followed.—The prisoner before the bar of justice was charged with having stolen a dog. A darky witness was being examined.

"You say the defendant passed the yard and whistled to the dog?" interrogated the attorney.

"Yes, sah," replied the witness.

"Then what?"

"Den what?"

"Yes. You say the defendant passed the yard and whistled to the dog. Then what followed?"

"Oh, why de dog ob cou'se."

Pat as a Witness.—An Irishman was being examined in a case of assault, and having sworn that he was an eye-witness of the offense charged, the lawyer for the defense assumed a threatening air, and in a loud voice asked: "Now, on your oath, I want you to tell this court whether or not you were intoxicated at that time."

"What's the sinse of a quistion loike that?" answered the son of Erin; "ef I was intoxicated at the toime how the divil could Oi till fhether Oi was or not?"

Lawyers Not Gentlemen.—While ex-Justice Bookstaver was on the New York Supreme Court bench he had as special officer or attendant a punctilious old German, who always stood guard at the door leading to the justice's private chambers when the justice was within. One day a prominent lawyer and two of his clients called and asked if the justice would receive them.

The officer threw open the door and called out loudly to the justice:

"Shudge! Two shentlemans and a lawyer vants to speak mit you."

The three gentlemen laughed.

"Vor vhat you laff, ehr?"

"Don't you count me a gentleman?" asked the lawyer.

"Ach, you're a lawyer only; dat's different."

Lincoln Wouldn't Take the Case.—All clients knew that, with "Old Abe" as their lawyer, they would win their case—if it was fair; if not, that it was a waste of time to take it to him. After listening some time one day to a would-be client's statement, with his eyes on the ceiling, he swung suddenly round in his chair and exclaimed:



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

"Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time while standing talking to that jury I'd be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar,' and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."

A Doubting Judge.—"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge of a darky accused of stealing chickens.

"What's de use of me sayin' 'Not guilty'? I said dat last time, an' you wouldn't b'leeve me."

Would Rather Be an Ass.—A judge and a lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of transmigration of the souls of men into animals.

"Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?"

"The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Because I have heard of an ass being a judge, but a horse never."

The Only Thing.—A man once wrote to a western lawyer for information in regard to a person who had owed him a considerable sum of money for a long time.

"What property has he which I could attach?" he asked.

The lawyer's reply was brief and to the point:

"The man died six months ago. He has left nothing subject to attachment save a widow."

Thrown Out of Court.—In the good old days of Kentucky, says the Bar, there was a court composed of three magistrates to try certain cases appealed from a single justice of the peace. The three magistrates were backwoodsmen. A case was being tried one day that was very important, and several hours of listening to the reading of depositions and the arguments of counsel, pro and con and pro and con again, had so nearly entangled the court in a labyrinth of perplexing questions of law and fact that they doubted their ability to blaze their way out. So they whispered to the leading lawyer at the bar, who was sitting by as a spectator, and asked him what he thought ought to be done with the case.

"I think it ought to be thrown out of court," was the prompt and emphatic reply.

That settled it.

"Mr. Clerk," said the chief magistrate, "pass up them papers."

The papers, which made quite a large bundle, were handed the chief magistrate.

"Now, Mr. Sheriff," said he deliberately, "open the window."

The sheriff opened the window and the case was thrown out of court.

The feud that followed lasted for fifteen years.

Left to the Court.—A short time ago an old negro was up before Judge Guerry, of Dawson, charged with some trivial offense.

"Have you a lawyer, old man?" inquired the judge.

"No, sah."

"Can't you get one?"

"No, sah."

"Don't you want me to appoint one to defend you?"

"No, sah, I jes' tho't I'd leab the case to de ig-nance ob de co't."

Thought He Was Seeking Advice.—John Philpot Curran, perhaps the wittiest lawyer who ever faced a court, was once arguing a case before Lord Clare, the Irish Lord Chancellor. Clare cherished a cordial dislike for Curran, and, in order to show his contempt for that gentleman, affected to pay no attention to the argument and devoted himself to fondling a mastiff which he had brought with him to court. Presently he stooped down ostentatiously to pat the dog. Instantly Curran stopped speaking. The lord chancellor looked up and said, "Go on, Mr. Curran." "I beg your lordship's pardon," replied Curran; "I thought you were engaged in consultation."

Just Like a Lawyer's Mouth.—Lawyer—"You say the prisoner accidentally shot himself in the leg?"

Witness—"I did."

Lawyer—"Was the gun loaded?"

Witness—"I don't know."

Lawyer—"Now, then, will you please state to the jury how he shot himself?"

Witness—"Well, I suppose the blamed old gun was like a lawyer's mouth—went off whether there was anything in it or not."

Comedian on Witness Stand.—Ezra Kendall, the minstrel, who was called upon to testify in Judge Hilscher's court in Chicago some days ago, was asked by an attorney if he was a monologist. "I am a sololoquizist, a conversationalist, and a kind of oratorist," replied the comedian. "What is the distinction between a sololoquizist and a monologist?" asked the attorney of the inquiring mind. "A sololoquizist is a fellow who talks alone because if he was alone nobody would know that he soliloquized," said the witness, and he was about to describe a monologist, when the judge perceived that his court was about to be converted into a minstrel show and called the witness to order. He was just in time, for the attorney was already feeling that he would like to be alone.

Got Ahead of the Supreme Court.—A western newspaper recalls the story of the good old days when Judge Gaslin sat on the bench in the district that comprised the western half of Nebraska. In those rare times the rustler, the horse-thief, and the manslayer abounded. Judge Gaslin was aware that there was but one way to rid the country of these pests, and that way was to make it too hot for them. Accordingly, Judge Gaslin, when one of them was put on trial, admitted evidence that was sometimes "incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial"; but as it was generally true that if the prisoner was not guilty as charged in the indictment, he was guilty of something equally bad, Judge Gaslin let it go at that, and cinched the prisoner on general principles. The result was that the supreme court reversed a good many of the judge's cases. During these perilous times an atrocious murder was committed in Adams county, and the perpetrators were soon captured. The evidences of guilt were plain, and the two prisoners were soon pronounced guilty and sentenced to be hanged. But, as several notorious characters had recently been allowed to escape by the supreme court, the people of Adams determined to forestall anything of that kind by quietly lynching the prisoners. The two men were taken from the jail and hanged to a railroad bridge east of town. The bodies were left hanging to the bridge and next morning Judge Gaslin sauntered out that way to take a look. He gazed on the swaying bodies for a few moments without saying a word. Then he turned to a friend and remarked:

"I sentenced those two fellows to be hanged. That's one decision that d—d supreme court won't reverse."

Always Ready for Trouble.—One of the best stories heard at the recent banquet given in London to the bench and bar of America was the following, which was told by Assistant Attorney-General Beck:

"An American judge insisted upon trying a case on Good Friday. One of the counsel reminded him that it was a legal holiday, and that Pontius Pilate was the only judge ever known to hold a court on that day. 'You compare me with Pontius Pilate?' exclaimed the angry judge. 'You are guilty, sir, of gross contempt of court.' 'Inasmuch as this court is not in session,' replied the advocate, 'I cannot be guilty of treating it with contempt.' 'Let me tell you, sir,' cried the judge in a crescendo of passion, 'that for the purpose of being treated with contempt this court is always in session.'"

A Lawyer's Blunder.—In recounting some of his personal experiences ex-Governor Shaw of Iowa, lately chosen to be Secretary Gage's successor as the head of the treasury department, tells how he once heard a small boy get the better of a lawyer who was cross-examining him, says a Brooklyn newspaper. Part of the questioning and the replies thereto were as follows:

"Have you any occupation?"

"No."

"Don't you do any work of any kind?"

"No."

"Just loaf around home?"

"That's about all."

"What does your father do?"

"Nothin' much."

"Doesn't he do anything to support the family?"

"He does odd jobs once in a while when he can get them."

"As a matter of fact, isn't your father a pretty worthless fellow, a deadbeat and a loafer?"

"I don't know, sir; you'd better ask him. He's sittin' over there on the jury."

The Act of a Prejudiced Judge.—According to Senator Bailey of Texas, there was in that state a judge who had been robbed of a horse and before whom the thief when apprehended was brought for trial. His honor eyed the prisoner with deep satisfaction for a minute or so and then delivered himself of the following:

"Owing to a personal prejudice the court will not hear this case. It will, however, be tried by a bailiff, who will find a verdict in accordance with the facts and the law. In the meantime," he added impressively, "the court will go outside, bend a rope and pick out a good tree."

Nothing in It.—An Irish judge shook his head as Mr. Curran was elaborating one of his points to a jury. "I see," said Mr. Curran. "I see the gentle motion of his lordship's head. Common observers might imagine that implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken. It is merely incidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days you will yourselves perceive that when his lordship shakes his head there's nothing in it!"

The Honest Lawyer.—There is an old story of a lawyer named Strange and his wife having a conference as to the things he wished done after he had departed this life.

"I want a headstone put over me, my dear," said the lawyer, "with the simple inscription—'Here lies an honest lawyer.'"

The wife expressed surprise that he did not wish his name put on the headstone.

"It will not be needful," he responded, "for those who pass by and read that inscription will invariably remark: 'That's Strange.'"

An Englishman who had heard the story essayed to repeat it to his friend.

"I heard a good one the other night," he says, "a very good one, indeed. There was a barrister by the name of—his name was—well, I don't just think of the name now, ye know; but it's of no consequence whatever. You see, he was telling his widow—that is, his wife—what to do after he died, and he says: 'I want this inscription on my monument: 'Here lies an honest barrister.' You'll get the point in a moment. It's very funny. Well, his wife says: 'How in the world is that going to tell who you are?' Says he: 'Well everybody that reads the inscription will say: 'That's devilish singular!'"

—*Chauncey Depew.*

One Fiddler in Heaven; Lawyers—Where?—Did you know there was a fiddler in heaven? No? Well there is—so they say—and I will tell you the story about how he happened to be there. Saint Peter's greatest trials—so they say—are

caused by the bald-headed shades; it keeps him so busy watching to keep them from getting through the gates of heaven that he sometimes neglects others who would almost as well bear watching—so they say.

Once upon a time, long ago, a fiddler who learned about Saint Peter's trials and tribulations in this respect, watched his chance, and while the Saint was busily engaged in watching a particularly slippery bald-headed shade, the fiddler slipped in through the gate. Soon it became known that there was a fiddler in heaven. By some machination pertaining particularly to fiddlers his presence was soon felt. A wail arose from all the heavenly hosts, "A fiddler in heaven!" Saint Peter heard the hue and cry and went to the fiddler and said:

"See here, my friend, this won't do at all. We can't have a fiddler here; the rest of the congregation object."

The fiddler said, well he was there now, and that possession was nine points in law, and he would stand a lawsuit before he would leave. At any rate, he demanded a hearing and a fair trial. Finally, after a great deal of arguing pro and con, Saint Peter agreed to leave the case to a lawsuit, the fiddler agreeing to leave quietly if he was found guilty. Saint Peter started out to find a lawyer to begin the suit. He is still looking—so they say—watching, waiting and wondering—wondering if there are no lawyers on earth, if they never die—where they go if they die, while report says no disciple of Blackstone has ever yet passed the half-way house, and the fiddler is still in heaven—so they say.

A Lawyer Who Was a Blamed Fool.—During his long career as a lawyer Secretary Shaw gathered a large collection of incidents grave and gay. One of his stories is of a young lawyer who was opposed to a veteran of the bar in an Iowa court. The young man addressed the jury first and in doing so took occasion to imitate well-known mannerisms of the other, such as adjusting his cuffs, stroking an imaginary imperial, etc. This caused considerable laughter in court. When the veteran rose to reply he did not neglect to go through his preliminary motions with even more deliberation and precision than usual. He bowed to the judge and to the jury and then began: "Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, that young man acts like a good lawyer, but he talks like a blamed fool."

A Jury's Faith in Senator George Hoar.—Senator Hoar of Massachusetts says that the highest compliment he ever received was the remark made by a jurymen many years ago. Mr. Hoar was attorney in a case tried before twelve good men and true in a Massachusetts court. After the verdict had been returned, one of the jurymen gave this as his reason for voting as he did:

"Squire Hoar told us that it was right and just."

The senior senator from the bay state is quoted as saying that he would rather have earned such a tribute of homely confidence as that than all the panegyrics which biographers have bestowed upon famous advocates.

Shots at Supreme Court Justices.—W. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record tells a couple of good stories on Justices Miller and Brewer of the United States supreme court. One of them occurred several years ago, when Justice Miller undertook to arrest the flow of eloquence of an attorney who was arguing his first case, an appeal declaiming at the rate of 150 words a minute on some of the simplest principles of law, which every attorney should fully understand before he gets his diploma, and, becoming weary after a while, Justice Miller interrupted the speaker in a sarcastic tone, inquiring: "I hope the learned counsel will give the court the credit of knowing the rudiments of law."

"I beg the pardon of your honor," replied the attorney, in the blandest manner, "but I made that mistake in the lower court."

A similar incident occurred more recently, when a young attorney in the South became entangled in complications of his own creating and was floundering along in a hopeless attempt to extricate himself. Justice Brewer, who is very kind-hearted and always helps a fellow-mortal out of difficulty when he is able to do so, undertook to play the part of a good Samaritan and brought upon himself a shaft that his associates on the bench will never allow him to forget. Thinking that he might relieve the embarrassment of the counsel and give him a chance to make a fresh start, Judge Brewer interrupted him and said:

"I don't quite follow the learned counsel in his argument. Perhaps if he will go back and repeat a little of what he has already said, I may understand him better. I haven't been able to follow the thread of his argument."

"I noticed you couldn't," retorted the unabashed attorney. "It is a very complicated point of law, but if you will give me your close attention I will try to make it so clear that you can understand it."

The Baldhead Scores a Point.—It not infrequently happens that humor is better than argument, even in the court-room, and it is an invariably keen weapon with which to puncture an inflated opponent.

An Alabama lawyer well known as a genial and versatile man among his fellows at the bar, was recently engaged in the trial of a case in a Georgia city. The opposing counsel was a local attorney, who possessed a very thick and heavy head of hair, about two inches deep upon the top of his occipital encasement. In arguing the demurrers offered by the Alabamian the topknot lawyer took occasion to refer in an offensive manner to the former's bald head. When he had finished, the man from Alabama arose with a slip of paper in his hand, and addressed the court:

"If your honor please," said he, with all due gravity, "in my native county I am known as the poet-laureate of Beat—, for my muse sometimes inspires me to write. My muse has been slumbering for some time, but she never deserts me in an emergency, and, during the remarks made by the gentleman a few moments ago, she was again aroused, and I penned these few lines, which, with the permission of the court, by reason of their applicability, I will read."

"Certainly," replied the judge, "let us have them, Mr. C—." Turning toward the man with the topknot, he read:

My head and yours are just alike,—
I can prove it in one minute;
My head has nothing on the top,
While yours has nothing in it.

Kind nature made us all alike,
Except in some small matter;
In some folks' heads she put true brains,—
In some used only batter.

All men can see what I lack here,
Be I standing still or walking;
But strangers never see your need
Until you go to talking.

By more than one way may we know
The beast we call Asinus;
For when he brays, we hear an ass,
Though both his ears are minus.

The merriment which this created in the court-room was only equalled by the discomfiture of the lawyer with the luxuriant hirsute adornment, and the judge appreciated the joke as fully as the rest. He sustained the poet-laureate's demurrers, saying:

"The court must decline to give the reasons for its ruling, upon the ground that the sentiment contained in the last verse is a little too general to authorize taking chances by talking."

Had to Hold Up Something.—In Scottish courts of law witnesses repeat the oath with the right hand raised. On one occasion, however, the magistrate found a difficulty. "Hold up you arm," he commanded. "I canna dae't," said the witness. "Why not?" "Got shot in that airm." "Then hold up your left." "Canna dae that, ayther—got shot in the ither airm, tae." Then hold up your leg," shouted the irate magistrate; "no man can be sworn in this court without holding up something."

Had Frequent Opportunities.—The Argonaut tells a story of Mark Twain that last year in Vienna he was talking with a Scotch barrister named Guthrie and inquired whether he ever smoked.

"Yes," replied the latter, "when I am in bad company."

"You are a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Guthrie?"

"Yes, I am."

"Ah," said Mark Twain, "you must be a heavy smoker."

What He Understood.—In selecting jurors for the trial of the celebrated Molineux murder case the following question was put to one of the talesmen: "What would you understand if the court were to say to you that the human mind works with such celerity that it is sometimes impossible of measure, and that the deduction of malice, from the perpetration of the deed, is to be drawn after carefully considering all the circumstances?" The talesman looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied, "I should say if the persons were not married they ought to be."

Looked the Part.—The kind of lawyer that makes his living out of the police courts in the large cities is pretty aptly described in the following conversation overheard recently in one of the New York City courts:

"They've raked in a pretty tough-looking lot this morning, haven't they?" observed a stranger who had just dropped in.

"You are looking at the wrong gang," replied the reporter to whom he had spoken. "They are not the prisoners; those are the lawyers."

Supreme Court Stole a March on Him.—Dry and biting humor seems to be indigenous in the Choate family. During the trial of a case in Boston recently, in which C. F. Choate, Jr., and George Fred Williams were on opposite sides, the former moved that the case be thrown out of court in accordance with a decision of the state supreme court in a case claimed to be analogous.

"I know of no such decision," said Mr. Williams.

With a genial smile Mr. Choate turned and remarked dryly:

"While my learned brother was practicing the arts of statesmanship the supreme court did, as a matter of fact, surreptitiously render this decision," and proceeded to read it.

Too Inquisitive.—Magistrate Pool, of one of the New York police courts, has recently learned that too much curiosity is a dangerous possession even for a judge. A young woman was brought before him on a charge of refusing to "move on" when ordered so to do by a minion of the law. Magistrate Pool scrutinized the accused inquiringly and asked:

"Have you been before me before?"

"No, sir," responded the girl.

"Your face looks familiar. Haven't I seen you somewhere?" said the magistrate.

"That would be telling, judge," replied the girl, smiling.

Thereupon the court blushed a rosy red and hastily fined the prisoner ten dollars.

Didn't Need Him.—It is told of General Butler that toward the close of his career, when he ranked at the top of the criminal lawyers in Massachusetts, he was sent for by a prisoner charged with murder. Upon his arrival at the cell the prisoner cried out with much evident distress of mind, and with all the accents of imperiled innocence, "General Butler,

I want you to defend me. I'm in danger of being hanged, and I know you can get me off if anybody can."

"Are you guilty or are you innocent?" calmly inquired the general.

"Oh, I am innocent, entirely innocent," protested the prisoner with tears.

"Then you don't need me," quietly responded General Butler, rising and reaching for his hat. "Innocent men are not hanged in Massachusetts. Good-day, sir."

His Bluff Worked.—A good story comes from New Hampshire regarding the manner in which a bright but impecunious young lawyer made his first stride along the road to success. He had but recently arrived in the town, was almost wholly unknown, and had plenty of time to meditate on the likelihood of starvation overtaking him. A great temperance revival was sweeping over the town, and one evening he dropped into a meeting where some brilliant orator had just worked a large audience up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm for the cause of temperance. A subscription was started in behalf of the good work and many generous sums were subscribed. Finally the chairman happened to observe the young lawyer, whereupon he remarked: "I see in one of the back seats a young man who has come here to establish himself in the law business. He doubtless is much interested in temperance and we should like to know how much he will subscribe for this grand work." The young lawyer rose and without hesitation said: "Mr. Chairman, in aid of this grand work, you may assess me for \$10,000." Though the temperance wave swept by so quickly that the subscription was never called for, the young lawyer's generous offer brought practice his way, and before long he could count with confidence upon having three square meals per day.

Couldn't Harm the Judge.—In a case of slander that was heard not long ago, a lady had gone into the witness box on behalf of the plaintiff, whose counsel was examining her. "Now, madam," the lawyer began, "please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion just as you heard them.

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" was the emphatic answer.

"Then," said the examiner, coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge,"

Too Many Doctors.—We are indebted to a correspondent for the following facts: A woman in an Illinois town was so grievously stricken with disease that she sent each of her seven children for a different doctor, with the result that during the day at least three physicians responded to her calls. The woman died the following day. At the coroner's inquest held over the body, the jury brought in the following verdict: "We find that the woman came to her death from bowel trouble and a complication of physicians."

Proved Himself No Clergyman.—Stephen Girard's will prohibited clergymen from ever entering the doors of Girard College at Philadelphia. At a recent visit of the Knights Templar of Boston to the institution, one of the knights, a well-known physician, who wore a white neck-tie, was passing in. The janitor accosted him, saying, "You can't pass in here, sir; the rule forbids it."

"The h—I I can't," replied the physician.

"All right, sir," rejoined the janitor; "pass right in."

Dissection in a Meat Market.—Butcher—"Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John (briskly)—"All right, sir; just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

The Motion Sustained.—Lord Chief Justice Cockburn was extremely fond of going down to the sea in ships, and it was his custom to spend from Saturday to Monday on board his yacht. On one occasion he invited one of the puisne judges of the Queen's Bench to accompany him on a cruise. At the start the sea was smooth as glass, but during the night the wind freshened up and caused the little craft to toss and roll in a manner which affected the puisne judge most unpleasantly. Lord Cockburn, hearing of his sickness, went into the cabin and, laying a soothing hand on his shoulder, said:

"My dear C., can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, your lordship," replied he, in a pained voice, "you will greatly oblige me by overruling this motion."

Gave Him the Limit.—The following story comes to us from a reliable source: A prisoner was indicted in a North Carolina court for assault with intent to commit rape. As the only witness was a party of exceedingly shady character, the law-

yers on both sides, wishing to get rid of the accused, agreed to enter up judgment and suspend it, to be enforced in case he was ever thereafter found in the county. Judge Mitchell agreed to the scheme, and accordingly sentenced the prisoner as follows: "Prisoner, stand up! You have been convicted of one of the worst offenses known to the criminal law. You have shown yourself unfit to live in civilized society. You have shown yourself fit to live among barbarians and savages. Therefore the court sentences that you run away to East Tennessee or South Carolina."

A Narrow Escape.—The following story, told on a city prosecutor in a Chicago police court, goes to show that presence of mind and ready mendacity are sometimes more to be desired than great riches. The prosecutor came into court rather late, looking as if he might have seen better days and would prefer a taste in his mouth that approximated less closely to the proverbial "dark brown." An officer brought in a young woman whom he said he had found on the street at 3 a.m. laboring under the influence of too much alcoholic stimulant. She looked appealingly at the prosecutor, but he gave her a stony stare and recommended a fine of ten dollars and costs.

"She deserves it for being out at such an hour in that condition," he said sternly.

The girl leaned over close to him and whispered, "But I was with you. Don't you remember?"

"Well," said the prosecutor, recovering himself quickly and assuming a tone of compassion, "if that's your name and he is your father, I'll ask the judge to discharge you this time."

The judge let her go, but the prosecutor is bound to admit it was a close call.

It Is a Wise Child, Etc.—The danger of placing too great credence in circumstantial evidence should be ever before the eyes of a conscientious judge. The truth of this was brought home forcefully not many years ago to a well-known judge in one of the southern states. This eminent jurist—whose identity we shall conceal under the pseudonym of John Doe—was presiding at the trial of a bastardy proceeding, the prosecutrix in which was a negro woman. In cross-examining the prosecutrix, the defendant's counsel asked the question: "What did you name the child?" Counsel for the plaintiff objected to the question, but the judge ruled that the evidence was admis-

sible as tending to show who was the child's father. The witness hesitated, whereupon Judge John Doe said sternly: "Answer the question. What did you name the child?" "Well, sah," answered the witness timidly, "I calls him John Doe, sah." After that a vote of confidence had to be taken before the trial could proceed.

What Fools These Judges Be !—It is hardly proper for a law magazine to advocate contempt of court, but a perusal of the opinion in *Broder vs. Zeno Mauvais Music Co.*, 88 Fed. Rep. 74, leads us to conclude that contempt for some courts on some occasions is justifiable, if not commendable. That case was a suit for the infringement of the copyright to a "coon" song, and incidentally the question arose whether the use of the word "hottest" as used in the line, "She's the hottest thing you ever seen," rendered the song morally objectionable. Witnesses introduced by the complainants testified that the word "hottest" as understood by colored people, had no vulgar or obscene meaning, but simply conveyed the idea of "great," "grand," "brilliant"—in short implied a happy combination of admirable qualities. On the other hand the defendant's witnesses testified that the word was vulgar and obscene to a high degree. The learned judge after reviewing the testimony with impressive gravity and citing Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to the effect that "hot" means, among other things, "lustful, lewd, lecherous"; finds it "difficult to escape the conclusion that the word 'hottest' as used in the song, 'Dora Deane,' has an immoral signification." A judge who cannot escape that conclusion would experience difficulty in escaping from a flat-car standing on a sidetrack. From the standpoint of this Daniel, the recently adopted national anthem, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," implies that the proceedings in the Old Town on the evening mentioned will not be of a kind calculated to engage the cooperation of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. It is our opinion that his honor is "not so warm." He may take that as a compliment if he likes.

A Story of Chief Justice Parker.—County Judge Joseph A. Eggleston of Cortland was recently telling stories of Chief Judge Alton B. Parker of the court of appeals. Judge Eggleston had related how his distinguished schoolmate had cut his name in the desks and walls of the old country school-house, and finally passed on to a memory of one snowy day

when young Parker was trudging along the narrow path between drifts and met the team of a crabbed superannuated Methodist clergyman who consistently refused to turn out for those who fared on foot. Parker walked up to the horse's head, seized the bridle, and, before the parson recovered from his surprise, led the team into a snowdrift and tied the horse securely by the reins to a fence. "And that," said Judge Eggleston, "was the first time that Judge Parker laid down the judicial principle that the pedestrian has the right of way."

A Judicial Warning.—A young man was taking an oath in a county court, says an English paper. "What," said the judge, "was the last thing the usher said to you?" "Kiss the Book," said the witness. "Then why didn't you?" "I did." "No, sir, you did not; I saw you kiss your thumb." "I beg pardon, my L—sir, it was an accident." "Young man, if you go about kissing things by accident, you'll get into trouble."

CONGRESSIONAL, POLITICAL

The English Sparrow an Omen of Defeat.—Mr. Lacey was elected to Congress for the first time in 1888 over General J. B. Weaver, who had three times been elected in the district. One of the most notable campaigns ever made in Iowa was waged between these two men. They had joint discussions in every county and the people turned out in mass at the meetings. The main issue that year was the Mills Bill and the question of free trade. Mr. Lacey used the argument, so common in that campaign, that the Mills Bill was in the interest of the English manufacturer and against the American workman. At Newton, Iowa, the speakers stood under the court house portico with a vast throng in front of them. The Sackville-West affair had just occurred, in which the British minister had written a letter advising all naturalized Englishmen to vote the democratic ticket. Mr. Lacey of course made good use of this. General Weaver closed the debate that day, and just as he was nearing the close of his very eloquent and beautiful peroration, two birds fluttered down in front of him from the portico above and hung balanced in the air a few feet in front of his breast. They fluttered playfully against each other for about thirty seconds. The general caught the inspiration of the situation and throwing up his hands and raising his eyes toward heaven said, in

earnest tones, "The very birds of the air bring happy omens of our victory." Quick as a flash Major Lacey spoiled all this oratorical effect by rising and crying out, "Beware of them, general! They are English sparrows!"

Here the general's time expired and the crowd dispersed laughing and shouting; and until the end of the campaign everyone talked of the pestiferous English sparrows nestling in the bosom of the eloquent general. General Weaver in accounting for his defeat, always gave considerable weight to this incident.

—*Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri.*

A Congressman's Welcome Home.—During last Congress I obtained an appropriation for the survey of a great irrigating canal for Montrose county, Colorado. This promised much for the people of Montrose. When I returned the public-spirited people said we must give the Hon. Mr. B—a non-partisan reception. A typical republican from Missouri, that speaks the native language, was mayor. He was the most uncompromising enemy I had in the election and indefatigably worked against my election. A committee was sent to him and he was prevailed upon to lay down his partisanship for the evening and make the first speech of welcome. The mayor cheerfully accepted. It astounded the politicians and they thought he might break over the lines of propriety and say something partisan. Partly out of curiosity to see how the mayor could fence around his past record a tremendous crowd appeared at the banquet. When the mayor arose a deathly stillness followed. He began: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am delighted as an official and as a citizen to welcome Judge B—as an official and as a citizen, back home." He paused a moment, looked over the crowd and confidentially said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you all know I never did want him to go away off down there anyhow." In the tremendous storm of laughter and applause that followed this ingenious turn the mayor bowed himself behind the screens and easily ranked as the lion of the orators of the occasion.

—*John C. Bell, Member of Congress from Colorado.*

A Congressman's Obituary Read with Pleasure.—Congress publishes handsome volumes of memorial addresses, containing eulogies of the deceased members delivered by their colleagues. On one occasion, when the rules of the house were being debated, and the question of making provision to set apart time for the exercises was being considered, Mr. Lacey



JOSEPH C. ROOT,
Sovereign Commander Woodmen of the World.

read a letter, received by him from a gentleman out in Iowa, saying:

"Dear Sir:—Please send me some volumes of memorial addresses. There is nothing I read with so much pleasure as the obituaries of congressmen."

—*Hon. Champ Clark*, of Missouri.

A Race for the Sack.—Down in my district a boy went to a mill for the first time and did not understand the *modus operandi*. So when the miller took out the toll, the boy thought he had stolen it; but as it was a small matter he said nothing about it. When the miller took up the sack, poured all the rest of the corn into the hopper, and threw the sack on the floor, the little chap thought he had stolen that too, and he thought furthermore that it was high time for him to take his departure. Consequently he grabbed the empty sack and started home as fast as his legs could carry him.

The miller, deeming the boy crazy, pursued him. The boy beat him in the race home and fell in the yard out of breath. His father ran out and said, "My son, what is the matter?" whereupon the boy replied: "That old fat rascal up at the mill stole all my corn and gave me an awful race for the sack."

—*Hon. W. Jasper Talbert*, of South Carolina.

A Monkey Ranch.—Senator Heitfeld of Idaho says that when he was campaigning last fall in that state he did a good deal of traveling in a buggy. One day a wheel came off his conveyance and he went to a near-by farmhouse owned by a huge Swede. "Can you tell me where I can find a monkey wrench?" asked the senator. The farmer looked at him gravely for a moment and replied: "This bin a sheep ranch. 'Bout two mile over thar you find Ole Hansen's cattle ranch. Don't know whar you find monkey ranch."

The Effect of General Jackson's Latin.—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out west, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered: "Tip 'em a little Latin, general, they won't be satisfied without it." The man of iron will instantly thought upon the few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming: "E pluribus unum, sine qua non, ne plus ultra, multum in parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the Hoosiers' shouts could be heard for miles.

Arguing One's Self Unknown.—Col. E. B. Hay, of Washington, was engaged in a case in Representative Bankhead's district in Alabama, at one of the real rural county seats. The congressman, in the estimation of his faithful followers and constituents, is rivalled in reverence only by the Deity. Col. Hay, being from Washington, naturally attracted the eyes of the curious, and they gathered about him at the recess hour of the court on the first day of his arrival.

"Hello!" said one. "From Washington, eh?"

"Yes, sir," responded the colonel, "from the nation's capital."

"Do you know our congressman up there?"

"Bankhead," shouted several.

"Bankhead—Bankhead," hesitated the colonel. "Is there such a man in congress by that name? I don't believe that he is known there; I never heard of him."

This was a stunning blow to the interviewers, which nearly took their breath. They turned away consoling themselves with the remark by one of them, in which all acquiesced:

"Hell, Bill! I don't believe that he is from Washington."

—*Edwin B. Hay, Washington, D. C.*

Grover Cleveland's Band.—At a diplomatic reception in Washington a number of men who are on the staffs of governors appeared in gorgeous uniforms. Some who did not feel entitled to wear other than the "customary suits of solemn black" were disposed to make fun of the splendidly attired staff officers. Congressman Southwick of New York recalled an occasion when Grover Cleveland, then governor of the empire state, went to a public meeting in a theater accompanied by his staff in full uniform. When Mr. Cleveland arrived at the stage door the attendant said: "Pass right in governor, but the band must go around by the front door."

How the Boy Became a Politician.—An old German once had a beautiful and promising boy, of whom he was very proud, and decided to find out the bent of his mind. He adopted the following novel method by which to test him. He slipped into the little fellow's room one morning, and placed on his table a Bible, a bottle of whiskey and a silver dollar. "Now," said he, "when that boy comes in if he takes the dollar he is going to be a business man. If he takes the Bible he is going to be a preacher. If he takes the whiskey he is no good; he is going to be a drunkard." The old gen-

tleman hid behind a door to see which his son would choose. In came the boy whistling. He ran up to the table, picked up the dollar and put it in his pocket. He took up the Bible and placed it under his arm. Then he snatched up the bottle of whiskey and took two or three drinks and went out smacking his lips. The good old German poked his head out from behind the door and exclaimed: "Mein Gott! he's going to be politician."

Pray That We May Hang Together.—General Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America tells a story of a prayer meeting held in New York on the east side during the recent mayoralty campaign. In the midst of a prayer, he relates, one pious brother said: "O Lord, we pray Thee that the democratic party may hang together in the coming election." "Amen, answer prayer, Lord," put in a republican who was near. "But I do not mean it as the republican brother means it, Lord. I pray that we may hang together in concord and accord," continued the democrat. "Amen, Lord," again said the republican; "any cord, so long as they hang."

A Meeting of Distinguished Men.—A ragged and bewhiskered individual stopped Mr. Depew on Fifth avenue, New York, and asked for a dime. He was given a quarter, and after thanking Mr. Depew said:

"May I ask who you are, sir?"

In a rather confidential tone Mr. Depew replied:

"I am Grover Cleveland, president of the United States; and who are you?"

"Me," said the mendicant, in a tone of surprise and disdain, "I'm Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central Railroad."

—*Chauncey Depew.*

A Lightning Appointment to Office.—Talk about there being more cranks in Washington! Why, there are more cranks to the square inch than you will find on all the baseball grounds in the Players' League. So I went up to the White House and saw President Harrison. And he said, "Your name?" And almost as soon as I told him, I was shown into the blue room. By the way, that is a very appropriate name for a reception-room for office-seekers. I said, "Mr. President, do you recognize me?" And he replied, "Oh! yes; I recognize you, but I can't place you." He said I should have the first

vacancy, so I wandered around for a day or two and became very disconsolate. Suddenly, one morning, while walking along the banks of the Potomac, I saw the body of a man floating in the river. I recognized it as one of the watchmen of the treasury building. I rushed up to the president at once and told him about the vacancy. What do you think he said? "Too late; I've just appointed the man that saw him fall in."

—George Thatcher.

A Senator's Strong Breath.—They tell the story of a senator being shaved by an aged colored barber at the Arlington Hotel in Washington, and remarking to him, "Uncle, you must have had among your customers many of my distinguished predecessors in the senate, many of the men now dead who have occupied the place I now fill."

"Yes, sah," said the barber. "I've known most all of dem. By de way, senator, you remind me of Daniel Webster."

The gratified statesman raised himself in his chair and placed his hand upon his forehead. "Is it my brow?"

"No, boss," said the barber; "it is you breath."

—Chauncey DePew

Waiting for Voters.—"What are you speaking to the school children for?" asked the voter.

"Just keep quiet," replied the candidate; "they'll all be old enough to vote before I'm elected."

How Would a Mossback Missouri Democrat Look Voting with the Republican's?—Up in Pike county an old chap undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind-bridle.

Just as he was about dead his son cut him down. The old man rubbed his eyes and said: "John, if you had let me alone a minute longer, I would have been in heaven." "Yes," replied the boy, "you would have cut a devil of a figure in heaven looking through a blind-bridle, wouldn't you? And that is the way a Missouri democrat would look voting for a republican under any circumstances whatsoever."

The above story was related by Lieutenant-Governor David A. Ball, of Missouri, during the campaign of 1896.

He Used Smith's Name.—James Wilson, of New Hampshire, used to tilt with Jeremiah Smith occasionally. Once while they were journeying together on horseback Wilson rode on ahead, and, meeting a stranger, passed himself off as Smith, who was then a member of congress. When the two attor-

neys stopped for the night Wilson related, in the presence of some friends, what a great dignitary he had been taken for "Oh, no," said Smith, "the man knew better. He said: 'What, you Jerry Smith? Why, he's a respectable man.'"

A few days after, when a man of the name of Smith was arraigned in court for a criminal offense, Wilson asked Smith how it was that so many offenders happened to have his name. "Easily explained," replied Smith. "They want an honest name to be tried by, and so give the name of Smith, but on inquiry it will generally turn out that their right name is Wilson."

To Make Chickens Lay Boiled Eggs.—Politics are a thing of the past with me, and Washington—well, I have made up my mind to forget that such a place exists. I couldn't find my friend, so I inquired of a party, and he said he was on the investigating committee. I ventured to ask him in what scheme they were going to invest, and he said, "A scheme to make chickens lay boiled eggs." I asked, "How?" and he said, "By pouring hot water down their throats."

At a White House Reception.—"Oh, yes," said James K. Decker of South Carolina, "I went to the president's reception last night. It was the first big affair of the kind I ever attended. When I got up to the president I leaned over and whispered my name to the man who did the announcing. He said it all right to Colonel Roosevelt."

"How do you do, Mr. Decker?" said Colonel Roosevelt.

"How do you do, Mr. Hecker?" said Mrs. Roosevelt.

"How do you do, Mr. Smecker-Lecker-Trecker-Crecker?" it went all the way down the line, until, by Jove, when I got to the end the last lady called me just plain Smith."

All Know Gabe—Gabe, of Oshkosh.—Unexpected frankness now and then gives a special zest to the humor of a situation in congress. When "Gabe" Bouck was the representative from the Oshkosh district of Wisconsin, a pension bill came before the house, to his great vexation of spirit; for, while his personal convictions were directly opposed to it, his political interests were strong enough to whip him into line. On the day the bill came up for final disposal a fellow-member met Bouck in the space behind the last row of seats, walking back and forth and gesticulating excitedly, bringing his clenched

right fist down into the hollow of his left hand, to the accompaniment of expletives which would hardly look well in print.

"What's the trouble, Gabe?" inquired his friend. "Why all this excitement?"

"Trouble?" snorted the irate lawmaker. "Trouble enough! That pension bill is up, and all the cowardly nincompoops in the house are going to vote for it. It's sure to pass—sure to pass."

"But why don't you get the floor and speak against it—try to stop it?" suggested the other.

"Try to stop it?" echoed Bouck. "Try to stop it? Why, I'm one of the cowardly nincompoops myself!"

—From *Francis F. Leupp's* "Some Humors of Congress,"
in *April Century*.

An Indiana Stump-Speaker Can Lie.—An Indiana stumper, while making a speech at Indianapolis in the recent campaign, paused after a particularly forceful bit of argument had been propounded by him and explained: "Now gentlemen, what do you think?"

Instantly a man rose in the assembly and, with one eye partially closed, modestly, and with strong Scotch brogue, replied:

"I think, sir—I do, indeed, sir—I think, if you and I were to stump the country together we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word myself during the whole time, sir!"

—*Booth Tarkington.*

A Few in the Senate but None in the House.—A man was elected to the house of the state legislature. He was greatly impressed with the dignity of his position. One night his wife awoke him and whispered: "John, there are burglars in the house." "You must be mistaken, my dear," he replied, "there may be a few in the senate but none in the house."

George or Booker T.—Ex-Congressman John S. Wise of Virginia, now of this city, is a warm personal friend of President Roosevelt and being in Washington a few days ago, he visited the White House and was promptly accorded an interview. In the course of the conversation the president is said to have suddenly remarked:

"Now, John, you are a very observing man and know pretty near what is going on. Tell me what the people seem to think of my administration."

"Oh, Mr. President," Mr. Wise replied, "the opinion seems to be that you will go down to posterity as a Washington."

"I am delighted to hear that," the president is said to have answered, interruptingly, as he grasped Mr. Wise's hand and shook it heartily. But as he released his hold Mr. Wise continued:

"But whether it will be a George or a Booker T., I am not prepared to say."

Senator Dolliver and His One-Horse Hack.—Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, tells this story on himself, which is expected to illustrate the difficulty a man of small means finds in getting along at the national capital. As a representative he found little trouble, but when he became senator he found he had a much more pretentious title to support. He was invited to social functions where he found the requirements of etiquette quite severe.

"On one occasion," says Senator Dolliver, "I was invited to attend a social function given by a high official. I went and had a most delightful time, concluding that Washington social life was not a thing to be in the least afraid of. This conclusion was reached, by the way, just as I was taking leave of the host.

"A liveried servant approached me and asked if my carriage was waiting and whether it was a single or double conveyance. Out of consideration for a lean pocketbook I had ordered a cab rather than a two-horse carriage. As I was taking leave of a few friends outside the door, I had the pleasure of hearing the servant shouting to the carriage drivers:

"'Senator Dolliver's one-horse hack! Senator Dolliver's one-horse hack!'

"The man then came to me, and, with his head high in the air, announced: 'Your hack's waitin', Senator Dolliver.'"

Disconcerted.—Congressman Lacey of Iowa tells how a specimen of young America upset him on one occasion. Mr. Lacey was endeavoring to show his audience that great evil was sure to result from the Wilson tariff bill and dwelt on the alleged fact that capitalists were afraid to invest their

money. "I ask any one of you gentlemen," he said, "if your grandmothers were to die and leave you \$10,000 what would you do with it?"

There was perfect quiet for a moment; then suddenly a youngster sitting on the gallery rail with his legs dangling over, cried out: "I know." "Well, what would you do with it?" repeated Judge Lacey. "I'd buy a tombstone," was the answer, and such a roar of laughter went up that Mr. Lacey was forced to cut short his remarks.

Randolph and Clay.—John Randolph and Henry Clay, writes Eli Perkins, once had a quarrel in the senate at Washington. For several weeks they did not speak, when one day they met on Pennsylvania avenue. Each saw the other coming up the sidewalk, which was very narrow at that particular point, and each was meditating as to how far he would turn out for the other to pass. As Randolph came up he looked the grand old Kentuckian straight in the eye, and, keeping the sidewalk, hissed:

"I never turn out for scoundrels!"

"I always do," said Mr. Clay as he stepped politely out into the mud and let Randolph have the walk.

President Roosevelt and His Delegation.—President Roosevelt is known to be nervous and often fidgety; he sits down for perhaps five minutes and then paces the floor if he is talking to callers. He was with a delegation one day, and moved restlessly while he spoke to them, and, deferentially, they stood also.

"You may be seated," said the president, as he took a chair himself. Pretty soon he stood again, and one by one the delegation rose. The president, tired of pacing, seated himself again. The delegation sat too. Once again the president arose, and the delegation followed suit. The president, annoyed at too much deference, shouted at them: "For heaven's sake, gentlemen; just because I jump up must you jump too?"

Troubles of the Russian Ambassador's Coachman.—They are laughing in Washington over a rebuke that a sentry of one of the departments administered recently to the Russian ambassador's coachman. The coachman, it appears, wished to drive his master's carriage along a roadway that for some reason was barred. When the sentry refused to let the carriage pass

the coachman remonstrated. "I drive," he said, "ze Russian minister." "I can't help it," returned the sentry. "Let me t'rough," persisted the coachman. "My master is ze Count Cassini, ze ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of ze czar of all ze Russia." "Frenchy," said the sentry, "I wouldn't let you through even if your master was a free-born American citizen."

WOMAN

His Wife's Death Made Him Laugh.—Two Germans, who were steadfast friends, were both in love with the same young lady. Their names were respectively August and Herman. The object of their individual affection possessed the beautiful name of Matilda. In the course of time Herman succeeded in winning the affections of the young lady and married her. Notwithstanding his success, the friendship, which had at no time been injured by the rivalry, remained as before. A year or so after the marriage, Herman was suddenly called to Germany. Before going he went to August and said, "Mine friend, I must go away. You are mine wife's best friend—I leave her in your care; you will look out for her," then sailed away.

On his return August met him at the gang plank of the vessel. His face was pale and his eyes red and swollen. As he clasped Herman's hand he could hardly speak. He said, "Herman, prepare yourself for de vorst." "Vat is der matter," Herman asked anxiously. "Something terrible: Matilda is tead." Herman stopped a moment. "Don't make me laf; mine lips are chapped."

—*Martin Saxe*, New York City. In a sentiment to the "Ladies," at the Omaha Convention of the Commercial Law League of America, July 21, 1896.

An Irishman's Spread.—A birthday speech is like the remains of Dennis McCann. When he was blown up by an explosion of dynamite a committee was appointed to break the news to his wife. After the spokesman had informed her of the tragedy as gently as he could, she asked if Dennis had been badly mangled. "Well, yes," said the spokesman; "his head was found in one lot, his legs in another, and his arms in a tree half a mile off." "That," said the bereaved widow, "is just like Dennis. He was always all over the place."

—*Chauncey M. Depew*.

Dear, Clever Mr. Wu.—On the eve of Minister Wu's departure from Washington a young woman of his acquaintance said to him that she hoped to visit China some day, as what he had told her about his native country had been so interesting. "But you have never explained," she added, "why Chinamen take four or five wives." With a grave bow the Oriental diplomat said: "My countrymen take so many in order that they may find in all of them the beauties and accomplishments of one such young lady as you."

Réal Oratory.—"Colonel Waxem will be banqueted after his wedding to-night, and I am to respond to the toast, 'None but the brave deserve the fair.' What shall I say?"

The Major—"I hardly know how to advise you. After you've seen the bride you'll have to turn your speech into an argument to prove either that Waxem isn't brave or else that he isn't getting his deserts."

The Company's Reason.—An amusing extract from a Belgian paper gives the following incident:

A woman, whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident, received from the company 10,000 francs by way of compensation. Shortly after she heard that a traveler who had lost a leg had been paid 20,000 francs. The widow at once put on her bonnet and shawl and went to the office of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she asked. "You give 20,000 francs for a leg, and you allowed me only 10,000 francs for the loss of my husband!"

"Madam," was the reply, "the reason is plain. Twenty thousand francs won't provide him with a leg, but for ten thousand you can get a husband."

She Could Use Them.—An old lady on seeing the electric light in the town for the first time was struck with amazement. After gazing at it for a space she entered a grocer's shop and asked:

"I say, mister, how do you make that big light o' your'n? I'm tired of burnin' paraffin."

The shopman replied, "Oh, it is caused by a series of electric currents."

"Is it, now?" said the old lady. "Then weigh me a pound. If they won't do for lighting, I'll use 'em up for puddin's."

The Dog and the Woman.—A gentleman bought a dog. His wife did not like dogs, and she specially detested a dog that always sits whining at the door waiting for an opportunity to get into the house and get under the stove. Finally the good man surrendered to his wife, and agreed to get rid of the dog. But he didn't want to kill it; he wasn't sure that he could lose it, so he thought he would try to sell it. When he came back without the dog his wife was delighted and said, "Where is the dog?" "I have sold him." "You dear man," she said, "how much did you get for him?" "Ten dollars." Visions of new bonnets in her head, she put her arms around his neck and said, "Have you got the money?" "No," said he; "I took five pups at two dollars apiece."

—*H S. Taylor*

Are Women Intelligent?—During the Knights Templar conclave in the city of Washington, when chapeau and ostrich feather were in evidence everywhere, an old colored man was engaged in doing some whitewashing in the home of a very prominent family. The lady of the house, approaching him, said:

"Uncle Tom, I always thought that you were a Mason."

"Yas indeed, Mam, I is a Mason; I'se taken all the rites, I has."

"Then why are you not out to-day with the Knights?"

"Well you see, Missus, I has to wuk for a livin', an' I can't afford to take the time to be gallivantin' 'round with fuss and feathers."

"Very wise indeed," responded the lady. "Maybe you can tell me, Tom, something I have always wanted to know, that is, why women could never be Masons."

"Well, Mis' Johnson, I tell you dis, dat the reason is I guess dat dey ain't intelligent enuf."

Mrs. Johnson said no more and Tom went on whitewashing.

—*Col. Edwin B. Hay, Washington, D. C.*

Woman the Best Judge and Executor.—At a large party in Washington, a lady sitting next to William M. Evarts, then secretary of state, said to him: "Mr. Evarts, don't you think that a woman is the best judge of other women?"

"Ah, Madam," said the great lawyer, "she is not only the best judge, but the best executor."

Man Embraces Woman.—I know of an instance where a lady desired to have drawn a power of attorney. When the instrument was finished and handed to her to read she noticed that it began, "know all men by these presents." She at once raised an objection to this phrase, and desired the word "woman" to be added. Her suave attorney replied politely, "Why, don't you know that man embraces woman?"

—*Martin Saxe*, New York City. (In a sentiment to the Ladies, delivered at Omaha Convention of the Commercial Law League of America, July 21, 1896.)

A Perfect Woman.—The lecturer inquired dramatically, "Can any one in this room tell me of a perfect man?"

There was a dead silence.

"Has any one," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?"

Then a patient looking little woman in a black dress rose up at the back of the room and answered:

"There was one. I've often heard of her, but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife."

Solomon in Petticoats.—A woman was walking in a palm grove when a man saw her and hastened after her. When she asked him why he followed her he replied:

"Because I am in love with you."

"And way are you in love with me?" she asked. "My sister who comes after me yonder is far more beautiful than I. Go and fall in love with her instead."

The man complied and went back, but only to look upon a woman as ugly as sin. He was vexed and returned to the first woman and said to her:

"Why did you deceive me?"

And she made answer:

"Did you not tell me an untruth? For if you were really in love with me why did you turn back to the other woman?"

The Alligator Had Been Massaged.—Mrs. Langtry, as has been bruited about in the newspapers, has been having her face "made over" and the lines of time eradicated. In a shop recently, says a traveler just back from London, she asked for a traveling bag of alligator skin. The shopkeeper, who had none of that particular sort, brought out instead some of smooth leather.

"And you tell me this is alligator skin," objected the "Jersey Lily." "Why, it is perfectly slick. Where are its wrinkles?"

"Ah, madam," replied the wily dealer, who knew his customer, "wrinkles are out of vogue. The correct alligator no longer has them. This traveling bag was made from the skin of an alligator who had been massaged."

It may be added that the actress rubbed the smooth leather pensively, and made the purchase without further comment.

Must Have Married a Rich Wife.—Joseph Jefferson, asked by one of his little friends to hear him recite his lesson in ancient history, put this question: "Who was Atlas?"

"A giant who was supposed to support the world," answered the child.

"Oh, he supported the world, did he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, who supported Atlas?"

The little fellow was nonplussed for a moment, but after a little thought said:

"I guess he must have married a rich wife."

The Man-eating Shark.—A woman fell overboard from a ship yesterday and a shark came up and looked her over and went away.

"What! he never touched her?"

"No. He was a man-eating shark."

Why Calino Had No Fear.—Monsieur Calino, the simple-hearted and ingenuous Frenchman, happened to be riding in a train in the same compartment with a lady who was in constant fear of a smashup.

At every sudden stop, every jar, every sound of the bell or whistle, she cried out: "Oh! oh! Have we run off the track? Is it a collision? Are we going to be killed?"

Calino paid no attention, but remained wrapt in solemn silence. Presently the lady said to him: "And you, sir, aren't you afraid of railroad accidents?"

"Not I, madame," answered Calino, reassuringly. "It has been foretold that I am to die on the guillotine!"

The nervous woman went into hysterics, and had to be removed from the train at the next station.

A Woman's Age.—It is not an ordinary lawyer who can overcome a woman's reluctance to tell her age.

"And what is your age, madam?" was the attorney's question.

"My own," she answered promptly.

"I understand that, madam, but how old are you?"

"I am not old, sir," with indignation.

"Beg your pardon, madam. I mean, how many years have you passed?"

"None; the years have passed me."

"How many of them have passed you?"

"All. I never heard of them stopping."

"Madam, you must answer my question. I want to know your age."

"I don't know that the acquaintance is desired by the other side."

"I don't see why you insist upon refusing to answer my question," said the attorney, coaxingly. "I am sure I would tell you how old I was, if I were asked."

"But nobody would ask you, for everybody knows you are old enough to know better than to be asking a woman her age, so there."

And the attorney passed on to the next question.

American Girls Are Sold.—"Who are those two beautiful girls?"

"One is a Circassian whose parents are going to sell her to a Turk, and the other is an American whose parents are going to sell her to a nobleman."

Wife! Wife!—A man coming home one night rather late, a little more than "half-seas-over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end of the thread catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began to pull at the end; and the little ball unwinding, he soon had several yards of thread in his hand, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am all unraveling."

MISCELLANEOUS

Mark Twain's Story about Sarsaparilla.—I think I ought to be allowed to talk as long as I want to for the reason that I have canceled all my winter's engagements of every kind for good and sufficient reasons and am making no new engagements for this winter, and therefore this is the only time, the only chance, I shall have to disembowel my skull for a year.

I wish to thank the chairman for the innovation he has introduced here. Now, under that old custom the chairman got up and made a speech. He introduced the prisoner at the bar and covered him all over with compliments. You can't talk on compliments. A man gets up and is filled to the eyes with happy emotions, but his tongue is tied. He has nothing to say; he is in the condition of Dr. Rice's friend who came home drunk and explained it to his wife, and his wife said to him: "John, after you have drunk all the whiskey you want, you ought to ask for sarsaparilla." He said, "Yes, but when I have drunk all the whiskey I want, I can't say sarsaparilla," and so I think it is a much better thing to leave a man unmolested until the testimony and pleadings are all in. Give him a chance.

I see here around me the captains of industry in all the great, illustrious industries, most distinguished men. There are more than fifty here, I believe, and I believe that out of those fifty I know forty-nine of them well. I could probably borrow money from—well, from the other anyway!

—*Mark Twain*, at Banquet in his honor at the Metropolitan Club, New York City, Dec. 1901.

The Fate of Tiger Hunter, and His Return Home.—A story is told of a young man named John P., who, being in poor health, went to India. His family had instructed him not to spare expense, but to cable three times a week how he was and what he was doing. The first cable message ran:

"Am well. Have native guide, Inga. Hunt tigers tomorrow."

The next communication did not arrive till two weeks later. It was this: "John dead, killed. Tiger. What do? Inga."

"Send on body."

A month later there was delivered to the keeper of the receiving vault of M— Cemetery a box or coffin so large and

heavy that it might have been the home of a second Cardiff giant. Suspicion having been aroused, a permit was secured and the sealed coffin opened. To the consternation of those present there lay the body of a magnificent Bengal tiger resting on white satin. The following message was soon racing across the Atlantic:

"Some mistake. Some mistake. You sent a tiger. Where is John?"

The following information was soon received:

"No mistake. No mistake. John inside tiger!"

This Is a Bathroom, Not a Beehive.—The following is told at the expense of a Cuero Woodman, who was recently stopping with his wife at Houston Hotel: On their first evening there he happened to retire somewhat later than his spouse. Arriving at the door of what he imagined to be his room and finding it locked, he tapped and called, "Honey, O, Honey." Still he got no reply and becoming somewhat uneasy he shouted the endearing term with his full lung power. "Honey, O, Honey." This time the reply came in an indignant male voice: "Go away, you idiot! This is a bathroom, not a beehive!"

Good Excuse to General Grant.—General James Grant Wilson told this story the other night as one of General Grant's favorites:

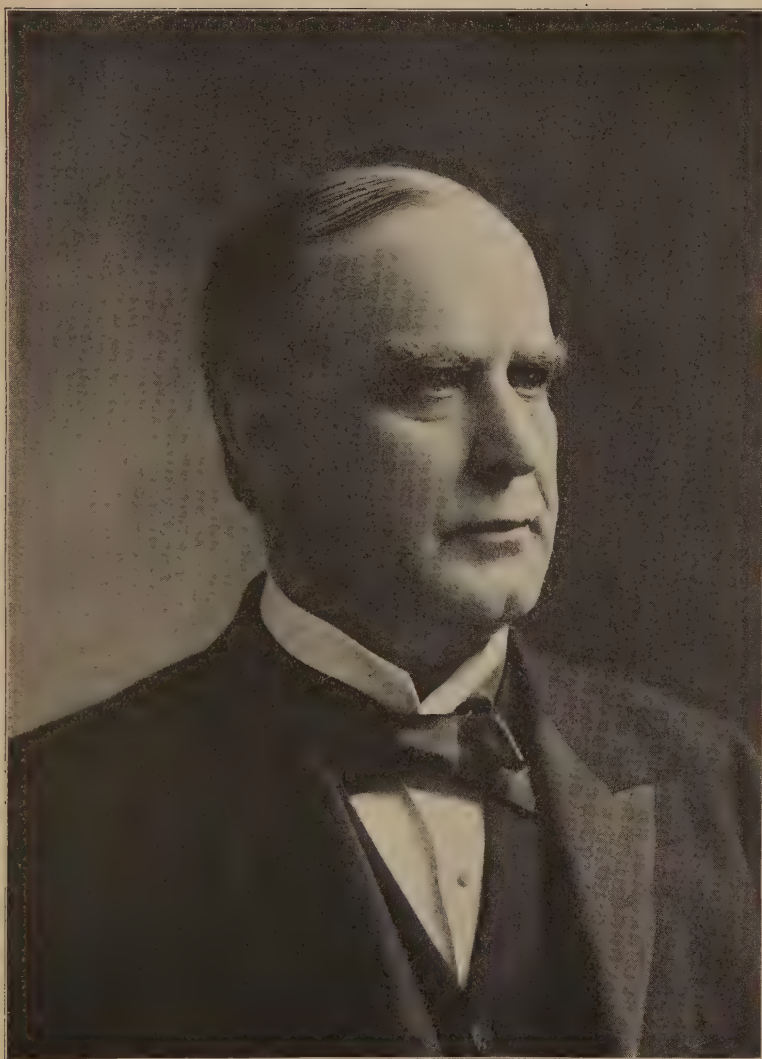
It was at the battle of Shiloh. There was in the ranks a tall, finely built volunteer from Ohio. It was the first time he had seen active service. When he heard the roar of the shells and saw his comrades falling, he lost courage, dropped his gun and started for the rear.

"Here!" thundered the general in command. "What are you running for?"

The man turned his head and shouted back, "Because I can't fly, you darned fool!"

Follow the Hearse.—Up in Peekskill, a town which originates pretty near all the things that are worth thinking about in this world, and in which I had my origin, they used to have a habit in old times of always following a hearse at a funeral.

A Peekskiller who had come down to New York and died, was to be "planted," as Peekskillers say. Some of his New York friends went up to the funeral. They took carriages and got into the procession to follow the hearse. After a



WILLIAM McKINLEY.

while they noticed that they were riding over very rough ground and that the carriage was swaying from side to side in such a manner as to threaten to spill them all out. One of the New York dudes stuck his head out of the carriage window and shouted to the driver: "Hi, there! What the deuce are you trying to do? Do you want to break our necks?"

The old Peekskill driver leaned over and answered: "Well, I tell you, gents, the horses with the hearse started to run away ten minutes ago, and they're running yet, and you know, up here in Peekskill, it's the rule for the mourners to follow the hearse, and I ain't going to break it."

—*Chauncey M. Depew*, at the St. Denis Hotel, in New York City, Christmas Eve., 1896.

The Mayor Wishes He Was in Howling Wilderness.—An amusing incident is related of a gentleman who was the first mayor of Burlington, Iowa, and if we are correctly informed was a blacksmith. He was notified to celebrate the important event of completing the C. B. & Q. Railway as far as Burlington and that there would be a great many prominent officials of the "Burlington" and prominent gentlemen from adjoining cities present, and that it was absolutely necessary for him to give the address of welcome in behalf of the city of Burlington. Of course he had had no experience whatever and tried to get out of it, but it was impressed upon his mind that he alone was the proper one to make the speech of welcome. With the assistance of his helper in the blacksmith shop he formulated a brief speech of welcome, and having plenty of time intervening committed it to memory; but, having very little confidence in his memory, he wrote it out on a card, putting it on the inside of his Sunday hat. On the day of the celebration, he changed his clothes of course, and in the hurry and excitement incident to the occasion, went off with his old hat, comparatively at ease, not noticing he had taken his old hat until he ascended a flat car, and not until he had removed his hat and opened out with "Ladies and Gentlemen" did he discover that his speech was missing. He was overcome with consternation and fear and utterly unable to remember one word of his speech. After an embarrassing time his wits came to him for a moment and he said, "A few years ago the place whereon we now stand was a howling wilderness." He stopped for breath and inwardly congratulated himself upon having made a very good start, when it

suddenly occurred to him the audience was waiting for something more and as there was nothing more coming he said, "I repeat it. A few years ago the place whereon we now stand was a howling wilderness, and—and—and—ladies and gentlemen, I am blowed if I don't wish it was a howling wilderness now." He immediately jumped off the platform, disappeared in the crowd, and was not seen again all day. It is needless to say that the audience was completely convulsed.

—*John C. Minton, Burlington, Iowa.*

The Beautiful Little Girl and Her Ugly Father.—The following humorous little story was told on a western platform by Head Consul F. A. Falkenburg as illustrative of the difference between the young fraternal insurance orders and the old line life insurance companies. The fraternalists are represented by the beautiful little girl:

An intensely beautiful little girl was sitting on her ugly papa's knee. She held a little hand mirror in her hand, in which she gazed on the reflection of her sweet little face. She, looking up into the face of her ugly father, said to her mother: "Mamma, did God make me?" Her mother answered: "Why certainly, darling." Again she looked into the glass and for the second time into her ugly papa's face: "Mamma." "What is it, Ethel?" "God didn't make papa, did He?" "Why certainly, Ethel," said her mother. "Why do you ask such a question?" No answer. Ethel again looked into the glass, again at her papa: "Mamma, did God make papa before He made me?" "Yes, dear," the mother answered. "What are you driving at, child?" No answer. Then little Ethel took a long earnest look into the glass and once more she searched the ugly face of her papa with great care, and then said, "Mamma?" "What is it, Ethel?" "Don't you think God is getting in a whole lot better work lately?"

"And so," said the head consul, "the great fraternal orders of this country are getting in a whole lot better work lately; they are more fair, more fraternal. There are fewer losses, fewer compromises, more general satisfaction with the fraternalists."

A Skillful Confession.—Two brothers, contrary to the most stringent injunctions, robbed their father's pear-tree of its choicest fruit, for which one of them shortly after fell heir to a most terrific trouncing. He could not imagine how his father found it out, and was wondering to his little brother

about it, when the latter, a saintly little fellow, very promptly said, "My conscience troubled me, and I confessed it all to father." "Well," said the other, "how did it happen that you didn't get a licking too?" "Oh, that's easy; I only confessed on you."

—Governor A. B. Cummins, of Iowa.

The Spotted Dog.—When I was about fourteen years old, my father lived on the old farm up at Poughkeepsie. One day after I had finished a five-acre field of corn my father let me go to town to see a circus. When in town I saw for the first time a spotted coach dog. It took my fancy and I bought it and took it home. When father saw it his good old Puritan face fell.

"Why, Chauncey," he said sadly, "We don't want any spotted dog on the farm. It would drive the cattle crazy."

"No, he won't, father," I said, "he's a blooded dog."

The next day it was raining and I took the dog out in the woods to try him on a coon, but the rain was too much for him. It washed the spots off. That night I took the dog back to the dog dealer with a long face. Said I; "Look at that dog, sir. The spots have all washed off."

"Great guns, boy," exclaimed the dog dealer, "there was an umbrella went with that dog. Didn't you get an umbrella?"

—Chauncey Depew.

Now Only God Knows It.—An amusing story is told of a gentleman who, being unaccustomed to public speaking, was given a hint that he would be called upon for a speech on a certain occasion. He immediately went to work and wrote out his little talk and wishing to impress upon his hearers that it was an entirely impromptu affair, he proceeded to commit it to memory. When he was called upon, as is usual in such cases, his speech left him completely. His natural wit, however, came to his rescue and he convulsed his audience by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, before coming here there were just two people who knew my speech, God and myself, and now only God knows it."

What Became of Bill.—I'll never forget one night on ship board. You see, there was a cannon on board. I said to Bill, "Let's fire it off." He said, "The captain might hear us." "I guess not," said I; "we can fix that." So I told Bill to take a bucket that was on deck and hold it over the mouth of the

cannon to deaden the sound; so he held it over the muzzle and held on to the rail. The cannon went off, and Bill went with it. The captain came on deck, looked around, and asked for Bill. I told him he had gone to fetch a bucket of water. Then he asked me when he would be back, and I said if he came as quick as he went he was due now. Mother never knew what became of Bill after that, neither did I.

—George Thatcher.

A Scotsman Slow to See the Point.—Speaking at a St. Andrew's Society dinner, I remarked that if my jokes were not always appreciated immediately by the Scotsmen, by the time the next yearly dinner came round they would see the point. "I don't think that's a very funny thing to say," growled a handsome old Scot, who was sitting beside me.

"Oh," said I, "that's all right. You'll see the fun in it a year from now."

—Chauncey Depew.

Wanted to Walk Over.—An Irishman spent his last dollar to come to this country, and after hunting for a week to get work failed. He became discouraged and walked to the dock and sat down looking out at sea; he commenced to think what a fool he had been to spend his last dollar to come here when he might be in Ireland, and the money he spent to come here in his pocket. Just then there was a diver who happened to be working under water near the dock and he came up near the Irishman. The minute the diver came up he unscrewed his head-piece and heaved a long breath. The Irishman looked at him for a minute, and said: "Well, well, if I'd known that, I would have walked over from Ireland myself."

A Veteran Mistaken for a Veterinary.—When Gen. Forrest returned from the war to his southern home, where he rested upon his laurels and the honors of war, it became known through the village that he had joined the veteran organization, being made an honorary member, and this new title of "veteran" added additional glory to him in the eyes of the colored population.

One of the plantations nearby was owned by an old maid, Miss Betsy Stewart. It seems that when an old servant reported to her that one of the horses was sick, she told him to go and find the veterinary and have him come at once to attend it.

Not appreciating the significance of the word, and being impressed with the new title of the old soldier, he went to the home of Gen. Forrest, who was a little touched with conceit, which caused him to feel gratified at the respect, even unto awe in some instances, in which he was held.

Erastus, taking off his hat, said, "Mastah Forrest', is you de veteran?"

"Yes, sir, by Gad, sir, I am a veteran, sir, and the whole world knows it."

"Yah, sir, of cos' I knows it, too, sah, and Mis' Betsey tol' me to come over here and tell you to come over thar right away and blow the win' out of her horse."

The general could not help stepping from his lofty position to appreciate the mistake, and replied, "Erastus, you go to your Missus, and tell her that I am a veteran of the infantry and not of the cavalry."

—*Edwin B. Hay, Washington, D. C.*

Had Forgotten What He Said.—A gentleman was told he would be called upon for a speech and like some of his predecessors, had left it at home. He managed to mumble out a few words and then said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall conclude my remarks by using the beautiful words of the immortal—of the immortal—I declare I've forgotten the gentleman's name,—and—and—I'll be damed if I haven't forgotten what he said too."

—*John C. Minton, Burlington, Iowa.*

How to Catch a Mule.—An old colored man had a mule that would not move for him. He pulled and dragged his mule until he was exhausted, and finally he sat down and said, "Well, ole fellow, yo's got de best ob me." There was a drug store across the street, and a thought struck him. He went across and he said, "Has yo' got anyt'ing dat will make dat mule ob mine go?" The druggist said, "I don't know, I can try it." He came out and punched a little medicine into the mule's side. The mule commenced to wiggle around, and finally off he started over the side of the hill at a good pace. Sambo watched him for a moment or two and then he ran into the drug-store saying, "Mister, how much yo' charge for dat medicine?" "Ten cents." "Has you any more?" "Yes." "Den jes put twenty cents wuf inter me so I kin ketch dato mule."

—*John Philip Quinn.*

Bored Through to Hell.—A gentleman in the oil region of West Virginia was boring for oil in his lands, and, anxious to complete the job, kept his darkies at work night and day. The nights were cold, and a fire was built near the well. About midnight they struck a vein from which gas rushed out with great force and, igniting from the fire, shot up a stream of brilliant flame one hundred and fifty feet in the air, illuminating the country round. The terrified darkies broke for their master's house and cried out, "Git up, massa, git up, we's dun bruk froo into hell!"

Never Since I Was Weaned.—When these lights have gone out and the melancholy gentlemen in dress suits, whose labors in serving us have compelled them to keep sober, regretfully agitate these soundless bottles and bottoms upward these glasses you have drained; when this joyous company, with clove-laden breaths, segregated in the cold gray morning, and its members seek repose, beside their indignant wives, may we be ready to say if asked, "Have you ever enjoyed a better dinner?" as was said, by a gentleman at an evening party, in reply to the exclamation of a bystander, "Well, did you ever see the like!" as a lady dressed in the lowest style swept by: "Never, that is, since I was weaned."

—*J. B. Green*, of New York, at a "Stage" dinner of Commonwealth Council R. A., Brooklyn, N. Y., winter of 1885-86.

Was Too Speedy for Farmer Smith.—An old friend of mine was engaged to build a line of railroad in the West that is now connected with a system with which I have something to do. He had worked himself up from the bottom and became general manager of a small company. The line which he had engaged to build was through a section of country inhabited by farmers who had never seen a railroad. The line was built, and the train stood on the tracks ready to make the trial trip. A prominent farmer of the region went to my friend and told him that he had ridden about everything from a kicking broncho to a steer, but he had never ridden on a railroad, and he'd like to do it. So he was invited on that trial trip. The train whizzed along and he was mighty amazed. He happened to look out of the window just as the train was crossing a trestle. Seeing no ground underneath him he became badly frightened and fell on his knees in an attitude of prayer.

My friend looked at him for a minute and said: "Why,

Farmer Smith, what's the matter with you? What are you doing?"

"Well," said the old farmer, "I'm praying to the Lord that when this old train lights and smashes I will be spared."

—*Chauncey M. Depew*, at the St. Denis Hotel,
New York City, Christmas Eve, 1896.

A Cow Raised by Yeast.—A Larimer County farmer lost a cow in a queer manner. The animal in rummaging through a summer kitchen found and swallowed an old umbrella and a cake of yeast. The yeast, fermenting in the poor beast's stomach, raised the umbrella and she died in great agony.

Talked Too Much.—It appears that at one time there was a parrot sitting upon a dry goods box and two dogs came along and began fighting on the pavement below. The parrot cried out "sic-em, sic-em." The dogs hearing this noise turned to one side and seeing the parrot forthwith went for him and they had a dog and a parrot time of it. After the scrimmage when the parrot came to himself, his headfeathers gone and his tail feathers gone he gently murmured to himself, "I talk too damn much."

The Dog Died Game.—Two country boys bought a new dog. Anxious to find his sphere of usefulness, they took him out and tried to sick him on a cat, but no cat was to be found. They then tried to engage him in a fight with the neighbor's dog, but he too was absent. In an approaching railway train they saw their opportunity. Heroically he attacked the train, and chased it vigorously for three quarters of a mile. At last they saw him jump straight into the air and fall motionless. Hurrying to the spot, they picked up his dead body, carried it back to the orchard, and gave it a Christian burial. On the pine head-board with a piece of keel, they wrote this epitaph:

"Here lies the body of poor Penny. He died from chasin a train coz we told him to. He done his damdest—angles could do no more!"

—*O. J. Laylander*, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

She's the Gasoline Smell.—The other day I was walking along that part of Division street, which a few years ago was the heart of what was then known as "Kerry Patch." I saw two little boys playing horse, I thought. One boy was in a small cart and the other boy was drawing him. Trailing along behind the cart was a ragged, disconsolate-looking col-

ored girl. She was so black that charcoal would make a white mark on her face.

Stopping to light my cigar, I asked one of the boys:

"Son, what are you playing?"

"We're playing automobile," he replied.

"Well," I asked, "why don't you let your little colored friend play in the game too?"

"She's playing," he replied. "She's the gasoline smell."

Hell to Pay if Train Had Missed the Hole.—A young Irishman, who had been residing in this country for some time, desiring to show his father, who was on his first visit from Ireland to the United States, the wonderful sights of this country, took him to the entrance of the Hoosac tunnel. This tunnel represents one of the greatest feats of engineering in the world. While the father and son were standing at the entrance of the tunnel, a limited express train traveling at the rate of seventy miles an hour, shot into the tunnel like a streak of lightning. The old man contemplated the sight in blank amazement. Whereupon his son inquired, "Father, what do you think of that sight?" Whereupon the old man exclaimed, "Begorra, I was just thinking what in the hell would have become of that train if it had missed the hole." —*W. W. Dodge, Burlington, Iowa.*

Sold His Return Trip Ticket to Heaven.—It is strangely told of an old gambler who had cashed in his checks and gone to heaven, that, after being showed the sights of the celestial city until becoming weary, he asked the angel who was guiding him around for a ticket to the lower regions where he might have the opportunity to investigate the social conditions of the inhabitants of the kingdom of Beelzebub. The old gambler received his round-trip ticket and was soon in the region of fire and brimstone. The first sight that caught his eye was a party of old time gamblers playing a game of poker for vast sums of money. He was invited by one of them to enter the game. He replied he had no money, but his ready resources prompted him to say that he would soon return with money to enter the game. Nearby he found an individual with a sanctified air who seemed to be dissatisfied with his surroundings. After talking with him for a few moments he returned to the gambling table with a large roll of bills, whereupon one of the players inquired, "Where did you get all that money?" "Why, I have just sold my return-trip ticket to heaven."

—*John A. Lynch, New York City.*

A Model Englishman.—Robert Laurie Morant, M. P., who is credited with having drafted the education bill now before parliament, is a man of splendid athletic frame, six feet four inches tall, a born fighter and of iron will. In speaking of Mr. Morant, a London writer says that Mr. Gladstone said, when he looked at the burly form of Dwight L. Moody, the American revivalist: "Mr. Moody, I wish I had your shoulders." To which the preacher retorted: "Mr. Gladstone, I wish I had your head." The London writer adds: "When I saw Mr. Morant I envied both his shoulders and his head."

Didn't Have a Chance.—A New York man tells this story of a friend who was very fond of field sports and possessed a fine pair of red Irish setters. One night he visited a fashionable gambling establishment, taking the dogs with him. He sat down to enjoy supper, when the proprietor, who was very fond of shooting, remarked:

"Those are very fine animals, Mr. Blank. Are they broke?"

"Heavens, no!" was the response. "They haven't been in here five minutes."

A Cowardly Pair of Legs.—Once a soldier had demoralized his regiment by running away in battle, and trying to induce others to follow him. President Lincoln looked in vain for a reason why the coward should not die. Finally, running his long fingers through his hair, as he often did when puzzled, he looked up and said:

"The only thing I can do is to put this with my leg cases."

"Leg cases," exclaimed Judge Holt, "what do you mean by leg cases, sir?"

"Cases that you call cowardice, in-the-face-of-the-enemy. I call them 'leg cases' for short. If the Almighty gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he prevent their running away from him?"

—*Mr. William E. Curtis*, of Washington, D. C., at Lincoln's Birthday Banquet, Delmonico's, New York City, Feb. 12, 1903.

A Resourceful Irish Soldier.—A soldier of Hibernian extraction came up to a general officer in the streets of New York, and held out his hand for alms, evidently wanting to put himself temporarily on the General's pay roll, as it were. The General said, "Why don't you work?" He said he couldn't on account of his wounds. The General asked where he was wounded. He said, "In the retreat at Bull Run." "But where

abouts on your person?" He replied, "You'll notice the scar here" (pointing to his face). "Now, how could you get wounded in the face while on the retreat?" "I had the indiscretion to look back." "Well," said the General, "that wouldn't prevent your working." "Ah," answered the man, "the worst wound is here" (left breast). The General said, "Oh, that's all bosh; if the bullet had gone in there, it would have passed through your heart and killed you." "I beg your pardon, sir, at that moment me heart was in me mouth."

Abraham Lincoln Believed in Ploughing Around It.—President Lincoln often used a peculiar expression from his farming days, when he said that he "ploughed around" difficulties he could not remove; and once admonished the cabinet that it was wiser to give the road to the dog than be bitten by him in contesting the right of way.

Must Not Be Interfered with in California.—"During the good old days in California," said Colonel Ingersoll, "it was the law that the holders of a claim should be liable to lose it if he let it remain idle for ten days in succession. Well, there was one fellow who had been working faithfully, when he was taken sick and had to fake to his tent. Another fellow came along and jumped his claim. So when the first man recovered he sued the interloper.

"The case came up before the justice. He was very sorry, he told the plaintiff, but the law was absolute on the question, and the defendant could not be ousted. No sooner had he finished than the plaintiff jumped up and hit the defendant a stinging blow behind the ear. The defendant fell over, and the plaintiff jumped on him and began to pummel him soundly. The constable ran up and was trying to part the fighters, when the judge arose, and pounding on the desk, yelled to the constable:

"— you, sir, leave them alone! The law is the law, but if the gentlemen want to compromise, they mustn't be interfered with."

President Lincoln's Description of a Barber's Novel Way of Shaving.—A barber in Saugamore County was about going to bed when a stranger came along and said he must have a shave. He said he had a few days' beard on his face, and he was going to a ball, and the barber must cut it off. The barber got up reluctantly, dressed, and put the stranger in a chair

with a low back to it, and every time he bore down he came near dislocating his patient's neck. He began by lathering his face, including nose, eyes, and ears, stropped his razor on his boot, and then made a drive scraping down the right cheek, carrying away the beard and a pimple and two or three warts. The man in the chair said, "You appear to make everything level as you go." The barber said, "Yes, if this handle don't break, I will get away with what there is there." The man's cheeks were so hollow that the barber could not get down into the valleys with the razor, and an ingenious idea occurred to him to stick his finger in the man's mouth and press out the cheeks. Finally he cut clean through the cheek and into his own finger. He pulled the finger out of the man's mouth, and snapped the blood off it, looked at him and said, "There, you lantern-jawed cuss, you have made me cut my finger."

Preferred to Pull the Front Teeth.—A newly fledged dentist, when his first patient, coming from the country, told him he wanted two back teeth pulled, placed him in a chair, and in a few moments had pulled out his two front teeth. The patient left the chair and calling the dentist's attention to the fact that he had pulled the wrong teeth, said, "I told you to pull these two back teeth." "Yes," said the dentist, "so you did, but I found that the front ones were kind of handier to get at."

A President Who Was Unpopular in Kansas.—There is a story in reference to a certain President, who was not popular with some of his own people in a particular Western State. One of its Senators went to the White House and said he wanted a friend of his appointed postmaster of Topeka. The President's private secretary said, "I am very sorry, indeed, sir, but the President wants to appoint a personal friend." Thereupon the Senator said, "Well, for God's sake, if he has one friend in Kansas, let him appoint him!"

The General Was Opposed to a Rear Fire.—George Washington was once at a dinner party, where his host had set him with his back to a fiery red-hot stove. Finding it quite too hot for comfort, after some squirming, he beat a retreat for a more comfortable position, at the same time explaining the reason. "Why," said the hostess, jocularly, "I thought an old general like you could stand fire better than that." "I never could stand a fire in my rear," replied the general.

Father Takes It Straight.—It seems that the young ladies of Kentucky are truthful as well as noted for their beauty. In a little country town situated in a valley of the Blue Grass State, a death occurred in the family where the pride of the household was a charming and lovely young maiden. A friend called at the home of the mourning and said to the young lady, "So your poor mother is dead, and how does your father take it?" The bereaved daughter very promptly replied, "Oh! straight, as usual, thank you."

*W. W. Dodge, at a Banquet of Eagles,
Burlington, Iowa, June, 1903.*

Lincoln Saw a Way.—A young sergeant distinguished himself by his gallantry at Donelson and was recommended for promotion. He was summoned to appear before a military board at Washington and closely questioned by West Point graduates. None of his answers was satisfactory. When the report reached President Lincoln, he fidgeted for a moment, laid the paper on his desk, then, taking one gaunt knee in his hands, said: "I don't know what to do with this case. Here's a young fellow who knows nothing of the science of losing battles. He doesn't even know the technical name of the fortification on which he ran up the stars and stripes in the face of the enemy." He thought a moment, then indorsed the report: "Give this man a captain's certificate."

—A. Lincoln.

Geography with a Revolver.—"While I was dining at a London club," said a traveler, "I heard a San Francisco man tell a fairy tale about revolver practice in the west that was swallowed without a whimper by our credulous hosts. It started by his being asked if it was true that all westerners were natural marksmen.

"Not all," answered the man from the Pacific slope. 'Shooting, you know, is taught in our public schools.'

"Indeed?" returned the Britisher. 'And how do you proceed with such instruction?'

"The teachers combine revolver practice with geography,' calmly explained the cheerful liar. 'You see, they have a big map of the world hung on a schoolroom wall, and in the lower classes a small boy is asked to locate England on the map. The boy doesn't say anything, but just draws his six shooter and puts a bullet in the middle of England or any other country that happens to be asked for.

"'Among the more advanced classes the scholars are required to pick out the cities and towns as well. If any one fails to puncture the right spot on the map, its a sign he doesn't know his geography; that's all.'"

Didn't Know His Own Child.—At Antietam, just after the artillery had been sharply engaged, the Rockbridge (Va.) battery was standing waiting orders. General Lee rode by and stopped a moment. A dirty-faced driver about seventeen said to him:

"General, are you going to put us in again?"

Think of such a question from such a source to the general of the army, especially when that general's name was Lee!

"Yes, my boy," the stately officer kindly answered, "I have to put you in again. But what is your name? Your face seems familiar, somehow."

"I don't wonder you didn't know me, sir," laughed the lad, "I'm so dirty. But I'm Bob."

It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia Military Institute. "God bless you, my son, do your duty," and the general rode on.

The Son Deserved the Watch.—A father had promised his boy a watch not intending to fulfill the promise when made. He was unwise, as the lad abundantly proved to him. Every day the lad inquired if he had bought that watch. The unwise father lost his patience and angrily told the lad that if he ever mentioned watch again to him he would give him something he would not soon forget. At family worship that evening each member of the family, as was their custom, gave, from memory a verse from the Bible. When the lad's turn came, he quoted Mark 13: 37—"And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."

—*Hon. T. G. Harper, Burlington. Iowa.*

A Marvel of Science.—During a visit to the south with an eclipse expedition some years ago an eminent American professor met an old negro servant whose duty it was to look after the chickens of the establishment where he was staying. The day before the eclipse took place the professor in an idle moment called the old man to him and said, "Sam, if to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock you watch your chickens you will find they will all go to roost."

Sam was skeptical, of course, but when at the appointed

time the next day the sun in the heavens was darkened and the chickens retired to roost, the negro's astonishment knew no bounds. He approached the professor in awed wonder. "Massa," he asked, "how long ago did you know dat dem chickens would go to roost?"

"Oh, a long time," said the professor, airily.

"Did you know a year ago, massa?"

"Yes."

"Then dat beats de debil!" exclaimed the astonished old man. "Dem chickens weren't hatched a year ago!"

For the Last Edition.—An amusing story is told of the editor of a go-ahead London evening newspaper, who, in the eternal rushing to press to get ahead of the opposition was constantly impressing upon his reporters the necessity for condensing all news.

A terrific boiler explosion had taken place on board a big ship lying at Portsmouth.

"Get down there as hard as you can," he said to one of his men. "If you catch the 11:40 from London bridge you'll be there soon after 2, and you can just wire us something for the fifth edition, but boil it down."

And the reporter went. Soon after 3 o'clock they got a wire from him:

"Terrific explosion. Man o' war. Boiler empty. Engineer full. Funeral to-morrow."

Missourians Required to be Shown.—Passing up a street of a Missouri town, one day, I observed suspended from a nail in front of a store, a huge pair of overalls, attached to which was a huge sign, which bore the inscription, "Maid Inside." Being in Missouri and remembering that they should be shown, I looked into the breeches to see the maid, but found none.

—Hon. T. G. Harper, Burlington, Iowa.

Bill Nye on Life Insurance.—Life insurance is a great thing. I would not be without it. As a means of longevity it is equal to the French duel. My own health is greatly improved since I got my nice new policy, with my name beautifully underscored with red ink.

Formerly I used to have a seal-brown taste in my mouth in the morning. My mouth tasted like the dead past. I also had that tired feeling, hot flashes, ringing in the ears, a con-

stant desire to evade work, gnawing sensation at the base of the chest, horror of industry, etc., etc.

But all that has passed away. I am more hopeful, and even my hair looks more hopeful. I would not try to keep house without life insurance. Six years ago I was caught up into heaven—and returned with thanks—by one of the most destructive cyclones that ever visited a republican form of government. A great deal of property was destroyed and many lives were lost, and I was spared as a monument of divine clemency and mercy. Of course I had my leg broken in two places, but might have avoided that if I had taken out an accident policy. I look upon life insurance as a great comfort, not only with the beneficiary, but with the insured, who very rarely live to realize anything pecuniary from its venture. Twice I have almost raised my wife into affluence and cast a gloom over the whole community in which I lived, but something happened to the physician for a few days, so he could not attend me, and so I recovered.

For two years I was under the care of a distinguished veterinary surgeon of Wyoming. He is dead now. One day he was ill and during a lucid interval he sent for another doctor, but after the doctor had gone, my physician, while delirious prescribed for himself, and now the sage hen monkeys o'er his lowly tomb.

—*Bill Nye.*

The Uncertainties of War.—A soldier was asked by a comrade who was badly wounded to carry him to the rear. He complied. They started for the rear when a shell struck and tore away the wounded soldier's head. The other did not observe this and continued to the rear with the headless body.

Meeting an officer, he was asked why he was carrying that body about. The soldier replied, "He asked me to take him to the rear." "But," said the officer, "his head is shot away." The soldier brought the body around so he could see the place where the head should be, then turning to the officer, said, "Damn it, he didn't tell me that his head was shot off, he said it was his leg that was gone."

The Embarrassment of a Newly-married Couple.—It was their first child. Of course it was the sweetest babe in the world. Every parent thinks that. This babe must have a baby carriage. The fond parents carried it to the furniture store, where they made a selection of a carriage. Seating the

babe in the same, they wheeled it out of the store and down the street. Soon they observed that they were attracting attention. People they met smiled broadly and some laughed outright. This greatly annoyed the young couple. It finally became unbearable. John gave the carriage into the care of Mary and stepping briskly forward looked back to see if anything was wrong, and was horrified to see that they had forgotten to remove the sale card which bore the following inscription in big, bold print, "Our Own Make."

—Hon. T. G. Harper, Burlington, Iowa.

He Got a Bad Wife.—(This story was related by Hon. Stephen A. Douglass, at a meeting of the Clover Club, Chicago, June 19, 1891.)

This ceremony to-night makes me think of a story, a real circumstance that happened in North Carolina some years ago. A negro man and woman went to a justice of the peace to get married. Two or three weeks after this, the man came back and said: "Marse Justice, you must unmarry us." "I can't unmarry you," was the reply. "You must." "I can't." "But you must." "I can't. You have got to go before a court and get a divorce." "Boss, you got me into all this trouble, and you must get me out of it." "I can't do it. You took that woman for better or worse." "I know that, but then—she is a d—d sight worse than I took her for!"

Came to Fish.—A judge who was unexpectedly called upon to reply to a toast at a dinner, said that the situation reminded him of the story of a man who fell into the water while he was fishing. He was rescued with considerable difficulty, and after he was fairly comfortable his rescuer asked how he came to fall into the water. "I did not come to fall into the water, I came to fish," was his reply.

Sassed by the Corpse.—A classmate of mine, a preacher, was located in a spiritualistic neighborhood, and the leader of the spiritualist band died. His next friend came to see the clergyman, and said: "We have something of the old Puritan spirit left, though we have renounced it in our practice, and we want our leader buried by Christian ceremonial. Will you attend?" My friend, the clergyman, consented in the best spirit of Christian charity. He gave out the hymn, read a passage of Scripture, and made such remarks as he conscientiously could.



A. R. TALBOT,
Head Consul Modern Woodmen of America.

Whereupon the wife of the dead spiritualist rose and said that she had a communication from her husband. That critical spirit tore the eulogium to pieces, ripped up the Scripture quoted, and denounced the hymn. The surviving leader of the spiritualist band came to the clergyman and said: "We beg your pardon. We had no idea that our leader would come back here and act in this way, and we hope you will forgive us."

"My friend," the clergyman said, "I will forgive you, because it is the first time in my many ministrations that I have ever been sassed by the corpse."

—*Senator Chauncey M. Depew.*

Never Met Mr. Field Socially Before.—Marshall Field, the Chicago dry goods merchant, hurried into the barber's chair of the United Express on which he was a passenger. The barber, a negro, was aware of the identity of his distinguished patron. So he attended to the shave the merchant prince desired with all the skill and care at his command. He was rewarded with a substantial fee, and hastened to acquaint the other employes on the train with the fact.

"That Mist' Field is a mighty fine gemman," he announced; "just as nice a man as you'd want to meet. I've often been in his store in Chicago, you know, but, of course; I nevah met him socially befo'."

How Lincoln's Opponent Reminded Him of a Steamer.—Col. L. H. Waters heard Lincoln tell this story while arguing a case in Illinois where he was opposed by a verbose but empty-headed lawyer:

"My honorable opponent," said Lincoln, "reminds me of a steamer that used to run on the Sangamon River. Its whistle was bigger than its boiler. When it whistled it had to stop running, and when it ran it had to stop whistling. That's the way with my opponent. When he talks he has to stop thinking, and when he thinks he has to stop talking."

—*Lincoln.*

Our Departed Brother Was a Good One.—Private John Allen of Mississippi, who has resumed the practice of law, has a new story which he tells apropos of his retirement from Congress. It is that of a colored preacher who said in a funeral sermon:

"Some say our departed brother was good, some that he was bad. We will leave God to judge, and console our grief with the knowledge that he is, at any rate, dead."

W. M. Evarts and the New York Farmer.—An old New York farmer and admirer of William M. Evarts visited Washington, and was anxious to see the great lawyer. The Congressman from his district took him to the Senate, and when near Voorhees he asked, "Is that Evarts?" "No." Catching a glimpse of Logan, he repeated the question to be again disappointed. As Evarts came in a moment later and was pointed out to his admirer, the farmer gave one long look over the tall, gaunt form and ejaculated: "By gum, I'll bet he boards!"

Widow Got the Verdict.—"Never cross-question an Irishman from the old sod," advises one of the foremost railroad attorneys of the age. "Even if he does not think of an answer he will stumble into some bull that will demoralize the court and jury, and whenever a witness tickles a jury his testimony gains vastly in its influence.

"Yes, I'm speaking from experience. The only witness who ever made me throw up my hands and leave the courtroom was a green Irishman. A section hand had been killed by an express train and his widow was suing for damages. I had a good case, but made the mistake of trying to turn the main witness inside out.

"In his quaint way he had given a graphic description of the fatality, occasionally shedding tears and calling on the saints. Among other things he swore positively that the locomotive whistle was not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend. Then I thought I had him.

"See here, McGinnis," said I, "you admit that the whistle blew?"

"Yis, sor; it blewed, sor."

"Now if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"Yis, sor, and Mike would be tistifyin' here this day." (The jury giggled.)

A Foreign Language in One's Own Country.—I went to a hotel in Georgia and said to the clerk, "Where shall I autograph?"

"Autograph?" said the clerk.

"Yes; sign my name, you know."

"Oh, right here." I signed my name in the register. In a little while in came some Georgia crackers. One of them advanced to the desk.

"Will you autograph?" asked the little clerk, with a smile.

"Cert'nly," said the Georgia cracker, beaming. "Mine's rye. What's yours, fellows?"

The clerk treated with good grace. Then he leaned back and glared at me. I felt sorry for him and was somewhat conscience stricken.

"Too bad," I said. "This is what comes from speaking a foreign language in one's own country."

—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

Worked for His Sheep.—A resident of London with a taste for deviled kidneys, found himself recently in a remote west of England village, where a sheep was killed about once a week. Not knowing that mutton was a luxury and kidneys, for obvious reasons, therefore, a rarity, he presented himself day after day at the village butcher's with the same request for his favorite breakfast dish. The butcher, looking upon his customer as a lunatic bore it as long as he could, but on the fifth day said indignantly: "If you think, young man, that my sheep have nothing better to do than to lay kidneys for your breakfast, you be mortal mistook."

Had Something to Say.—At the dinner given by the Green-Room Club of Chicago to Sir Henry Irving, the English actor, explaining his inability to respond properly to the toast in his honor, he recalled an incident many years ago in London, when he sat next to Sir Charles Russell at a banquet. Sir Charles leaned over and said that he was down to propose Mr. Irving's health in a few minutes, and that he was at a loss to know what to say.

"Well," said Irving, "I should not think that a man so used to public speaking as you would be at a loss for words. Language should come very easily to a man who made so eloquent an address before the Parnell commission as you did."

"But," protested Sir Charles, "on that occasion I had something to say."

A Lincoln Story.—Abraham Lincoln was once retained to defend a man charged with stealing some hams. At the trial the accused himself gave some very damaging testimony which so alarmed Mr. Lincoln that he went over to his client and told him that any further effort to clear him would be useless. The accused insisted and Mr. Lincoln made a short plea to the jury. The charge of the court was very clear and

there was little doubt that the defendant would be convicted. The jury was out only five minutes and returned a verdict of "not guilty." Mr. Lincoln touched his client on the shoulder and asked him if he expected that.

"Why, yes," he replied, "eleven of them fellows helped eat them hams."

How Lincoln Felt Like the Irishman.—Colonel Alexander of Kansas speaks of a visit to President Lincoln in 1861, when he found him greatly worried. "This being President isn't all that it is cracked up to be, is it, Mr. Lincoln?" asked the Colonel.

"No," replied Lincoln, his eyes twinkling, "I feel something like the Irishman who, after being ridden on a rail, said: 'Bejabbers, if it wasn't for the honor of the thing I'd rather walk.'"

Interest in Favor of Debtor.—The following story is attributed to Governor McCorkle of West Virginia:

A colored man was telling a white friend about another negro who owed him two dollars and absolutely refused to pay the debt. The creditor dunned and dunned him, but all to no purpose. Finally the creditor went to his white friend, who is a lawyer, and poured his tale of woe into his ear. "Well," said the lawyer, "if he positively refuses to pay you, what reason did he give?" "Well, boss," said the colored man, "he said he had owed me dat money fo' so long dat de interest had dun et it all up, and he didn't owe me a cent."

Senator Hoar Rejoices in His Friend's Illness.—Senator Hoar said the other day, on learning that a friend who had been supposed to have appendicitis was only suffering from a severe attack of indigestion:

"That is good news. I rejoice that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."

The Old Man's Snake Story.—"And you say the snake was fifteen feet long?"

"Well, suh, he looked dat long w'en he stretched his full length ter strike me."

"But—a snake never strikes unless he's in coil."

"Marse Tom," said the old man, "we better end dis conversation right whar it is. Either I'm a natchul bo'n liar or long drinkin' hez made you a fust class authority on snakes."

Ben Wade's Wit.—Old Ben Wade was traveling over the Union Pacific railroad, through Cheyenne and Laramie. Sitting down by Jules Daniels, who ran a ranche at Laramie, old Ben remarked:

"This is a very bad country—a God-forsaken country, Mr. Daniels."

"You are mistaken, Senator," said Jules. "This is a very good country. All it lacks is water and good society."

"Yes—that's all hell lacks," growled old Ben.

Of No Value to Him.—A shrewd old farmer named Uncle Harvey was approached by a bright, breezy young man who was selling incubators. The salesman gave Uncle Harvey the usual eloquent arguments. There was not another such incubator to be found, the prices were remarkably low, and so on.

Uncle Harvey did not respond. The young man talked himself out and made no impression. Finally he said: "You don't seem to appreciate these incubators."

"No," said Uncle Harvey.

"But just think of the time they will save!"

Uncle Harvey gave him one cold look and said: "What do you suppose I care for a hen's time?"

Ben Butler and the Young Lawyer.—General Benjamin F. Butler was at one time a member of a commission to examine young applicants for admission to the bar, and before him came a youth who failed miserably on every branch of the law in which he was examined.

Finally Butler turned to the young man and asked, "What would you like to be examined in? You have failed in everything we have suggested."

The reply came, "Try me on the statutes; I'm up in them."

Butler shook his head solemnly. "My young friend," he said, "I'm afraid you won't do. You may be ever so familiar with the statutes, but what is to prevent a foolish legislature from repealing all you know?"

Mr. Vanderbilt and the Negro Servant.—The people of Asheville, N. C., have heard an amusing anecdote about George Vanderbilt, a certain English nobleman, and a negro butler. Mr. Vanderbilt's estate, "Biltmore," is near Asheville. The nobleman had gone to the Carolina mountains for his health, and he had employed the negro, together with several other servants of the same race, to wait upon him in a leased house.

It happened that the butler, John by name, was very religious, so very religious that he declined to address his master as "My lord," on the ground that such a form of address was sacrilegious. The nobleman gave orders, but they were disobeyed in this particular, and John was too good a servant to be discharged without unusual cause. But the time came when there was a final clash. The nobleman was to invite Mr. Vanderbilt to dinner, and he said to John:

"This time you must obey me. When Mr. Vanderbilt enters you must announce him thus: "My lord—Mr. Vanderbilt."

John demurred at first, but a threat of instant dismissal persuaded him to forget his religious scruples for this one time.

Mr. Vanderbilt came. The negro threw open the drawing-room door, and cried at the top of his voice:

"Great God—Mr. Vanderbilt!"

A Fool's Retort.—One day at the court of Ferdinand II. a silly courtier fancied that he could amuse those present by his frivolities, which prompted Jonas, Ferdinand's favorite fool, to answer him according to his folly. But this so enraged the courtier that he shouted: "Fellow, be silent, I never stoop to talk with a fool."

"Well, I do," retorted Jonas, "and therefore be good enough to listen to me in your turn."

The Germans Were Too Well-Mannered to Laugh.—Col. Adolphus Busch, who has been doing some booming as a member of the St. Louis Exposition Exploiting Committee, tells the following story:

"Last summer when I went to Europe I took along my head brewer, whose admiration for his adopted country is only equaled by his desire to appear thoroughly Americanized. Together we visited his native town in Germany, where he was made much of. Of course they had a 'kommers,' and my companion took the opportunity to endeavor to make a speech after the American style, but in the German language, of course. He started out boldly, though he is no public speaker, and got along fairly well until he attempted the funny story which he knew should accompany every American speech worthy the name. It was funny, I assure you, as he told it, but his hearers were too well-mannered to laugh at their fel-

low townsman, and so it fell flat. Discouraged and disgusted by this lack of appreciation of American humor, he dropped heavily into his chair and, leaning across the table, whispered to me:

"I'd gif ten tollars if dot story was pack into me."

An American Cannot be Outdone.—"When I was in India," said the man who had traveled, "the native thieves stole the sheets from under me while I slept and I never knew it."

"Yes, and when I was in the Northwest during the boom," said the man who will never admit that America can be outdone, "I had to sleep in a room where there were four real estate agents and one of them stole a porous plaster from my back without awakening me."

The Day We Celebrate.—Chauncey Olcott tells this story:

On one of his return voyages to this country the vessel on which he was a passenger arrived in New York on July 4. As the steamship neared the city the sounds of celebration were distinctly audible and several Americans on deck cheered lustily. Standing near Olcott were two immigrants, an Englishman and an Irishman, who for the first time heard the eagle scream. At the sound of the cheering the Englishman asked:

"What's all the row about?"

"Arrah, don't you know?" queried the Irishman, in surprise.

"No."

"Sure, me boy," answered the future alderman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "this is the day we licked yez."

Was Fond of Cabbage.—An old ex-slave of Tennessee went to Memphis to get his pension check cashed. After receiving his money, which amounted to \$11, he sauntered down Front street and bought three crates of cabbages. When they were delivered at the wharf late that afternoon the old man was there and received them with a mouth watering in anticipation of the good time ahead.

"Whut yer gwine ter do wid dem cabbages?" inquired the negro drayman who delivered them.

"Eat 'em," was the quick response; "I'se bin free forty years, and dis is de first time I'se had de money to buy 'nuff cabbage. I'se gwine ter eat cabbage till I furgit de way ter my mouf."

Mr. Frederick Warde, the Tragedian, Has a Hard Time to Dismiss a Missouri Audience.—Mr. Frederick Warde, the tragedian, is a great raconteur, and has an endless fund of amusing anecdotes. Talking about the dramatic justice that audiences ever demand, he tells a capital story of his once playing "Virginius" in a city in Missouri. The play was brought to a successful end; but in the dramatic construction one of the villains is left unpunished. The audience were profoundly impressed, but did not move. Mr. Warde had gone to his dressing-room and commenced to disrobe, when the manager came and told him the audience would not move—what should he do? Mr. Warde suggested the turning down of the footlights, as a hint that the performance was concluded, which was done without avail. The distressed manager once more sought out Mr. Warde, who by this time was in the costume of Adam before the fall (in tights) and entreated him to go before the curtain. "Not for the world, as I am," replied the tragedian; "do you go and tell them the play is over." No, the manager would not, and Mr. Warde reluctantly donned an ulster, thrust a towel around his neck, and with his feet in Roman sandals and a rubicund face, which had just been energetically scrubbed, stepped before the curtain and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: the play is over, I am dead, Virginia is dead, Dontatus is dead, and Appius Claudius is dead"—when a voice from the gods yelled out, "What have you done with the other son of a gun?"

Stood for Stonewall.—When Jackson gave an order, it was obeyed to the letter. The following dialogue, current at the time between one of Stonewall Jackson's soldiers and the provost guard illustrates Jackson's tact at eluding his enemy and also the obedience rendered and the confidence reposed in him by his troops.

The orders read on dress parade the evening before Jackson left the valley to take a part in the seven days' fight around Richmond were that in case the army moved before further orders the answer from every soldier to any and all questions except those connected with the army shall be, "I don't know." On the march the provost guard found a soldier in a cherry-tree helping himself, when the following took place:

"Who are you?" demanded the guard.

"I don't know," replied the soldier.
 "Where is your command?"
 "I don't know."
 "To what command do you belong?"
 "I don't know."
 "What are you doing in that cherry-tree?"
 "I don't know."
 "Are those cherries you are eating?"
 "I don't know."
 "Is there anything you do know?"
 "Yes."
 "What is it?"

"Well, the last order I had from old Stonewall was that I was not to know anything until further orders, and gentlemen, I will see you all hanged before I will know anything until old Stonewall takes that order off."

Tom Marshall's Wit.—One time Gen. Tom Marshall was speaking to a large gathering in Buffalo, when some one present every few moments, kept shouting, "Louder! louder!"

Tom stood this for awhile, but at last, turning gravely to the presiding officer, he said: "Mr. Chairman. At the last day, when the angel shall, with his golden trumpet, proclaim that time shall be no longer; when the quick and dead shall appear before the mercy seat to be judged, I doubt not, sir, that the solemnity of that solemn and awful scene will be interrupted by some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting, 'Louder, Lord, louder!'"

The Right Idea.—Hans Jensen, a Dane, who appeared before a Kansas judge in order to take out naturalization papers, very easily proved himself worthy of citizenship.

"Hans," said the judge, "are you satisfied with the general conditions of the country? Does this government suit you?"

"Yas, yas," replied the Dane; "only I would like to see more rain."

"Swear him!" exclaimed the judge, "I see that he already has the Kansas idea."

The Freight-Train Joke.—At a private dinner in England I told the very best story I could think of. It was greeted with a little laughter. Next day I met my host on the Strand. He advanced to me, smiling, began to laugh as he grasped my hand, and said:

"Do you know, Depew, that was a capital thing you got off last night—capital. And do you know I have just this minute been thinking what a capital thing it was? The point of the joke has just come to me."

I said, "Why it must have traveled to you on a freight train."

"My dear Mr. Depew, I assure you I haven't seen any freight train. I assure you I haven't, 'pon honor."

—Depew.

Mrs. Foot and the Misses Feet.—An ex-Senator seated in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other afternoon said:

"My wife and daughter had been training a negro butler in Washington for a month or more before their first reception, and as the fellow was bright he learned rapidly. But they were a little fearful of some *faux pas* on his part before the afternoon would be over, and they were not disappointed.

"On account of our short residence in Washington we were comparative strangers to most of the people calling, so 'Charles' was told to be very particular to get the names correctly and call them out distinctly. He had been getting along beautifully, announcing the names of the visitors as they came in, until Mrs. Foot, the wife of the Congressman from Vermont, and her daughters arrived. Then he announced in loud, distinct tones:

"'Mrs. Foot and the Misses Feet.'"

Mr. Depew and His Farmer Constituent.—Senator Chauncey M. Depew was visited in his committee room at the Capitol recently by a New York farmer whom he had met on one of his campaigning tours, through the western counties of the State.

The Senator, as is his wont, exhibited a lively interest in his constituent's health, and, thus encouraged, the visitor began to unburden himself as to his family troubles, and the warm-hearted Senator showed much sympathy when the man related how his wife drove him out of the house in her temper.

"I feel deeply for you," said the Senator in his most sympathetic voice, and he grew eloquent in his efforts to comfort the disconsolate farmer.

"Why," said the Senator's visitor, astonished at this outburst of feeling, "are you married, too?"

The Senator's mirth pretty nearly overcame his sympathy for his unhappy constituent.

What St. Peter Will Say to Joseph Jefferson.—Joseph Jefferson is a firmly established favorite at Yale, where he annually delivers an informal address before the undergraduates on the afternoon preceding his evening appearance at the Hyperion Theater. Last year Mr. Jefferson was taken by a senior to "Mory's," the orthodox shophouse that is one of the landmarks of Yale. The rooms are mellow with age and rich with tradition and are generally conducive to reminiscences. Mr. Jefferson was discussing the life to come and was asked by his student host:

"Mr. Jefferson, it is said that we shall have the same character of work in the next world as on earth. Do you expect to be an actor in heaven?"

"Well," replied Mr. Jefferson, "I'll tell you. I am afraid that if I reach the golden gates, St. Peter will shake his head and say: 'For heaven's sake, Joe, change your rôles.'"

Frederick Warde, the Tragedian, Plays "Virginius" in Street Clothes.—An amusing story is told of Frederick Warde, the tragedian, explaining the hardships of his famous performance of "Virginius" at the Grand Opera House, Pittsburg, a few years ago, when he and his company played two acts of that romantic tragedy in their ordinary street clothes. The baggage of the company had gone astray, and at eight o'clock in the evening the opera house was full of people and the company had no costumes. What was to be done? Mr. Warde settled the question by stepping in front of the curtain, and in the course of a humorous speech, in which he explained the situation, offered to go on with the play if the audience would grant them indulgence by allowing them to appear "as we are." The audience applauded, and looked forward with some pleasure to a novel experience. "As we are," in Mr. Warde's own case, meant a short sack coat and gray trousers. He was the Virginius, of course, the lady who played Virginia, appeared in a tailor-made traveling costume, with a satchel suspended over her shoulder by a strap, while a little round walking hat with a coquettish feather topped her off. The rest of the company were ordinary young men and women who looked like dry goods clerks and schoolma'ams as much as anything else. The play opened with the regulation scenery of early Rome, but the performers were all most prosaically of the nineteenth century. The flowing periods of the text were spoken with the utmost gravity by the dry

goods clerks and school ma'ams, and then Mr. Warde with his short sack coat tightly buttoned around him, strode into view and began to declaim the beautiful language Sheridan Knowles has placed in the mouth of Virginius. The audience tittered at first, but only for a moment. There was no resisting the earnestness of Mr. Warde's Virginius, in spite of his absurd costume. Even when he threw his arms around, in the act of drawing about him his imaginary flowing white robe, they did not laugh. They could only see Virginius, and the short sack coat had disappeared entirely. In the course of the first act, Virginius seized a shield and sword, as he exits, with a heroic speech. Mr. Warde drew the glittering silver shield upon the arm that was arrayed in a wrinkled black sleeve belonging to the sack coat, producing a very queer effect of incongruity, but the audience accepted it as archaeologically correct, and did not resent the sack coat even then. It was really a wonderful performance, and it is doubtful whether the audience enjoyed the latter part of the play more than the first, although after the second act the trunks arrived, and the conclusion of "Virginius" was given in the magnificent costumes that Mr. Warde always insists upon in his productions. Talking afterward about the matter Mr. Warde said:

"Yes, it was a rather risky thing, but it turned out all right. Just before the curtain went up, I called the company around me on the stage and spoke to them, saying: 'Now, boys, this is very funny. I admit that. But, to oblige me, and to sustain your own reputation as artists, please laugh at it now, and not before the audience. Forget that you are not properly costumed, and show the people of Pittsburg that a good performance of "Virginius" does not depend upon dry goods and armor. That is all I have to say. I leave your conduct on the stage to your own good taste.' And," continued Mr. Warde, beaming with satisfaction, "you saw how they behaved themselves. They did not think about their dress, but they paid attention only to their business. But I should not care to play "Virginius" in a sack coat for a regular thing."

The Goat and the Plug.—Three colored men were discussing the intelligence of different animals. One claimed that the dog knew more than all other animals put together. The horse was favored by a second man, but old Peter Jackson said that, "in my opinion de goat am de telligentest critter livin'. I kin prove dat de goat kin read. I saw him do it, an' I know

it am true. Several days ago, I wuz walkin' down street, dressed in mah best suit of clothes, an' wearin' mah new plug hat. When I got down on de main street I seed a billboa'd on which it said, 'Chew Jackson's plug.' A goat wuz standin' thar when I passed, an' when I wuz about ten feet away he must hab recognized me, for de next thing I knew I went sailin' out in de mud. When I looked 'round, dat goat wuz chewin' mah plug hat for all he wuz worth. Gem'men, da is no question in mah mind about de 'telligence ob de goat. He am a wondah."

Supposed to Be in Hell.—When Henry Irving was rehearsing for his production of "Faust" he experienced much difficulty in restraining the exuberance of the supers, who persisted in being light-hearted even in hades. Sir Henry is proverbially long-suffering about such matters, but his patience finally gave out, and he thundered: "Kindly remember that you are supposed to be in hell, not picnicking at Hampstead heath."

Senator Evarts' Lonesome Donkey.—Senator Evarts bought a farm up in Vermont recently and took his family there to spend the summer. Mr. Evarts managed to visit the folks about once a week, but business made it necessary for him to live in New York. Among the appurtenances appertaining to the farm was a donkey, which soon became a great pet with the young folks.

Not long ago Mr. Evarts was startled by the receipt of a telegram from home. It was from his youngest daughter. "Dear papa," said she, "something ails the donkey. I'm afraid he is sick. He keeps hee-hawing all the time and seems to be very lonesome. Please come home."

Two Good Stories Told at an Eagles' Banquet.—Florida, in March, 1901, was filled with more pleasure and health seekers than for a long time past. A good story is told of Palm Beach, one of the most beautiful of winter resorts, illustrating the crowded condition of the hotels on the east coast. Several weeks ago the Royal Poinciana Hotel, of Palm Beach, was so filled with guests that new-comers were obliged to sleep on cots, barber chairs, and as a last resort, the Presbyterian church was opened for the accommodation of the people. A number of the gay set from New York City slept in pews in the church. During the night one of the party, feeling a little

dry, went to a telephone in the church vestry, and called up the hotel and hollered: "Say, send over at once two highballs to pew 17, Presbyterian Church." The refreshments came as requested, and "the boys" were satisfied, at least until the break of dawn.

Another story making the rounds is told of a scene on a Georgia cotton plantation. A large number of negroes were at work in a cotton field, when all of a sudden a balloon, with a trapeze performer, was observed coming down. It appears that the negroes had never before seen a balloon, and when this one came rushing down upon them with the gaily bespangled aeronaut hanging to his bar, all the negroes ran pell-mell in every direction. It seems that all escaped, except one old crippled darkie, who knelt on the ground, and in a loud, trembling voice addressed the aeronaut in spangles and pink tights, in these words: "Oh, Lord, Massa Jesus, tell your papa to be merciful to us poor niggahs, we'll all be good hereafter."

—*W. W. Dodge at an Eagles Social Banquet,
Burlington, Iowa, June 25, 1903.*

Too Hot to Extinguish.—A well-known Mississippi farmer will have cause to remember his recent visit to Memphis. He stopped in a well-known café and among other things ordered a sirloin steak. A bottle of tobasco sauce was on the table and mistaking it for catsup he spread it quite lavishly on the steak and settled down to enjoy the meal. He cut off a big piece, but no sooner had it struck his mouth than he began to feel as if his tongue was on fire. He twisted and turned, and soon had the eyes of everyone in the dining hall fastened on him. The more he twisted and screwed his face the hotter the steak in his mouth got. He didn't know what was the matter. He could stand it no longer, and reaching up his hand he jerked out the burning bite, threw it on the floor and in a very dramatic way exclaimed: "Now, d—n you, blaze."

A Bishop Receives the Wrong Kind of a Night Cap.—The following story was related by Companion Rev. Edwin F. Small, at a complimentary dinner, tendered the General Grand Chapter by the Grand Chapter of Ohio at St. Nichols Hotel, Cincinnati, Sept. 26, 1900.

The subject of "good-night" suggests many memories both sad and pleasant, and I am reminded just here of an anecdote apropos the subject, related of a certain Bishop who was a

guest in the home of one of his clergymen, noted more for his strictness of living than for his brilliancy of wit. After showing the Bishop all possible courtesy, he conducted him to his room, and as he was about to bid him good-night, he said, "My lord, is there anything you would like before retiring?" and the Bishop, looking around, replied, "Yes, I should like a night-cap, if it is no trouble." The host went in great anxiety to his wife, and said, "My dear, the Bishop wants a night-cap, and I don't think that there is one in the house." But the wife said, "I think I have one belonging to my great grandmother." So she went to her treasures and brought out the night cap, and her husband carried it in triumph to the Bishop and, holding it in his hand, said, "My lord, this is the only one we could find, but I hope it will answer your purpose." The Bishop looked at it a moment and then said, "You blockhead! I didn't want it for my head, but for my stomach." I trust, that after this sumptuous banquet, none of you, on returning to your hotel, will find yourself in need of any other night-cap than a linen covering for the head.

Complimented His Wife.—Some automobilists along a lonely country road stopped at a wayside cabin to get a drink. The man of the house answered their knock. When he withdrew for pitcher and glass there came a voice from within as of someone objecting—a high feminine voice not likely to languish for want of practice. Through the open door the automobilists could see that an exquisite cleanliness prevailed. The orderliness without had already struck them. As they quaffed the water—"Your wife must be a fine housekeeper," remarked one of the party. "Ya-as," said the man thoughtfully, his eyes fixed on the horizon, "she's hell on dirt!"

Overpaid for the Job.—Justice Brown of the Supreme Court tells this story:

An Irishman, hearing shrieks as he was passing a deep pool, turned, and saw a man struggling in the water. He threw off his coat and leaping in, saved the man's life at the risk of his own. Then the two lay on the bank and rested for awhile. Finally the man who had been rescued sighed and said:

"I suppose, my friend, that since you have saved my life I must reward you. Here is a dime."

The Irishman looked at the dime, and then he looked at the man.

"Bedad," he said, "I'm overpaid for the job."

Peculiar Use for a Tack.—An Irish undertaker was laying out the deceased husband of a weeping Hibernian widow. The corpse wore a wig, and it was very difficult to induce it to stay on straight, as wigs ought always to do, even if they don't. The bereaved widow was called in to assist. "Go an' git me a pot of glue, Mrs. McGovern," said the undertaker, "so that I may keep his wig where it belongs."

Mrs. McGovern set out after the sticking material, and after a time she returned. "Here's the glue for ye," she said with a sigh.

"Mrs. McGovern, you kin take back the mucilage," said the undertaker, "the difficulty is fixed. I used a tack." And that was what caused the row.

A Good Joke on Hopper.—De Wolf Hopper one Saturday night in Philadelphia after a performance wandered into a leading hotel bar, and, sitting down with a friend at a table, his companion ordered two cocktails. The waiter returned with the statement that it was impossible to fill the order, as the bar closed on Saturdays promptly at twelve.

"My boy," said Hopper, "I'll show you the efficacy of a name." And, turning to the waiter, he exclaimed, "You go back and tell that bartender that those cocktails are for De Wolf Hopper."

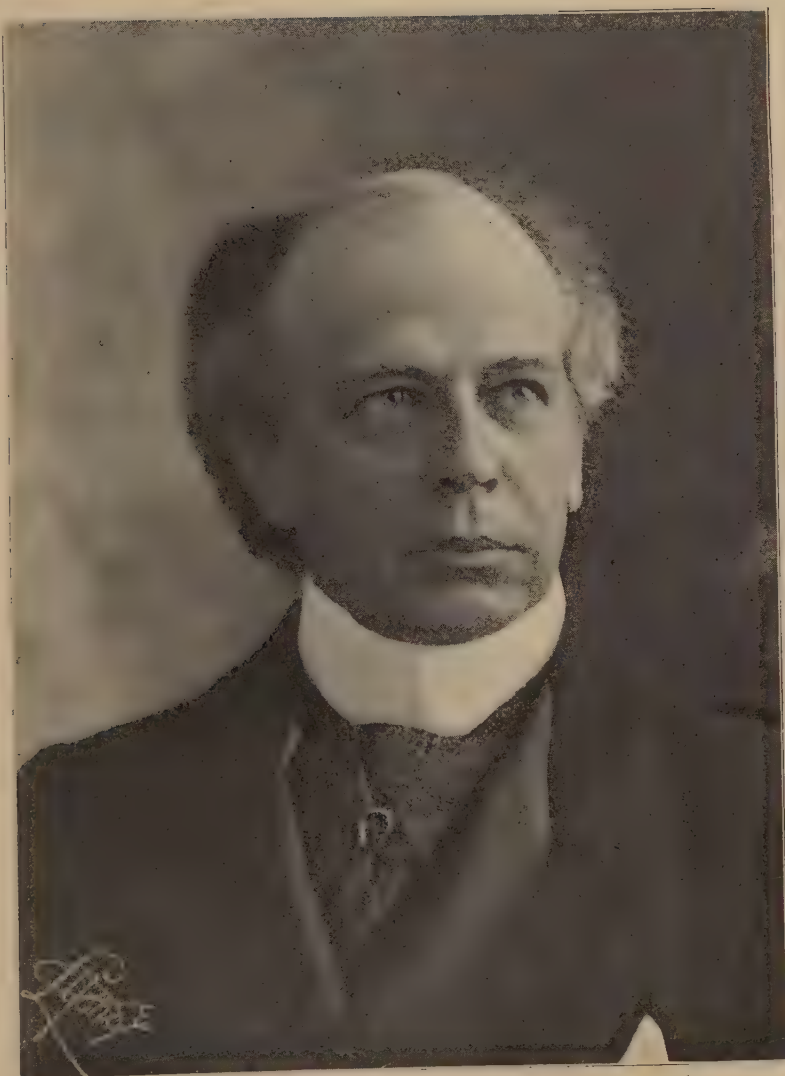
Almost instantly the waiter returned with the cocktails, and while the comedian was expatiating on the value of his name in particular and all the great names in general the bartender came out and, snatching the drinks off the table, reprimanded the waiter for serving drinks after hours.

"Who did you say those drinks were for?" asked the bar-keeper.

"Why," replied the humiliated waiter, "I said they were for De Wolf Hopper."

"Well," he replied, "he can't have them; I thought you said they were for Wolf, the copper."

A Girl's Mistake.—The Hopkins, Mo., *Journal* declares "Albany girls are easy," and tells this true story to prove it: "One was suffering with a boil on her knee the other day and called in a young man whom she took for a doctor, as he had been passing the house for several weeks with a 'medicine case.' After modestly showing him the disabled member she asked what she should do. 'Call a physician,' responded the young man. 'I'm a piano tuner.' The girl fainted."



SIR WILFRED LAURIER.
Premier of Canada.

Choate Did.—One evening when Ambassador Choate, ex-Speaker Reed and Senator Wolcott were walking together, the conversation drifted to worldly pursuits and pleasures, according to a Washington story. Mr. Choate said with great soberness:

"Well, gentlemen, I have not drunk whiskey, played cards for money, or attended a horse-race in twenty-eight years."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Senator Wolcott, "I wish I could say that."

"Why don't you?" asked Mr. Reed, "Choate did."

Would Rather Be in Hell.—D. B. Martin, general manager of the traffic department of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, lunching with some western railroad officials after a Trunk association meeting, gave them this story of railroad life:

"Three drummers," said Martin, "arrived at Grand Junction to make a quick connection. They were hardly off their train when the train they wanted pulled out and left them on the platform. There were no more fast trains for five hours, and they were wild.

"Finally, one went to the telegraph office and sent this wire to Chicago to the superintendent of the road:

"We are in Grand Junction for a five hours' wait. We hope you are in hell."

"In about half an hour the operator handed the sender the following reply from the superintendent of the road:

"I would rather be in hell than with you at Grand Junction."

He Gave Up the Password.—(Story of a negro sentinel and Gen. William T. Sherman.) Booker T. Washington recently told a gathering of negroes that one of the great faults of his race was a disposition to exhibit knowledge under any and all circumstances, and asserted that until the negro learned not to display his vanity he was useless in any confidential capacity. By way of illustration he told a story which, he said, might be or might not be apocryphal, but which was good enough to be true. General Sherman had been told that the soldiers of a negro regiment in his command were lax when on sentry duty and showed a fondness for passing doubtful persons through the lines just to indulge their power to do so. To ascertain if this were so, he muffled himself one night in a cloak and tried to get past a black sentry. After the "Who goes there?" the

"A friend!" and the "Advance, friend, and give the counter-sign!" had been exchanged, Sherman replied:

"Roxbury."

"No, sah," was the polite but firm response.

"Medford."

"No, sah."

"Charleston," Sherman next tried.

"No, sah; no, sah," said the negro determinedly. Then he added: "Now see heah. Yo' can go fru th' whole blamed joggrafy, but Massa Sherman he done say that nobody can get pas' me wifout sayin' 'Cambridge.'"

In the Wrong Room.—At a railway shareholders' meeting in London a gentleman insisted on making a long speech. When he had concluded the chairman quietly asked the verbose orator whether he had quite done.

"Yes, sir, quite!" was the indignant reply.

"You will, consequently, permit me to answer you, sir?"

"Oh, certainly, if you can; but I defy you to do that."

"Well, then," said the chairman, calmly and with measured voice, "I have to inform you that you are in the wrong room and addressing the wrong company. The speech you have just made should have been delivered in No. 6, first floor."

—*Book of Blunders.*

Book IV

A D D R E S S E S

*"In the assembly, the forum, the portico, and the garden,
the ancients stood face to face with their great men, and drank
in their living thoughts as they fell, warm from their lips."*

—William Matthews.

INTRODUCTION TO ADDRESSES

BY HON. CHAMP CLARK

When a child in the hill country of Kentucky I heard a backwoods philosopher say: "An intoxicated man exhibits the ruling passion. When an Englishman is drunk he wants to punch somebody's head at fisticuffs; an Irishman to crack a skull with a shillalah; a Frenchman to dance; a German longs for music; but an American wants to make a speech."

That may be crude philosophy, but it is the old *in vino veritas* idea dressed in plain homespun.

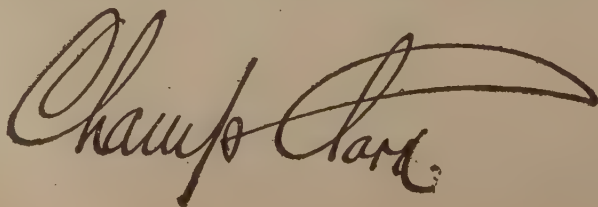
The average American is not only a possible orator but he desires to exercise the divine gift of moving men's minds and hearts by the power of spoken words.

That the faculty for public speaking is well-nigh universal in America and that we frequently entertain orators unawares was thoroughly demonstrated in the phenomenal campaign of 1896. Of the many bewildering features of that seismic period of our politics, the most amazing was this—while many popular and illustrious Democratic orators supported Palmer or McKinley, we did not miss them much. Unheard-of orators arising suddenly, like Rhoderick Dhu's men from the heather, sprang into the arena, full-armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. That marvelous manifestation of general oratorical capacity is well worth the attention of philosophers, psychologists and linguists.

Were all our orators of renown to die to-day their places would soon be filled by new men with voices as fetching and eloquence as entrancing as those whose witchery is now acknowledged.

The American desire to hear speeches is also universal and insatiable.

Out of the double desire to speak and to hear speeches comes Senator Dodge's most excellent collection of addresses, which will prove a precious boon to every public speaker in the land.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Champ Clark". The signature is written in a cursive style with a prominent flourish at the end.

FRATERNAL

COURAGE, WORK AND LOVE ON PART OF THE PEOPLE

Address, in part, of President Theodore Roosevelt to the railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A., on his tour of the United States, at Topeka, Kan., May 1, 1903.

I needed no urging to get me to accept your invitation. I hailed the chance of speaking a few words to you on this occasion, because it seems to me that the railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A. exemplifies in practical fashion, exemplifies in practice, just exactly what I like to preach (cheers and applause); that is, the combination of efficiency with decent living and high ideals. (Applause.)

There is an anecdote I have been fond of repeating to railroad men and to others. The last time I ever saw General Sherman, he told me that in the event of a war he could conceive of no better fortune for a general than to have an army composed exclusively of railroad men (Applause), because they are men whose profession means that they of necessity would make all a great and successful soldier; the quality of work, of facing risks, of facing hardships; of combining the capacity to obey and to obey quickly, with the capacity of taking responsibility, of acting on individual initiative, just as continually as the need arises.

Now, gentlemen, so much for the manliness, so much for the strength, so much for the courage, developed by your profession. You show, and have to show (or you couldn't succeed in doing the work that you are doing as your life work) the qualities which must obtain in any great, masterful, powerful people. Those qualities are all-important, but they are not all-sufficient. It is necessary, absolutely, to have them. No nation can rise to greatness without them, but by them alone no nation will ever become great. There are plenty of people,

and reading through the pages of history you come upon them, nation after nation, in which there has been a high average of individual strength, bravery and hardihood, and yet in which there has been nothing approaching national greatness, because those qualities were not supplemented by others just as necessary. With the courage, with the hardihood, with the strength, must come the power of self-restraint, power of self-mastery, the capacity to work for and with others as well as for one's self, the power of giving to others the love which each of us must bear for his neighbor if we are to make our civilization really great. Those are the qualities which are fostered and developed, which are given full play, by institutions such as the Y. M. C. A. (Applause.)

The other day in a little Lutheran church at Sioux Falls, I listened to a most interesting and stimulating sermon, which struck me particularly because of a translation of a word which I am ashamed to say I had mistranslated always myself before. It was on the old text of "Faith, Hope and Charity." The sermon was delivered in German and the translation, or the word, that the preacher used for "charity" was not "charity" but "love." That the greatest of all the forces with which we deal for betterment is love; and looking it up I found what of course I ought to have known before, but didn't—that the Greek word which we have translated as "charity" should, more properly, be translated "love." That is, the word charity we use at present in a sense which does not make it correspond entirely with the word used in the original Greek. The preacher developed in a very striking and very happy fashion the absolute need of love, in the broadest sense of the word, in order to make mankind even approximately perfect.

Gentlemen, all of us here are knit together by bonds which we cannot sever. For weal or for woe, our fates are inextricably intermingled. All of us in our present civilization are dependent upon one another to a degree never before known in the history of mankind, and in the long run we are going

to go up or go down together. For the moment, some man may rise by trampling on his fellows; for the moment and much more commonly, some men may think they will rise or gratify their envy and hatred by pulling down others; but any such movement upward is probably illusory, is certainly short-lived. Any permanent movement upward must come in such shape that we all of us feel the lift a little. And if there is a tendency downward, all of us will feel that tendency, too. We must, if we are to raise ourselves, realize that; realize that each of us in the long run can with certainty be raised only if the conditions are such that all of us are somewhat raised, and in order to bring about those conditions the first essential is that each shall have a genuine spirit of regard and friendship for the others, and that each of us shall try to look at the problems of life somewhat from his neighbor's standpoint; that we shall have the capacity to understand one another's position, one another's needs, and also the desire each to help his brother as well as to help himself. To do that wisely, wisely to strive with that as the aim, is not very easy. Many qualities are needed in order that we can contribute our mite toward the upward movement of the world. The quality of self-abnegation, and yet combined with it the quality which will refuse to submit to injustice. Mind you that, gentlemen, I want to preach the two qualities going hand in hand. I don't want a man to fail to strive for his own betterment. I don't want him to be quick to yield to injustice, but I want him to stand for his rights. Of course, I want him to stand for his rights, but I want him to be very certain that he knows what his rights are and that he does not make them the wrongs of some one else. (Applause.)

To me the future seems full of hope, because although there are conflicting tendencies and although some of these tendencies of our present life are full of evil, yet, on the whole, the tendencies for good are in the ascendant. (Applause.) And I greet this audience, I greet this great body of delegates, with peculiar pleasure because they are men who embody--

and embody by the very fact of their presence here—the two essential sets of qualities of which I have been speaking. They embody a capacity for self-help with the desire mutually to help one the other. (Applause.) You have got several qualities I like. You have good sound bodies. Your profession is not one that can be carried on—at least in some of its branches—very favorably without the sound body. You have good sound minds, and that is better than sound bodies. And, finally, the fact that you are here, the fact that you have done what you have done, shows that you have that which counts for more than body, for more than mind—character.

Character! That is what tells in the long run—character which is compounded of many different qualities. In the first place, of perseverance, resolution, refusal to be daunted. There is not a man here who doesn't at times fail, who doesn't meet failure—not one. And the difference between the man and the sham man is that failure daunts the one and merely makes the other try harder to overcome it. (Applause.) That is the one side of character. Think for yourselves how much more it means than mind or body. The intellectual man who is afraid can't do anything. He meets an obstacle and he cannot surmount it and he is cowed by it. The man without this mental gift who, instead of being cowed by it, is spurred to fresh effort by its existence, will pass the other in the race of life as sure as the sun rises in the east.

I congratulate you, as I say, not only because you are bettering yourselves, but because to you, for your good fortune, it is given to better others, to teach in the way in which teaching is most effective—not merely by precept, but by action. The railroad men of this country are a body entitled to the well-wishes of their fellow men in any event, but peculiarly is this true of the railroad men of the country who join in such work as that of these Young Men's Christian Associations, because they are showing by their actions—and, oh, how much louder actions speak than words—that it is not only possible, but very, very possible and easy to combine the manliness which

makes a man able to do his own share of the world's work with that fine and lofty love of one's fellow men which makes you able to come together with your fellows and work hand in hand with them for the common good of all, for the common good of mankind in general. I congratulate you. (Prolonged cheers and applause.)

THE SOVEREIGN GRAND LODGE

Address by Mr. John B. Goodwin, Deputy Grand Sire, and Grand Sire Elect of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., at a banquet at Des Moines, Iowa, September, 1902, in honor of the Sovereign Grand Lodge.

Mr. Toast Master:—Grand Sire Cable in his generosity and in the exercise of his authority is responsible for my present assignment by the committee, and the loss is yours. While I cannot expect to fully represent my chief, the Grand Sire, on this occasion, it will be a pleasant duty to make response to the sentiment "The Sovereign Grand Lodge."

I am in a situation to regard the Sovereign Grand Lodge as the finest body on earth and its members the most generous and indulgent to one of their number. This body came into existence under its former name, "Grand Lodge of the United States," in 1825, which was six years after the institution of this Order on this continent, and from then until now the wisdom of its organization has remained unchallenged. It bears an important relation to the great fraternity, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, which it represents, and ranks high as a legislative body. Joshua Vansant of Maryland, for twenty-nine years Grand Treasurer of this body and of blessed memory, had large experience in public service as Member of Congress, Mayor of Baltimore and in other high and honorable positions, and was well acquainted with legislative bodies, and near the close of his long and useful life declared that the Sovereign Grand Lodge compared favorably with any of them in the ability and honorable standing of its membership, and in the wisdom and character of legislation enacted. And the high tribute from him was well deserved.

The Subordinate Lodges and Encampments select representatives to Subordinate Grand Bodies of the Order, and these, or past officers, select representatives to the Sovereign Grand Lodge, which becomes truly a representative body of the Order.

As the Supreme Legislative and Judicial head of a Fraternal Order it represents by far a larger constituency of membership than any other similar body in North America, or probably in the world.

Governor Cummins honors this occasion with his presence, and has favored us with an appropriate and eloquent address, and is the worthy Chief Executive of the great State of Iowa. We listened to him with great pleasure and rejoice to find so many of his constituents at home in Iowa notwithstanding the calls to duty and service at Washington in Cabinet, Congress and other positions. He is the governor of a great state, of splendid resources and splendid people, and with a population of over two millions, including men, women and children. Important as is this state, in its relations to the country and general government, and proud as we are of its high rank and achievements, the Sovereign Grand Lodge represents an adult male membership of over a million persons, and estimating that each of these represents four other persons, it will be seen that under its immediate influence are over five million people, or more than double the entire population of Iowa, and nearly twice the population of all the American Colonies during the War of Independence.

But whatever the responsibility of the Sovereign Grand Lodge the same had been met and duty discharged solely with a view to the promotion of the interests of the Order. That mistakes have been made will not be denied, but as soon as discovered they have been corrected, and the membership have shown singular fidelity to the high trust committed to them. On the other hand no Supreme Body ever had more loyal and devoted constituency than the army of members of Subordinate Lodges, Encampments, Rebekah Lodges and

Cantons under the jurisdiction of the Sovereign Grand Lodge.

The high purpose of the Sovereign Grand Lodges has been found in its legislation for the system of Odd Fellowship which it represents, and in elevating and improving the work and illustrating the aims and objects of the Order; in early recognition of the Encampment Branch, and its sublime degrees, and in providing the Rebekah Degree in 1851, and opening the door to the work of women, two hundred and thirty-six thousand of whom are now enlisted as members and engaged in the good work, and in providing in 1885 for the Patriarchs Militant Degree as part of the system of Odd Fellowship.

At the present session, after the record of glorious work in the good cause of fraternity and benevolence, this Order is blessed with abundant prosperity and beautiful harmony, and conditions most cheering and gratifying.

Well may Governor Cummins and all representatives of civil government give recognition and encouragement to this Order, for on the very threshold all members are taught to conform to the laws of the land, and here is found a tower of strength to law and order.

Odd Fellowship stands opposed to disorder and anarchy wherever found and is a bulwark in favor of the perpetuity of good government. No true Odd Fellow can ever be an anarchist. In 1879 the then Grand Lodge of the United States changed the name of the supreme governing authority to Sovereign Grand Lodge out of respect to and as matter of justice to the Order in other lands outside the limits of the United States. This action was most appropriate in view of the fact that the Order is represented in most of the civilized countries of the globe, and that a member can hardly travel so far as to be beyond its protection and comfort.

In this fraternal age Odd Fellowship is doing its full share in bringing mankind closer together in the bonds of friendship and love and promoting peace and good will among men. At the close of the Civil War this Order set a memorable exam-

ple. There was a time when the people of some of the States and sections of this great republic of ours did not intervisit with each other with that freedom which now prevails, but a reference to that time and condition now only serves to illustrate the contrast. Whereas then there was separation and strife, there is now union, love and fraternity.

When there was physical separation and estrangement between the people of two great sections of the country, this Order as such refused to recognize any estrangement and the entire roll of membership of the Supreme Body was called during all that four years of strife. At the close of that memorable struggle, the then Grand Sire issued the never-to-be-forgotten proclamation declaring the unbroken unity of the Order, and this was further signalized by the first meeting after the close of hostilities, where the members from all the sections resumed their place and seats. The Order which this body represents has become a leading factor in benevolent work and expends each year from the treasuries of its organizations the magnificent sum of over four millions of dollars in relief besides thousands more in response to the calls of distress whenever and wherever heard.

Since 1830 over ninety-two million dollars have been expended for relief from the treasuries of its organized bodies alone. Surely such a constituency with such a record gives pardonable pride and congratulations. That the governing authorities and membership will continue to work in harmony and the principles of our Order be extended throughout the civilized world and to the remotest ages to bless mankind, must be the wish of every lover of his race who is familiar with the principles and work of the Order.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Eloquent tribute to the Knights of Pythias, especially prepared for this work by Supreme Chancellor Tracy R. Bangs, Grand Forks, N. D., Aug. 24, 1903.

"Render us always prosperous, always happy, O Fire, thou who art eternal, beautiful, ever young; thou who nourishest,

thou who art rich, receive favorably these our offerings, and in return give us happiness and sweet health."

Health, wealth and happiness—eternal objects of human desire, for which men have offered fervent supplication since the days when the family circle was the limit of governmental control, and the line between the light which shone pure and bright from the glorious form of Vesta, the living flame, and the darkness of the outer world, marked the boundary of the family circle.

Ever in the mind of man has there existed an indescribable sense of something better, brighter and fairer, somewhere in the future—of a condition of mind and body, of a material state, more nearly in accord with the dream of the spiritual than the present. How to attain this state has been the study, the search, yea, the consuming thought of mortal man since the world began.

Sweet health, the ancients prayed for; not alone the robust health of strong limbs and lithe body, but the sweet health of strong mind, pure thoughts, and contented spirit.

Wealth is asked; not ill-gotten, unearned, wrung from the helpless and unprotected, but prosperity, that wealth which comes as the result of one's own labors, the deserved fruits of righteous toil.

Happiness is sought; not the voluptuous, abandoned pleasures of the world, not the mere gratification of the feelings and passions, but true happiness, which cannot exist except the heart ever beats for all men.

To attain the desired end, we must help each one his neighbor. Churches and societies of different kinds are continually working along these lines. In considering the work, the question presents itself:

What is the most potent factor for good? We all concede that the associations of men pledged to the upholding and dissemination of the principles of the Christian religion are the most potent. What is the greatest of these?

I would say, that a society in which one to be qualified for

membership must be of good moral character, a believer in a Supreme Being, in the maintenance of order, and in the upholding of constituted authority in the government in which he lives, with its members pledged to the protection of virtue, the destruction of vice, and the exemplification of the principles of Friendship, Charity and Benevolence, would be the greatest. Six hundred thousand men now constitute such a society. The money paid by it each year in worthy charity runs into the millions. While the good work done by it, and by its members because of it, would each year fill the greatest volume. Compliance with its teachings and its laws lead to the health, wealth and happiness of the ancients' prayers, to that something better and higher for which we all long.

More I will not attempt to say, for though ever sung the half could not be told of the glories of the KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

SPIRIT OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP

Address, in part, of Alfred S. Pinkerton, delivered at Richmond, Va., in his capacity as Grand Sire of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, Sept. 17, 1900.

This is not the first time that I have received the greetings of a Richmond audience and been the recipient of Virginian hospitality. I know the warmth of the one, the unbounded generosity of the other, and I voice the sentiment of every member of the Sovereign Grand Lodge when I say that each of us appreciates the splendid welcome you have given, and rejoices in the privilege that is his of visiting under such happy auspices, this beautiful and historic State.

Representing an Order founded in man's nobility, we gladly assemble among a people whose ancestors first proclaimed the right of the individual man to direct his own affairs and destiny.

Before Plymouth Rock felt the touch of English feet the seeds of a nation had been sown at Jamestown. On Virginian soil representative government in America was born. The colonial charter of 1621 was the first grant of self-government given by a hereditary ruler to dwellers on this continent, given

to those who dared assert that English blood in Virginia meant a voice in Virginian rule.

As two centuries ago the people of England testified in behalf of those bishops who but asserted their privileges of self-respect; as then the flower of the British bar successfully pleaded for freedom of church, and freedom of right, so in our father's time it was a country lawyer "who spoke as Homer wrote" who in the "parson's" cause, voiced that sentiment of Virginia which afterwards flamed in syllabled fire from that old church still standing in your city; he it was who ten years before a political revolution that divided in government—but not in hearts—the New World from the Old, offered the resolution by which your General Assembly declared that it alone had the right to tax Virginians. It was a Virginian who presided over the first American Congress, and it was from Virginian hands that there came another and immortal resolution, that which declared that these colonies should be free and independent States.

Beneath the old elm still standing by Harvard College the first soldier of Virginia—the first American—assumed command of that army of "tradesmen, farmers, and mechanics," that in a spirit of sublime prophecy dared to call itself "Continental," that won freedom from the trained soldiery of Europe and gave visible form to a government that has made good the name its soldiers bore. Then side by side our fathers fought; then side by side our statesmen sat; and the first name that appears upon that immortal Declaration of Independence, penned by a Virginian hand, and based upon Virginia's bill of rights, is that of a Massachusetts man, President of that Congress, which gave to the world and to the godlike and aspiring soul this bible of the rights of man.

Hancock and Jefferson, Adams and Mason, Otis and Henry, united those two colonies that, more than any others, gave impulse to American thought and speech and action. There, was Bunker Hill; here, Yorktown. Nor do we forget that mighty lawyer, born of your blood and sleeping in your soil,

the great interpreter of the written Constitution of our land, nor him, of Northern birth, the Constitution's eloquent defender—Marshall and Webster—great sons of the same proud race.

It was that civilization of Jamestown and of Plymouth that made possible this government of ours, and though for a time the clouds lowered o'er our house, thank God, we are once more as of yore; as, of old, they together "encountered Tarleton's charge of fire," so again have Virginia and Massachusetts struck hands—and this time in a deathless friendship; so again in the presence of a common danger, and in honor of a common flag, have our brothers touched elbows in the ranks, slept by the same camp-fires, and together offered upon the country's altar the rich libation of their blood. History is making fast. From the Western Hemisphere has departed every vestige of Castilian power. The starry flag has become a fixed constellation o'er Asiatic seas, but, better than all, we have learned to know our Motherland. The conquering English-speaking people have come closer together—and so have we at home. It was a good day for America when the soldier boy of New England and of the Northwest enlisted under a Virginian Lee, and when the star of Wheeler glistened upon a coat of army blue. Gone are the days of strife and bitterness and doubt; welcome the days of peace, of confidence, of lasting brotherhood.

This is the age in which we live; this is the century that called into life that great humanitarian movement which we denominate Odd Fellowship. It is the child of American spirit and life; it is a creation designed for daily food; it lives and moves among breathing men; it is for the closet and for the field; it is of practical use to a practical people; its secrets are a shield and not a sword; it believes in the royal heritage of man and in the divine right of self-advancement. Teaching loyalty to established government, and obedience to law, it holds that governments are made for man and that the citizen who controls himself, who recognizes the rights of, and has



P. L. McARDLE,
Deputy Supreme Knight and State Deputy of Illinois, of the
Knights of Columbus.

faith in, his fellow citizens, is the best prop and support of such a government. It believes in truth, in honor, in temperance, in the overshadowing Fatherhood of God; in the lasting, eternal brotherhood of man; in charity in thought and charity in acts; to the cry of Cain it answers, "I am my brother's keeper," and in every hour of its existence it has blessed humanity and lessened human toil and suffering.

Bear with me for a moment. If I am correctly informed, the present total taxable valuation, real and personal, of this city is \$69,215,240. Raze beautiful Richmond to the ground; convert into coin every foot of land within its corporate limits; let every stone and timber of every factory, every business block, every dwelling-house, contribute to the sum; and into the crucible put your jewels and your stores of gold and silver; market the securities, bonds, and stocks of your people; and when you shall have done all this, when you shall have converted your city's soil and buildings into scrip, when you shall have stripped your citizens of all their taxable property, you will even then be over fifteen million dollars short of the amount of money that this Order has expended, since 1830, in brotherly relief. You will then be short a sum equal to seven-twelfths of the entire taxable valuation of the personal property here owned. At the present rate of charitable expenditure we distribute, for such purposes, the wealth of a Richmond every nineteen years; a distribution in which there is no expense account and in which every dollar finds the pocket of the beneficiary. Pardon the illustration, Mr. Mayor. We like your city too well to despoil it; we hope to come again; but the comparison made demonstrates the magnitude of this Order's silent charitable work.

Can you question the fraternal spirit of such a brotherhood? Dare you challenge its right to live? Can you define the future's bounds? It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion of the Order's principles, or to pronounce an eulogy upon its work. To-day it holds one million souls within its fond embrace. The streams of its unostentatious charity have

flowed to every corner of our land; its white banner has led the march of fraternal life. To-day we salute our comrade across the seas; our flag is uplifted in the isles of the Pacific. Our faith has overleaped the barriers of States, nor has it been retarded by the artificial distinctions of society. Virginia's sons have shared our Order's struggles and its honors. They have taught its lessons on your soil, and "by their works ye shall know them."

Within our convention hall are clustered the flags of sixteen different lands wherein this Order dwells, and over all hangs the white flag of peace, emblazoned with the scarlet links of truth. Such an Order it is my proud privilege to represent. In its name I accept your greeting, and in its name I thank you for it.

Representatives, Virginia has formally welcomed us to her heart; Richmond has opened wide her gates; our brothers and sisters, the portals of their homes; let us repay this courtesy by making this the most memorable session of our history—memorable for the good we accomplish, for the inspiration given to our brotherhood, for the assistance rendered to the weary soul. As the gates of a new century swing outward at our touch, let us lift our flag to loftier heights, and let us dedicate our Order anew to the great purposes that gave it birth.

We meet among a generous people and amid historic surroundings. Here, in more ancient days, people of our blood and kin laid the foundations of a mighty power,—the history of this nation and of the English-speaking race. Its sons have been conspicuous in the forum and on the battle-field. Again and again has it sent forth its bravest to build up other States, and to the nation it has given rulers whose name and fame will live while centuries pass away. We know its splendid history; we have faith in its bright future, and,

"Again we hail thee,
Mother of States and unpolluted men,
Virginia, fitly named from England's manly Queen."

FRATERNAL BENEFICIARY SOCIETIES

Address of Hon. W. A. Northcott, Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois and Head Consul Modern Woodmen of America, April, 1899.

Each age has its peculiar conditions and its peculiar statesmanship. The great spirit of this age is of combination and organization. When this government was built our forefathers lived by themselves, with no near neighbors, and were marked with strong individuality, like the mighty oak, that grows apart and alone. To-day, with steam, electricity, and crowded population, capital is organized, and combination is the order of the hour. Under these conditions the individual is likely to be driven to the wall and become helpless against this combination. But now comes the brightest inspiration of the nineteenth century in the great spirit of coöperation, and men reach out their hands to touch the hands of their fellow men. In these fraternal beneficiary societies hundreds of thousands of the brainiest and strongest men, that the stars ever shone upon join hands for the protection of the home, to nurse the sick, to lift the fallen, and to bury the dead.

These organizations are not composed of the extremely rich, for they do not need this kind of insurance; it does not include the poverty-stricken, for they are not provident enough to make provision for their families; but it enrolls in the ranks that great middle class of men who earn their living by their brain and their muscle, men who love their families, and men who sleep well of nights, because they have clear consciences and have protected their loved ones. This great middle class turns a strong arm against the aggression of combinations and corporate greed and a frowning face upon communism and anarchy. Such men are bulwarks of the Republic, and in them a nation finds its safety when threatened by the demonstrations of agitation or the ruin of corruption.

The great vital, life-giving principle of these societies is in the fact that they are absolutely governed by their membership. The engineer with his hand upon the throttle has no more control of his engine than has the membership over the

affairs of the fraternal beneficiary society. Every member understands its workings, knows fully the system upon which it is founded, is acquainted with all the details of its management, knows where every dollar goes, and is thoroughly imbued with its early history, its progress, its mistakes and its great achievements.

The true fraternal beneficiary society is much like the representative government. The members of the society are its rulers, and its officers its servants. It is not a joint stock company, managed by a few individuals, with an indefinite tenure of office and without accountability to anyone but themselves; but it is a great fraternity that has immediate control through its delegates, of the affairs of the society. If its officers should become incompetent or corrupt, they could be speedily displaced and new ones put in their places. It possesses the power of self-preservation and self-perpetuation. The statistics of history show that but two or three fraternal benefit societies have failed since the foundation of this government, while the number of mutual insurance companies, without the fraternal feature, that have failed is very great. The fraternal beneficiary society, once established, seems almost immortal.

The men from the farms, and shops, and offices, send in each month small payments, which in the aggregate amount to millions of dollars monthly, and this is sent out to make desolate places glad; to wipe the tear from the cheek of the widow; to feed and clothe little children and send them to school. It is a great organized charity that goes directly to the right place. It follows death in crossing the threshold of the home and binds up the wounds it has made.

But the insurance is only one part of the objects of these great societies. There is something in the brotherhood of man. There is something in the sympathy in times of distress, the kindly visit from a neighbor when we lie on a sick bed, and the help given to our families when we are so unfortunate as to be unable to help them ourselves. None of us are so strong or so fortunately situated that there may not come to us a dark

hour when we need a kindly hand to help us. And this does not come to us as charity, for we have a right to it; we would do the same ourselves for other neighbors in distress, and we have a right to expect the same from them. One stick is easily broken, but a bundle of sticks is invincible. Wonderful is the endorsement that these societies receive from the people. They love them because they protect their homes and teach the grand lessons of charity and benevolence. The ominous crescent of the Saracen was never more awe-inspiring, or the cross of the Crusader more worshipful than this great banner of fraternity lifted up in our midst to protect and guard our homes.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

Address delivered by Hon. Dr. Oronhyateka, Supreme Chief Ranger, Independent Order of Foresters, at the union dinner given at the Temple, Toronto, Canada, June 8, 1903.

Within these historic walls many reunions such as this have been held, and over them many distinguished men have presided. It is your good fortune, however, sir, to preside upon an occasion marked, perhaps, by the presence of more of the leaders of thought in the various walks of life than have ever before been gathered around this board, and it is our good fortune to be under the presidency of one, if you will permit me to say it, of the ablest of the many who have occupied in the past the place you fill to-night. Ministers of the Crown, members of the nation's Parliament, representatives of the great commercial interests, the brightest minds of the professions, I beg to remind you sir, are to-night under your care, nor do I hesitate to say to you that in such good care I feel that even an Indian is safe. Glancing around this board one is reminded forcibly of the fact that this gathering is international in its character, and it was most fitting indeed that you should have shown your good feeling for our American visitors by proposing in words so kindly "The President of the great American Republic." Those of you who know me

best know that my devotion is to the British Empire, that I am proud of its history, that I rejoice in the foundations upon which its greatness rests, and that I have the deepest possible affection for its Sovereign. In other words, sir, through and through I am a Briton, as my forefathers upon the battlefield were before me. But, sir, all this does not prevent me having the warmest admiration for the people of the American Republic whose wonderful development, whose magnificent strides in commerce, in literature, in politics, in intellectual and social life have stirred the world and recorded the greatest achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race in these modern times. Sir, I know I express our united wish, our fervent prayer when I say, may we ever live together, we upon this side of the line bound to the great British Empire with all its glorious traditions of freedom and valor; you upon your side of the line, a magnificent free Republic, as good neighbors and as warm and cordial friends. The Society over which I have had the honor for over twenty-two years to preside hopes to contribute its share toward the forging of perpetual bonds of peace between these two countries; with its thousands of members in both countries we are international. Our emblem carries both flags, and our benefactions are scattered to the homes of both nations. Even more, sir, we are world-wide, for as you have well said the chain of Forestric sympathy and mutuality is linked around the world, and hence we look forward to a field of usefulness in lessening the likelihood of irritation and misunderstanding between the nations. May I say here that as Canadians we are proud of this fact, but I, for my part, am equally proud of the other fact that in my humble efforts to spread abroad the principles of Independent Forestry I have found among my ablest assistants and most loyal and earnest co-workers and colleagues many of our American membership, containing as it does some of the most distinguished public and business men of the American nation; and we Canadians, permit me to say here, remember with a special pride that your recently martyred President, who now sleeps

in Canton wrapped in the robes of a nation's honor and embalmed in the bitterness of a nation's tears, was an active and sympathetic member of our great Forestric brotherhood. Already, sir, you have honored the toasts of Parliament and of commerce, and you have listened to the voices of leaders of politics and finance. These are important toasts, but you have left to me the task—but a task only because of my inability to give utterance to my thoughts as I should like—of saying a few words upon behalf of a toast not less important, indeed, I dare to think still more important, for while politics and commerce are the business of the nations, they depend for their foundations upon the providence of the masses, upon the purity and happiness of the home, upon the care and education of the young, and it is toward the accomplishment of these basic objects that fraternalism bends its tireless energy in every land. The nation is but an aggregation of individual homes, and the home is the fountain head of the stream of public patriotism, public and private virtue and honorable industry that water and moisten and make fertile the fields of national opportunity and endeavor.

It is the main object of fraternal societies to provide pure protection for the family, to provide the means that will enable the widowed mother to keep around her, even when its head and bread-winner has been taken, the family circle that she may mould its hearts and shape its minds for careers of useful occupation and good citizenship. You ask me are these objects being accomplished? I wish you could read the daily letters of gratitude and thanks that come to my desk; they tell their own story. Already from the treasury of the Independent Order of Foresters—and we are only one of almost innumerable fraternal societies engaged in the same work—about \$13,000,000 have gone to homes and firesides that have been bereft. In other words, within the circle of one fraternal order alone we have found the means of materially helping probably more than one hundred thousand widowed mothers in the training and education of their children. From over a

hundred thousand homes we have helped to keep the wolf of poverty and sent across the threshold of those homes instead messengers of friendship, sympathy and help. Some I see around me are proud of the places they have won in public life, and they are right. Some are proud of their great mercantile establishments, which are an honor to our city, and they are equally right. I am proud too, sir, that I hold some little place, however small, in the world of fraternalism and that I have had something to do with the organization and progress of a society which every day it lives sends over \$6,000 to help the widows and orphans of its deceased members. That we are enabled to do this and still add every day to our emergency fund nearly \$3,000, is, I think you will agree with me, a testimony of no uncertain value as to the results which under well systematized and careful organization are bound to flow from mutual coöperation upon fraternal lines, and the work is not mine—far from it; it is the work of the members of the Order, and every letter of gratitude that comes into my hands is a letter of gratitude to the 213,000 Forestric Brethren and Companions whose union of hearts and hands under the blessing of a kindly Providence has reaped this harvest of good. It is equally, sir, an answer to your inquiry whether fraternalism is accomplishing the objects which its friends and promoters have had in view. Sir, your toast to the fraternal orders is really one to brotherhood in its widest sense, for such orders form a real brotherhood, the bonds of which are strong and practical and lasting, the best of motives bind them together, the best of results flow constantly from their union; nor is there in that brotherhood an element of narrowness. Their sympathies are as wide as the ills which fall to the lot of men are numerous and distressing. Take my own society as an example. It knows no creed, and we pay heed to no social distinctions and divisions. Both the home of the statesman and the home of the toiler upon the street are to us homes whose wife and children need protection in distress and affliction, and our hand goes out to the one as readily as to the

other. While the majority of our members belong to the Protestant religion, many thousands of them worship at Roman Catholic altars. Together we meet in our Forestric gatherings, and there we remember only that we are laboring together in the cause of humanity. Who shall say that by our association in our labors for one common object, society is not bettered, prejudice lessened, the flow of good fellowship and sympathy quickened, hearts warmed and hands opened and the coming hastened of the universal brotherhood of man.

The history of fraternal societies, while their objects have even been peaceful and human, is a history of continued warfare. I have sometimes, indeed often, had to resort myself to the methods of my race and use the tomahawk and the scalping knife. In other days the teachings of the Nazarene were objected to at Damascus, because if they prevailed, it was pointed out that fashioners of the weapons of war would be idle. Fraternal societies have been feared by those who were interested in Old Line insurance, because they felt that their dividends would be lessened, their business gone. Without animadverting upon the plainly apparent conflict which this line of opposition marked out between individual interests and general interests, between selfishness and the public good, and without pointing out the inevitable final result of such a conflict if fought out to the bitter end, I do not hesitate to say that instead of attack the Old Line companies owe us thanks. We have created a taste for insurance, we have educated the masses in thrift and providence, and the Old Line companies have been decidedly the gainers thereby. The order of which I have for a generation been the head, has had many attacks. We were first sneered at, then villified, then pounded. We are still here. We began with 369 members. We have now over 214,000. We commenced with \$3.87 in our treasury. We have now \$6,600,000. Had we been sneered at, vilified and pounded more we might have had a larger sum. For my part, sir, I wish all our Old Line insurance rivals well. There is room for us all. The work of preventing poverty and dis-

ress is great and the laborers are few. While I love my own society best, and you will not blame me for that, to all fraternal societies I have always extended the hand of brotherhood. Whether one society succeeds above another is a matter of little importance; that the march of fraternalism should go on apace is a matter of great importance. To all my organizing deputies I have said, "Build not by tearing others down, help rather than hurt all other organizations. It is better that this Order should lose the prospect of many members than that one family should be left without the protection that fraternalism affords." And I believe, sir, that such is the spirit which pervades the fraternal societies upon this continent. May I say to you, business men and public men, that fraternalism offers no excuse for its existence. Its work speaks for itself. That work has won it a place as a part of the national make-up of the continent, and it has come to stay. The true fraternal society is formed to give insurance and other benefits to its policy-holders or members at the least possible cost consistent with safety and permanence. It is, therefore, a public rather than a private benefactor and in no sense a profit-earning institution.

You tell me that fraternal societies have made mistakes. I grant you as much. It is human to err. Experience is a good teacher, but its tuition is sometimes expensive. Early schemes were in some ways defective, this must be admitted. Enthusiasm is a mighty force, but there must be behind it and underneath it well thought out plans and foundations. These are rapidly appearing in every portion of the field. Defects are being remedied, mistakes of the early builders are being corrected. I am glad to have had some little part in this work. I take it that one of the best compliments ever paid to my Order was that paid by the *London Observer*, one of the great insurance journals of the world's metropolis, when it said, "In The National Fraternal Congress the Independent Order of Foresters have always battled for safe methods and have been the leaders in that struggle." These words are perhaps, sir,

too kindly, for we have had able, earnest helpers among the representatives of the sister societies, but nevertheless it has undoubtedly been our aim to assist by every means in our power to make fraternalism an ever increasing and abiding force in the life of the people.

In addition to honest progressive business management, which is as essential to success in the fraternal society as elsewhere, it must be apparent to all that three things are necessary to permanence. First, a well thought out, well matured plan of operation, with ample rates. Second, a strict guarding of the portals both as to the physical and moral fitness of the applicants. Third, the accumulation of an emergency or surplus fund in the treasury. Upon some of these points in the past some of my fellow workers in the field have differed with me. I believe that few, if any, of them differ with me now. At any rate, we have practised as we have preached, and I feel that I am not assuming too much when I say that we have not only already reaped the advantages but we have also placed ourselves in a position where we can afford to smile at the prophets of evil who from the managerial offices of Old Line offices still issue their prophecies as to our decease and burial. In the old days these predictions were specific as to the near approach of the date of our departure from this sphere of action. In these later days the prophecies are either general or the fatal hour is placed in the dim and distant future. Sir, our enemies are learning wisdom, for he is a wise prophet who places the fulfillment of his prophecies at a time sufficiently distant that he may not live to see his own confusion.

There are many things I would like to say to you to-night, for the subject of fraternalism is a broad one, but I feel that I have already trespassed longer upon your patience (Go on! go on!) than I should have done. The theme of fraternity is interesting and you are very kind, but your time is limited. I trust that those of you who are not already connected with fraternal work may be so shortly. We are adding upon an average of one hundred a day to the ranks of our own Order,

but still there is room, and I fancy the other Orders will be glad to have you also. Already in the Courts of our Order are Prime Ministers, Statesmen, business magnates, members of all the professions, and these with tens of thousands of the toiling masses have protected their families under our banner. We shall be glad to have you join them. We will do you good. Our sister societies will do you good also. It is the aim of fraternalism, whether represented by one society or another, to widen the circle of our friends, to dissipate prejudice, to encourage the spirit of providence and thus to lessen poverty and distress, to elevate the home, to uphold the hands of motherhood, to dry tears of distress and thus to render happier, better and more prosperous the people to whom our mission is directed.

BEAUTIES OF FRATERNITY AND BROTHERLY LOVE

Address, in part, of Hon. W. J. Bryan, at the laying of the corner stone of the head office building of The Modern Woodmen of America, Rock Island, Ill., April 27, 1898.

The resolution introduced at Omaha and passed through that body so easily is not evidence of any persuasive power upon the part of the person who introduced the resolution, but only shows how easy it is to win a victory when you have got a cause to fight for. (Applause.) The Woodmen selected this city because they thought it was a good place to have the headquarters of the order located in, and Rock Island deserves whatever credit there is in having won the location. I am glad that I am permitted to participate to-day in the laying of the corner stone of this permanent home of the Modern Woodmen of America. I feared a little that at this time it might be difficult to interest the people in such a peaceable undertaking as the laying of a corner stone of a building. War has excited the people. Our hearts are with our friends, and our thoughts follow those who are assembling to fight in defense of the flag. But when it was suggested that I might disturb here the thoughts of war which are engrossing the attention

of the people, I remembered that the Woodmen of Rock Island had had so much war that a little thing like a foreign war (applause and laughter) would not disturb them. (Great applause.)

Why has the Order grown? When you find a thing that grows, you may make up your mind that there is some merit in the thing. The people do not accept Orders, they do not join organizations unless they are convinced that these organizations are both patriotic in their purpose and have a beneficial effect upon the persons who join them. I am a believer in the philosophy that you cannot interest a man in a thing unless you convince him that he is, in some way, concerned in that thing. You cannot get men to join an order unless the benefits of that order are such that they themselves participate in the benefits. In other words, self-interest, the advancement of self, and those interests that center in self,—these must be considered in all matters, whether they be public or private. In fact, my friends, you will fail to accomplish anything in the way of bringing people to you unless you can bring your cause into actual contact with every citizen whom you hope to secure. But if you believe, as I believe, that self-interest must always be considered, you can believe as I believe, that there are different forms of selfishness, some higher than others. I will go further than that. I will assert that the highest form of selfishness is to be found in the motto, the Eleventh Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The man who loves his neighbor as himself does not forget himself, because if he didn't love himself, then love of his neighbor would not amount to anything. (Laughter.) When you say that you must love your neighbor as yourself, you recognize self-love as a permanent lasting thing. To my mind our form of government is based upon the theory that all men are brothers, and that each one of the brothers finds his own highest advantage in recognizing the equal rights of every other person.

We come together in these lodges without regard to party,

without regard to religion, without regard to occupation, without regard to wealth. Here the high, the low, the rich and the poor meet together. And the reward that a man merits depends upon what he is and not upon what his father was or how much he had. (Applause.) And, my friends, we meet in these orders that great idea of equality which lies at the foundation of our government. More than that, as we assemble without regard to conditions, we learn a charity that is not common enough, my friends, in our discussions. As we get together members of different churches, members of different parties; as we come together and meet in the lodge-room upon a common footing, we are taught that charity should obtain between those who have a common purpose, but differing, as honest men must differ, in opinion.

I remember that it was a fraternity that first led me to take insurance on my life. As I look back and remember how I invited a young lady to share my fortunes with me when I didn't have anything for her to share, I am astonished at my impudence. While I remember that if death had come to me it would have left her with nothing but the memory of one who was foolish enough to marry without the means of supporting a wife, I am astonished, my friends, that I could have been so foolhardy.

These orders and fraternities which give young men an opportunity to insure their lives and thus make provision against the contingency of death, are of vast benefit to society. My friends, while I was a little late in commencing in the matter of insurance, I have become a firm believer in insurance since I did commence. And I believe that thousands and tens of thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands, of the citizens of this nation are first led to seriously consider the matter of insurance through membership in fraternities like this. I know that after I had taken out some insurance in this fraternal organization I was led to take out other forms of insurance. And if my own experience is any criterion I think it is safe to say that much of what is called the Old Line insur-

ance would never have been taken out but for the education in insurance matters which people obtain from these assessment organizations. And when you remember what an enormous amount of insurance is carried every year, when you remember how this insurance has increased and grown day by day, you realize, my friends, what a potent factor these organizations are in the development of our social institutions as we now see them.

But there is another thing that occurs to me in connection with the benefits of this Order. We are taught not only to visit the sick, but we are taught to have a regard for those who have been left by our neighbors. My friends, when you remember how a word sometimes changes the course of a life, when you remember how a helping hand in time of need may be the one thing that will change a child from a downward course to an upward course, and then remember how many kind words have been spoken, how many kind acts have been done, through the inspiration of the fraternity, you can then imagine something of the vastness of the benefits that flow from orders like this. I remember that while I was in college I heard a man read an essay. I don't remember the subject of the essay, and I don't remember anything else in the essay but this one illustration. He said that on the top of the Alleghany Mountains was a place where a little stream was flowing so near the summit that a handful of mud would change its course, so that it could be made to flow down on one side or on the other side. That illustration impressed itself upon my mind. And I have thought that if a single word or a kindly act can change the course of a human life, then the institution that makes that word possible, that causes the act to be done, must be responsible for the consequences that follow.

There are times when the fate of the government depends upon the wisdom of one person or the courage of one officer. And, my friends, who can tell what one of the barefooted boys of to-day will be the nation's prop and stay in some era of future trouble? Who can tell but that some child led from the

path of vice to the path of virtue by another person may in strength and greatness prop up the falling fortunes of a nation as great as ours? My friends, you cannot tell, you cannot calculate, you cannot measure the good that fraternities have been doing. You can in no way estimate the kindness that has been brought to the sick bed. You cannot estimate the goodness that has been brought to those in distress by Orders such as this. I tell you that they exemplify the truth of the parable of the Good Samaritan. We are taught to remember those in distress.

My friends, to-day the Modern Woodmen take possession of their home, and they will live here until they grow so large that they will have to get a larger home in order to take care of all the interests of the growing Order.

Let me, in conclusion, leave one thought that I think may be well for you to consider. We want the Order to grow. That is desirable. But, my friends, we ought to want the order to grow only so fast as it can grow without lowering the level of its membership. We want it understood that those who belong to the Modern Woodmen of America shall be persons worthy of confidence and trust, so that whenever a man wears a badge of the Order, and whenever we meet him, we may feel sure that we are meeting one worthy to be trusted as a neighbor. In the olden times there was a game like this: People ran with lighted candles and the test was, not who ran the fastest, but who ran the fastest without putting out his light. My friends, an Order may grow so rapidly that the standard of morality and character shall be lowered. But let it be our aim to see how fast we can grow, how rapidly we can run, without putting out the light that has made this Order a light unto the world. Let us not only desire for increased membership, remembering that we cannot hope to draw to the Modern Woodmen of America those who are worthy to be members unless we are careful to limit the membership to those who are worthy to belong to it.

My friends, I thank you for this opportunity of partici-



WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

pating in these exercises. I am glad to look into your faces and to realize that in locating this building here that you have located it among friends, and while you in the past have been willing to die for the building, let me ask you in the future to live for the Order of Modern Woodmen. (Laughter and applause.)

PERFECTED WOODCRAFT

Address by J. C. Root, Sovereign Commander Woodmen of the World and "Founder of all Woodcraft," at Omaha, June 25, 1903.

In 1865 I visited my grandfather, a venerable patriarch approaching the nineties in age. He was a thoughtful old gentleman. His greatest ambition was to see his country reunited and the nation tranquilized, before he passed away. He talked of the wonderful inventions and grand events of his day and generation. Putting his hand on my shoulder, he said, "Marvelous as all this is, the coming decades will bring greater achievements. I believe the time is not far distant, when man will talk to man, though thousands of miles separated, as if face to face." A prophecy that met incredulity, but which became a reality only eleven years later.

Within the memory of middle-aged people has come the marvelous electric motive power and illumination, the reproduction of speech and song, so that we may listen to Beecher and Ingersoll as if on earth and on the rostrum.

Nimrod and Noah traveled as well as General Washington. When Abraham wished to send a message to Lot, his servant galloped horseback twelve miles an hour. Our grandfathers, in their younger days, could do no better. Ulysses the bold navigator, sailed as fast as a Dutch merchant vessel in 1800. Benjamin Franklin was no better off than Pericles or Socrates as to his means of communicating with others. If Ruth or David was inclined to send word to Jonathan, one hundred miles away, it required at least twelve hours continuous travel. Our friends fifty years ago could scarcely do better.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1860, Elias Howe had just begun to evolve his plans for the sewing machine which was further delayed by his enlistment in the army. Steamboats, railways, the cotton gin, the mechanical harvesting machine which have revolutionized transportation and labor, and a thousand other magnificent inventions has marked the old century as most momentous since the world began.

The human mind can scarcely comprehend the magnitude of the nineteenth century or the possibilities of human ingenuity in the future. We accept the probability of traveling in the air between earth and clouds and communicating across the waters and the continents with no visible chain connecting. We are not surprised when the announcement is made that new natural elements, more powerful than steam, hydraulic or electric, are being harnessed to our machinery and utilized to propel carriages for freight and passengers. For it is a period of marvels.

Theologians look wise and declaim that it is a material age, having a tendency to make men irreverent; draws attention away from the fact that all things have a divine origin, a heavenly inspiration, and that great inventors and brainy philosophers are absorbed in worldly problems instead of seeking a happy eternity, which recalls an incident. A few years since, I escorted a worthy minister through the magnificent New York State Capitol at Albany. When we came away he remarked in a doleful tone, "I cannot help being impressed with the idea that the architect and designer of that magnificent palace will spend his eternity in hell, for none but a worldly man could conceive such grandeur and plan for its construction with such completeness." I was shocked by such an outburst of nonsense, and remarked that I reverently believed that such a design was specially inspired by Almighty God and its author would receive a choice seat in the heavenly kingdom. Such monuments are a blessing to mankind; it is a stimulus to ambition, an inspiration to all who behold it to beautify their own homes and business buildings.

The cunning skill of the artisan reproduces the most magnificent relicts of ancient art and adds thereto the suggestions of modern culture. Retrospection is the hobby of advanced age. Old men study the apocalypse of time with keen delight and sagely advise the younger and more vigorous to improvement and advance in philosophy, mechanics, science and art. The younger mind looks forward with wonder and anticipation, with desire to be a factor in greater development and achievements. Ambition is the spur that has incited greatness and made men victors on the battle-field, the forum, at the bench, in the laboratory, to design, to think, to invent, to accomplish great ends.

I would not give a snap of my fingers for the good opinion of a million drones; they know not how to appreciate; they are the ballast that loads down industry and energy, so it cannot soar aloft without casting them out and looking to the heights for inspiration and encouragement.

"One man is as good as another," an Irishman ejaculated, "and a domned sight better," is an idiom, the belief of which loads down many an inspiring soul who should rather have accepted the theory that every man should do his level best to make himself a better and more useful man than any other. We should bury self-praise in the bottom of the sea, and deserve the praise of superiority from others.

These thoughts occur to me in mentally summing up the day and the hour, the giants of to-day, the monuments they are rearing and the foot-prints they are impressing on the "sands of time."

In my younger days I learned the lesson of singleness of purpose. The man who sets his mark and steers toward it, who wavers not, who is not deflected from his course, who is not led away from it, is the man who succeeds. The man who changes his purpose, who is fickle and variable, trying first one thing then another, has but a small chance of success. A ticket in a lottery will be as certain of results as divided and distracted effort. Sum up the grand enterprises which are suc-

cessful, and I will show you back of it a master mind who toiled unceasingly to bring its fruition.

Thousands go to their graves unsatisfied and their life work unfinished. Clay, Greeley or Blaine never reached the President's chair. Beecher had his latter days clouded by false friends. Kane did not reach the North Pole. Napoleon failed to retain a reputation of being invincible, but all of these and innumerable others, have benefited humanity in their examples of indomitable will and perseverance. Others have taken up their work, corrected their mistakes, improved upon their plans and methods and condemned their faults.

We live in a new era, a new century. Industrial problems are with us in this country, indeed over all the world; to solve these will require conservative minds and wise rulers. Monarchies tremble, money powers are affrighted for *vox populi* is being heard in no uncertain sound. Combinations of capital are met by combinations of brawn and muscle. Restrictions by the employers meet a foil of restrictions as to labor. The battle is on. Thus far, a "merry war," later on, what may we expect? The dirty pool of politics needs cleansing; the people need clean and fearless leaders, property needs more protection; the wealthy, who evade their equitable share of taxation, and the monopolies who usurp the business of small dealers must be restrained. Who shall do it?

Questions pregnant with vital import,—who will answer them satisfactorily? The day and hour has arrived. Who is the Moses who will lead to the promised land? Fools and children ask questions which wise men cannot answer. The trend of events encourage presumption that all of these problems will receive a solution more or less satisfactory. One step in this direction would be to accomplish the unification of all elements of intelligent men. Association will do this. The institution that succeeds in associating the greatest number in one interest, to accomplish one laudable object, will be most potent in bringing together the interests which are not in accord.

The fraternal societies seem to be the most successful in this direction. The voluntary tie which binds to acts of relief and charity, cements friendship, engenders confidence, tears down barriers between men, puts them in touch so that wise counsels may prevail for the protection of each member and his loved ones. The beneficiary society yields not the palm of being the greatest of all the inventions of modern times. It may be classed ahead of mechanical invention, government reform, or advanced philosophy. It reaches the homes of the people by no circuitous route. It banishes penury and want and encourages education and usefulness.

Advocates of fraternalism should be on a parity with the teachers of morality and good living. Every adherent should advocate the cause with enthusiasm. Greeley said, "Young man, go west!" It would appear that his advice has been pretty generally taken and the young men who have distinguished themselves in fraternalism who located in Nebraska, have been selected to the highest positions in the largest and five or six of the lesser lights of the galaxy of beneficiary orders.

So I may claim, with good grace, that the home of the Woodmen of the World has become the fountain head of the gospel of beneficiary fraternalism. It is the Mecca to which the faithful will look with reverence and respect.

The cycle of years to come will add honors to our state, the proud money kings of the aristocratic East will see many "mickles made to muckles," and the wage worker at their doors depending on the Western deposit of their mites to place their dependents above want and becoming suppliants at their door, or like Lazarus, beseeching crumbs from their table.

The Golden West of the prairie dog, the cayote and the gopher, toward the setting sun, is the hope of the nation, the treasure trove of the common people.

THE LODGE AND THE MAN

An address, in part, of Judge A. N. Cheerry at Salt Lake City, Utah, to an assemblage of Modern Woodman of America, on the question of admission to the Grand Jurisdiction, April, 1901.

There are many very good things in this life, as well as many that are not good. The sunshine of childhood, the spring of youth, the success of manhood, and the crowning glories of a well-spent life, all add luster and glory to life's panorama, viewed either in the prospective or in the past. The sorrows and disappointments of our experience are perhaps just as frequent as the joys but nature in its benevolence has so ordered that we forget the times when the iron of grief entered the soul and we recall the brighter days and happy hours only. Man is not only a social creature, but he does have, and must have, diversion. Put him on the treadmill grind and keep him there, and in a few years he will resemble a Kansas corn-stalk struck by hot winds; but give him occasional showers of "out with the boys" and he radiates like a sunflower after a rain in August. One great impediment to the realization of these boyish pranks is opportunity. Most married men must not only give a reason for the hope that is within, but in the complicity of their domestic relations are bound on honor to account for their whereabouts when absent from the four walls, where the queen of the home reigns supreme. How awkward and embarrassing this becomes oft-times—to explain why you came home on the last car, or perchance in a hack at 2 a. m.; and yet a reason on compulsion must be given. We cannot do as did Jack Falstaff, when asked to explain how he could distinguish the seven rogues in Kendal green, on a night so dark one could not see a hand before the eye, he replied: "What, give a reason on compulsion? If reasons were as thick as blackberries, I would give no reason on compulsion." With us the reason must be forthcoming. And just here the importance of the subject is apparent. With the lodge the man is protected from censure

or suspicion. Regular meetings! special meetings! extra work on the seventh degree! committee work, etc., all afford a plausible reason which the man will make use of on such occasions. So it is plain that the lodge and the man are in harmony with each other. The lodge not only protects the home, the wife and the little ones when death and disaster comes, but it is made to throw its consoling influence athwart the pathway of the man who, when called to tell of his outing, can rely on the infallible shield of the lodge. For this purpose, one lodge is as good as another perhaps, but I am of the opinion that the Modern Woodmen of the America is the best of all. Not because there is more brush around a Woodman's camp, in which to hide, but from the very nature of the work, there are axes to grind, wedges to sharpen, logs to roll—if you are a log-roller—camp-fires to build and watch that the fires do not get among the dry leaves; and then the getting home from a Woodman's camp through the dark forest in winding paths and over fallen trees and dismantled limbs, all consume time, which is an important item in the reason-giving business. Seriously, however, the Modern Woodmen of America is one of the best of societies. With its large and increasing membership of sturdy men, its benevolent purpose, and its judicious management, it has become the most popular and soundest of any in its line. The moral and humane principles taught by this Order commend it to every man who reveres the name of fellowship and home. After all, our supreme efforts in life should be to protect the home. Around our firesides what thronging memories come! How it lifts the cares of the day to return to it, though it may be plain and humble.

“’Tis sweet to hear the watchdog’s honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
’Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and grow brighter when we come.
’Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lip of children and their earliest words.”

All good men should foster the lodge; it brings us closer together as neighbors and binds the heart and home in tender union.

HONESTY AND SUPPORT THE GREAT PILLARS OF WOODCRAFT

Response to the Address of Welcome delivered by W. W. Dodge, of Camp 98, Burlington, Iowa, at the Tri-State—Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri—Picnic, held at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Sept. 4, 1899.

It is a charming custom of the members of the Modern Woodmen of America to lay aside the busy cares of life and assemble in mid-summer, or autumn days, in a social picnic. Families are made happy by this day's reunion, and the ties of friendship between neighbors are closer drawn, while from humble rostrums are promulgated the doctrines of Woodcraft.

The rapid growth and remarkable development of the Modern Woodmen of America is a matter of wonderment. It certainly fills the heart of every Woodman with pardonable pride to know that although this society is only sixteen years of age, having been organized at Lyons, Iowa, Jan. 5, 1883, with twenty-one members, that in one year it had increased to eighteen camps, with 373 members; in five years it numbered about 24,000 members, while at the present time there is a total of 420,000 beneficiary and social members, meeting in nearly 7,000 camps, scattered over thirty-three states. The certificates held by beneficiaries of our society aggregate nearly \$800,000,000. It is a proud boast of the Modern Woodmen of America that there has been paid to the beneficiaries of over 6,300 deceased Neighbors the magnificent sum of \$13,550,000. That you may fully appreciate the magnitude of this vast sum which the hand of fraternity has distributed to the widow and orphans of Woodmen, may I call your attention to the fact that this \$13,550,000 if in standard silver dollars, would weigh, avoirdupois, 399¼ tons. To transport this vast sum of money would require an engine and a train of twenty-one freight cars,

each car carrying 40,000 pounds of silver dollars. If this 13,550,000 of silver dollars were placed one on top of the other, it would make a solid column 116,810 $\frac{1}{3}$ feet or 22 $\frac{1}{8}$ miles in height. What a magnificent flagstaff this would be from which to unfurl the banner of Woodcraft. Place these silver dollars in a straight line, each touching the other, there would be a stream of silver dollars 320 $\frac{4}{5}$ miles long, or 28 miles further than from Burlington to Council Bluffs.

The record of the Modern Woodmen of America as a fraternal beneficiary society is a most remarkable one. It has grown within the past two years, at the average rate of 8,200 new members each month, which surpasses the growth of any other fraternal beneficiary society, notwithstanding our territory is limited, while many of the others embrace the entire United States. The cost of fraternal protection has not increased a single cent for the past ten years. The average age of membership is 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ years, and the cost of protection, or insurance, at this average age is \$4.50 per annum for \$1,000. During the year 1898 the Modern Woodmen of America wrote more insurance than any society in the world, and fully \$20,000,000 more than its nearest competitor. In the words of our Head Consul, W. A. Northcott, lieutenant-governor of Illinois, at the Head Camp meeting, last June, "The Modern Woodmen of America is to-day the largest, cheapest, and best fraternal beneficiary society in the world."

At the present rate of increase the Modern Woodmen of America furnishes the strongest of proof that within its territorial limits it is an organized charity that enjoys the confidence of its membership and attracts the attention of those who seek the beneficence of fraternal protection. This confidence and wonderful growth comes from its wise, honest and economical management, which shows a per capita expense of management 50 per cent less than any other society of like magnitude. Its democratic form of government, in that its chief officers are elected by delegates who represent all the camps of the association, keeps it near to the individual member, and in this

way fraud and corruption is circumvented and confidence in the management and stability of the society is assured.

The Modern Woodmen of America demonstrated its patriotism to the nation when, as soon as the war with Spain was declared, it notified its members if they died while in the service of their country, their certificates would be paid in full. This action compelled other fraternities to adopt the same patriotic course.

In the United States there are about one hundred fraternal benefit societies, with a membership of over 4,000,000, thus pretty thoroughly refuting the argument of Old Line companies that there is a lack of confidence in the stability of these great organized charities. They have been weighed in the balance of public opinion and have not been found wanting. The history of this country shows the failure of exceedingly few fraternal beneficiary societies and their extinction is traceable to incompetent management, lack of energy, and not conforming strictly to the purely fraternal beneficiary system.

The motto of the Modern Woodmen of America is an exceedingly beautiful one: *Pur autre vie*, which broadly means: "We live for others." There is a sermon in these words; a picture of life's passing show for the painter's brush. It brings man to the altar with his lovely bride,

"When all the world's in blossom,
When life is at the spring;
When the birds it seems do nothing
But sit around and sing."

It is from our joyous wedding day, when the purest and holiest love of wife, like the tendrils of a vine, becomes entwined and rooted in our hearts, and when, as time passes by, we are blessed with happy children, whose dimpled arms, sweet smiles, and merry prattle greet us at our home-coming, that we realize the beauty and meaning of our motto: "We live for others."

Neighbor, you may regard it a difficult task to earn and save a sufficient amount to sustain your family and educate

your children, but did you ever seriously consider how much more difficult it will be for your wife to do so after your death? It should be a task of love with every Woodman to carry and maintain as large a benefit certificate for wife and children as his pocketbook will permit, so that when his life's cares shall have ended, his passing away will be in the glorious consciousness that his wife is comfortably provided for, and his children will inherit the legacy of a good education, a moral training, become intelligent citizens and ornaments to society.

Death is a specter that may enter our home at any time, and while to think of his coming causes the eye to dim, the heart to swell, the throat to choke, yet it is our sacred duty to see that our family is well protected by ample life insurance at the hour of our final summons. In what home, however well protected, is there not "a vacant chair." The Arabs have a proverb which says, "Death is a black camel which kneels at the gate of all." Neighbors, let us so live and be prepared that when the "black camel" kneels at our gate to carry us across that desert, which myriads before us have passed over, and who as the Persian poet exclaims:

"Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover we must travel, too!"

Solomon, the great monarch of Israel, reared a gorgeous edifice, which was recognized as the glory of his reign and the wonder of his age. He placed two brass pillars in the porch of the temple; one he called "Boaz," the other "Jachin." These, it is said, denoted "Support" and "Stability." The Modern Woodmen of America is a magnificent temple, which has been erected by the brain and loving help of 420,000 devoted and loyal Neighbors, and like the temple of Solomon, there has been placed two great pillars in the porch of that temple, one denoting "Honesty and Support," the other "Economy and Stability." These symbolize the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to guide the footsteps of widow and orphan through the danger of life's wilderness.

The Modern Woodmen of America as a fraternal society will stand out for years to come among the greatest organized charities of this nation as the rainbow of promise, as the ark of the covenant, to give hope, comfort and shelter to the wife and children of deceased Woodmen.

HEAD CONSUL, MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA

Address of acceptance, of Hon. A. R. Talbot, as Head Consul of the Modern Woodmen of America, to the National Convention of Woodmen at Indianapolis, June, 1903.

To be elected the Head Consul of this splendid Order is a great honor. To be selected in the manner with which you have conferred this honor upon me to-day is greater than to be a king. (Applause)

I have not words with which to express to you the gratitude which overflows my heart at this time. I am not going to extend my remarks because this is not the time, neither is it the place to make a speech; but I want to say that every Neighbor on this floor who did not get an opportunity to second the motion of Neighbor Johnson will be taken into the fold just the same. (Laughter and applause.) I want to say a few sober words. I realize the great responsibility of this office because I have been in touch with that matchless leader who has held the office before me. (Applause.) I realize now that the next two years' work of the Modern Woodmen of America will test the pluck, the courage, and the character of the greatest men in the jurisdiction. I want, and must have, the courageous and hearty support of every Neighbor in the jurisdiction whatever may have been his hope, his condition, or his opinion concerning matters of legislation in the Modern Woodmen of America hitherto; and, sirs, I will be the Head Consul, with your indulgence and kindness, of all, and not of any particular part, of the Modern Woodmen of America. (Applause.) I will be the Head Consul of this Order for every man that wears the badge of the Modern Woodmen of America. (Applause.) The man in the far-off New England states

behind the counter is my brother; the man, who up in yon northern forests with the axe cuts a path for civilization's onward march, is my brother; the man, who, in the Mississippi valley toils in shop or office, is my brother; the man who follows the Nebraska plow bare-footed, is my brother. (Applause.) I want to say to you that there will be no rule applied to the man who wears the high hat and fine linen in one part of the jurisdiction that will not apply to the man who fells the forests or follows the plow. (Applause.) But I must not take your time.

We owe our religious and political liberty to-day not alone to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. These few men that touched Massachusetts brought seed and not a harvest; but out of their early struggles for freedom has grown the American idea, and the fruit of that sowing is the blessings of liberty America's millions enjoy to-day. The aspirations and hopes of these Pilgrims were not realized to them, but we who follow are the beneficiaries of their faith and effort. The prayers of these people were answered in the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.) This did not come to us in a minute. It was a development. So it is with this great fraternity. Out of the establishment by Father Upchurch over thirty years ago of the fraternal idea, came the progress and development of this splendid system (applause), until we find its maturity and enlargement, my friends, to-day in the personality and achievements of William A. Northcott. (Applause.) The great reformers of all time did not live for the period in which they spoke. Martin Luther, John Wesley, and the immortals of their time, struggled for those great principles by which they would establish a high moral and religious standard. Their hands rested centuries ago; but to-day, my friends, the hands of John Wesley, Martin Luther, and their co-laborers, are ringing the church bells of the world and calling people to a better and higher life. And so it is with this fraternal work. In years and years after my distinguished brother and Neighbor shall have passed through the portals beyond, bowed down

with the virtues and good deeds of an active life, the spirit of William A. Northcott, big with love for his fellow men, will sit in the councils of the Modern Woodmen of America. (Applause.) He stands to-day, the flower and fruitage of this the greatest fraternity of our day. (Applause.)

The thing that pleases me most here, greater than the election you have given me so magnanimously, is the fact that out of your joint wisdom and out of your deliberations will come such action that this body of four hundred sixty-nine delegates will go home standing a single unit in the Modern Woodmen of America for its success and its perpetuity. (Applause.)

In the early struggles of this country when men of courage and great patriotism were needed—when Bunker Hill echoed the terrors of foreign musketry—then it was that all lovers of liberty put aside private opinions and personal beliefs, and stood united for freedom. Then it was, when he heard of Concord and Lexington, patriotic Patrick Henry from old Virginia sent that stirring message to Massachusetts, "I am not a Virginian, I am an American." So let it be with us. While we may differ on views concerning readjustment or matters of legislation; while we may be partial to this man or that policy, let the spirit of Patrick Henry guide our purpose, and each for himself resolve, that whatever the wisdom of this Head Camp shall establish as our rule and guide, he will be a Modern Woodmen of America. (Applause.)

Finally, Neighbors, let us have such results here as shall bring a great quietude to the hearts of our Neighbors everywhere. (Applause.) Let each speak freely his convictions, and having something to say, say it and sit down. Let the high standard of manhood, so appreciated in our Order, ever remain. I would that we might speak logic rather than oaths or discord. It is not ours to fight savages or wild beasts,—our forefathers did that. We are not to conquer a nation or even found a state. Ours is a higher and more inspiring duty. We have a nobler, a diviner task. It is for us to unify and reconcile our great membership. (Applause.) We are to

speaking the truth, to exemplify in person the superb doctrines of our beloved Order. (Applause.) We are men, and should stand for our best types. Let us strive for the victories of peace. Be true to yourself, and it will follow as night follows day, thou canst not be false to any man. (Loud and continuous applause.)

FRATERNITY AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE UNITED STATES

Address of Ex-President Grover Cleveland, at a St. Patrick's Anniversary banquet, given by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, at Delmonico's, New York City, March 16, 1889.

The words to which I respond give rise to such various and impressive reflections that I find it difficult to determine the line of thought which should be followed. What is naturally and obviously suggested by the sentiment proposed is a country marvelous in its growth and development, great in its power and wealth, and free in the character of its institutions, and in the spirit of its people. There is also suggested a broad and hospitable country which opens its gates to the people of all nations who are willing to assume the duties of American citizenship in exchange for a share in the blessings which God has in store for the American people. Nor can it be said that in national selfishness and sordid complacency our country is blind to the welfare of others. Wherever there exists a struggle for freer government and for man's enfranchisement there will be found the aid and sympathy of the people of the United States. In this we but follow the promptings which our free constitution inspires and acknowledge the contribution we have received from the sturdy men of other lands to our population and to every element of our greatness.

In this reunion of your ancient and honorable society, reminding us of such contributions, and where the value of American citizenship is fully acknowledged, it is in every way fitting and proper that we should mention with love and with loyalty "the United States." I have referred to the obvious significance of these words as they are related to a great, pros-

perous and free nation. But other nations, too, are great; they are prosperous and rich and in a measure they are free. "States" may mean any organized government, tyrannical monarchical or free. It is therefore most important that we do not miss the reflection that "the United States" alone stand for the one government always free and founded upon human rights and equality before the law. Thus is presented the unity of our states and the fundamental importance of that unity to all we are and all we hoped to be. Our national life is inseparable from this union of the states. Thus was it launched upon its career among the nations of the earth. Its machinery is suited to no other condition and its success depends upon it. Whatever might be the achievements of separate and disjointed states, nothing but the triumph of the United States can fully demonstrate in the eyes of the world the success of the American experiment of self-government. To the end that our nation might be called the United States the fathers who forged so well the bonds of our union yielded to each other their opinions and discarded their prejudices. In later years, in order that the United States might be saved as a precious heritage, lives were sacrificed and blood was shed on many a hard-fought battle-field.

We should not be content with veneration for those who made us a nation, nor with the sacred and grateful remembrance of those who shed their blood and gave their lives for its perpetuation. We, too, owe a duty to the United States. We can at least teach fraternity and toleration, the sure foundations of our unity and our country's life. If those lessons are firmly established in the hearts of our countrymen, we shall, to the extent that we aid in this consummation, perform the duty required of us in our day and generation. Let us, then, cultivate real and genuine generosity and fraternal kindness among all our people. Let us resolve that no partisan exigency shall excuse the creation or keeping alive of irritation and jealousy among people all charged with the safety, the development and the triumph of American institutions.



W. A. NORTHCOTT,
Past Head Consul Modern Woodmen of America.

Our destiny is before us. We are not called upon to surrender or jeopardize any results in favor of our union we may have gained in its armed defense, but rather to foster and secure these results through the patriotism of magnanimity. In the presence of the duty God has laid upon us as a nation it should never be forgotten that failure waits on dissension and division, and that a grudging acknowledgement of a common brotherhood, or a halting coöperation in a common patriotic purpose, will surely check our national progress.

In this assemblage, where so large a representation is found of the race which, in all stages of our national life, has done so much to make our country great, and whose hearts at this time turn lovingly to their brethren who struggle for the blessings which are here enjoyed, I know that reference to any element of our freedom and happiness will meet with a heart-felt response. Here, regardless of place of birth or former allegiance, we meet as American citizens, proud of our country, devoted to her interests and prosperity, and wishing with enthusiasm for those less favored the happiness, the freedom, the strength and the peace which are found in the United States.

THE ROYAL ARCANUM

Address of Judge George Driggs, at the Auditorium, Chicago, Jan. 23, 1890.

Any organization commands my respect which has for its object the real benefit of members of the human race. While I have no fault to find with any man, if he can do no more, who confines his labor and his love to those who look to him for daily bread and the shelter of a home, I admire that spirit which cannot rest serene beside his glowing hearth when he possesses knowledge of want and woe which could to some extent be lightened by a morsel from his board, the touch of a friendly hand, or the sympathy of a human voice; and that soul is poor, indeed, which will not willingly make some sacrifice that might aid another to meet and master the perplexities

that crowd the pathway in this hurrying, restless whirlpool of existence.

Out of the necessities and fashions of our times have sprung innumerable societies. Some are organized solely for the purpose of gain; others for the inculcation of specific forms of faith and creed; others to contest the rights of the weak against the oppressions of the strong; others are formed only for pleasure and exercise, while still others throw down the gauge to battle with public opinion upon the plane of reform in some of the departments of life. Nearly all have some features worthy our respect, but none of them can long endure which do not hold as the ultimate object the real benefit of mankind. Selfishness and ignorance are the only real enemies which free institutions have to fear. There is no man with brain and bone so strong that he may walk the earth alone and never stretch his hand for aid. However secure may be the faith of a reward in that undiscovered country for the performances in this life; however much may be the measure of gold which the laws permit one man to label his own; however vast the acres which stand of record in his name; however extensive the authority which even by the consent of the governed is wielded by his brain; however exclusive the power accorded; however far removed may be the review of acts performed unless in this marvelous and majestic procession of life he touches the hearts of his fellow men for good, he will ultimately fail.

We cannot live alone. It is not my purpose to usurp the position of censor on this occasion, but I cannot stand in the presence of so many young men and women and be silent upon a subject which is to me at once so important and inspiring. Every great and noble enterprise and action in history has had fraternity for one of its surest and safest stays. Indeed it is the very essence of our faith in republican institutions. From South Hampton to Plymouth Rock, from Plymouth Rock to Yorktown, from Yorktown to New Orleans, from New Orleans to Sumter, from Sumter to Appomatox, fraternity has been

one of the important wielding influences for strength in war and peace in each contending host. In every social reform or progress one-half the battle would be won before the contest waged did we but know each other better and recognize with highest purpose the efficient power of patience and good faith. Class distinctions and arrogant assumption of superiority are melting away beneath the onward march of intelligence; and every society grows steadily better and more influential which encourages men and women engaged in different walks of life to meet and to exchange words of friendly greeting.

Life is serious business and we are all too apt to become so absorbed in our instant wants and ambitious desires to properly heed the growing habit of self-exclusiveness. Every meeting like this will impress those present with the benefit of association. All of us see new faces. Each one extends the hand of fraternity to a new acquaintance. The object is proper and calculated to increase the power of each to be of benefit to the other. This meeting is not intended as an advertisement for this organization, but it is rather a demonstration that our association needs no advertisement. This conclave, as I view it, is one of the splendid results of a splendid society.

The stockholders are satisfied that dividends will be paid on our investment, but as those dividends cannot be called until we are beyond the reach of worldly aid, we want to get acquainted with the men who are willing to say that when the light goes out in any home represented in this organization, we will contribute something to relieve the immediate material wants of those who stand alone in the desolation and the gloom. We want to be on speaking terms with those of our fellow men who are generous enough to say that they will feel some direct interest in the welfare of another's widow and helpless children. We want to extend our acquaintance among the class of individuals who enjoy the consciousness of being of service to others in providing for the social benefit of the member while living, and the material benefit of his loved

ones when they "sigh for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

A society, the benefits of which are alike within the reach of the inhabitants of cabin and castle, of cottage and hall. How appropriate it is that our first general meeting should be held in this magnificent temple, dedicated, as it is, to the great, plain people of the State of Illinois, to which class we are proud to belong. All hail to the Royal Arcanum, all hail to a society possessing a membership and an immediate constituency which, without parade and without posters, is destined to invade with real benefit more unpretentious homes in this broad land than any other ever organized by the brain and heart of man!

"KNIGHTS OF THE FOOTBOARD"

Response by W. W. Dodge, at a banquet given at the National Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in the city of Burlington, Iowa, July 19, 1886.

This is the second time in my life I have been honored with an invitation to address brotherhoods of railroad men. Last year I spoke to a splendid body, the Brotherhood of Brakemen. Now it is permitted me to speak to the bronzed and stalwart knights of the locomotive. I can assure you that I highly appreciate this privilege. I am free to admit that I must be given "sand" when "pulling out" my remarks in the presence of these brave, expert men. It is therefore with fear and trembling that I open "my throttle"; and if I do not "burst a flue," I hope to make a reasonable progress and get there on "card time." I also appreciate the fact that Grand Chief Arthur is the "headlight" of this occasion, and has the "right of way." I am "running wild," and must needs be careful, lest I "jump the track" and have a bad "smash up." So I crave your indulgence and patience during my desultory remarks, and should you discover that my "drivers are slipping on the grade," call for the "air-brakes."

You have designated this day for a union meeting of your

Brotherhood, a place which is the oldest and best city in Iowa. Burlington, like wine, improves with age. Our city shows every evidence of modern advancement; nine railroads, a magnificent system of water works, this Grand Opera House, new stores, residences, and other attractions too numerous to mention. Our popular Mayor has hung the latchstring on the outer walls; our worthy and hospitable men extend to you a brotherly hand of welcome; while our beautiful young ladies, God bless them, will meet you with bright faces wreathed in winning smiles, and make you for the moment wish that you were not married that you might take one home with you. As for you single men, all I have to say is that we have numerous ministers and Justices of the Peace.

There are others here to-day better acquainted with the subject than I, who may relate the wonderful growth of railroads in this and other regions. They may relate the thrilling experience of Stephenson's engine, "The Rockett" which, fifty years ago, with a load of thirteen tons, including many passengers, traveled at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and the engine of Braithwait & Erickson, of London, which moved at the astonishing speed of twenty-eight miles an hour. "It seemed, indeed," said a spectator, "to fly; presenting one of the most sublime spectacles of human ingenuity and human daring the world ever beheld. It actually made men giddy to look at it, and filled thousands with lively fear for the safety of the individuals who were on it, and who seemed not to run along the earth, but fly, as it were, on the wings of the wind."

It sounds like one of Gulliver's phantasms when we are told that in 1830 in the United States there were only twenty-three miles of track in operation. Now we have an extent of 125,000 miles, costing, with equipments, about seven billion dollars, and affording employment to about 500,000 persons. The railroads of the world give a grand aggregate of 264,826 miles, of which we have about one-half in this country.

It was recently said by a United States Senator that "among the servants of our civilization none have approached

the efficiency of the railway. It has annihilated distances; it has not only made the wilderness blossom like the rose, but it has enabled the rose to be readily exchanged for the products of the cities. It has conduced to the widest diffusion of labor, and rendered nations measurably homogeneous."

I learn that twenty-three years ago your Brotherhood was founded at Detroit, Michigan. Your first division was known as "The Brethren of the Footboard," and consisted of twelve members. You have now some 20,000 members in your Brotherhood, contained in 320 divisions. Your association is among the oldest labor organizations, and stands to-day as firm as any. The cornerstones of your grand Order are "Sobriety, Truth, Justice, and Morality." Your Brotherhood is eternal, standing on such a sublime and magnificent foundation. These principles are as lasting as the rock-ribbed hills. Engrave them on your hearts. Be true to them and you will stand before your fellow men as one of the "noblest works of God."

The life of a locomotive engineer is filled with sunshine and shadow. There is pleasure, there is sorrow on each side of the line. The merciless dagger of grief pierces the heart, while again the golden rays of joy make glad. Who has not observed the pride and affection lavished by a "Knight of the Footboard" on his engine? It is only equalled by the admiration and love of Pygmalion for his statue of ivory. Pygmalion was a sculptor, and with his skilled hand made a statue of ivory more beautiful than any living woman; it looked like the workmanship of nature. He fell in love with his own creation, and caressed it, and like unto a girl, he made it presents of flowers, birds, bright shells, and beads of amber. At the festival of Venus, before the altar where sacrifices were offered, Pygmalion timidly said, "Ye gods, who can do all things, give me, I pray you, for my wife"—he dared not say, "my ivory virgin"—but said instead, "one like my ivory virgin." Venus heard his prayer, and causing the flame on the altar to shoot up thrice into a fiery point, gave life to the subject of his creation.

So with the man of the lever on the nation's birthday festival. I have seen him bedeck his engine with flowers, pictures, gay colored ribbons, and beautiful wreaths, until, like a bride, ready for the altar, it seemed to me he almost felt inspired to utter the prayer of Pygmalion.

In this rambling talk I could not hope to fitly portray the noble character of the locomotive engineer. His dauntless courage, fidelity to duty, willingness to sacrifice even life to save those in his charge, his seeming disregard of all danger, and his heroic deeds, are themes for the poet and historian, rather than the orator. His name is engraven on tablets of brass in the temples of everlasting fame. His virtues, valor, fidelity, sacrifice, shall shine as brilliantly and long as the stars of heaven. Therefore, let us bear in mind that

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of one unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all;
The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells—
The book of life the shining secret tells."

CHARITY, THAT RADIANT VIRTUE OF HUMANITY!

Address of Welcome of Gov. A. J. Montague of Virginia, delivered at the dedication of the Elks' National Home, at Bedford City, Va., May 21, 1903.

It is difficult to give expression of welcome to so notable an assemblage, for the mission of your presence marks the silent rapture of hospitality. As distant as may be your homes and as varied as may be your occupations, still you come in response to a common purpose—charity, that radiant virtue of humanity.

But if the people of any state can welcome the people of other states of the Union, Virginia can appropriately do so; indeed, it is not far wide of the fact to assert that many of you here present are either her children or the descendants of her children; and, if not, that you come from lands which have

been either given by her to the common Union, or have been acquired for the common Union by the mind and hand of her statesmen and warriors. And it is fitting that you have come back, so to speak, to this old state and to this historic county amidst these beautiful surroundings, and under the shadows of these everlasting hills to exemplify virtues by deeds.

The professions and practices of men must measure the standards of civilization. It is idle to profess charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity, if no deeds come forth as the flower of our faith. In establishing this home for needy and deserving men, we avouch the work for the word, the fruit for the faith. For this home is not a dead monument, but a living memorial of the teachings of this great Order. We should not be just if we did not do unto others as we would have them do unto us. We should not be faithful to that charity which is the strong arm of love if we did not out of our abundance give to those in want and sorrow.

Life seems to move by contrasts, if not by rhythm. The darkness is thicker because of light. From the shadow of the valley the eye is blinded by the splendor of the heavens. Poverty, suffering and sorrow appeal all the more because we know comfort, health and happiness. Misfortune and unhappiness make us realize our good fortune and our happiness. Therefore, we see that misery and want and misfortune play their part in life. For if there were none stricken by the wayside, and needy and suffering, there would be no incentive to employ the virtues which inspire this gathering in the inauguration of the noble charity here set on foot.

Therefore, in this trysting place of good purpose and of sweet charity, and in the sight of these people, and within the lengthening shadows of the mountains that tower above us, may we not find incentives to consecrate our lives anew to the noble principles of this order: to the deeds which these principles teach; to the quickening of our own lives in response to charity's appeals and man's burdens; to an appreciation of Justice, that imperial virtue which steadies all humanity, and

to that great and good fellowship, which banishes all unkindness and brings the peace that must pass understanding.

Coming, as we do to-day, from all parts of our great Republic, representing an order that extends from the Atlantic sea-board away to the islands of the Pacific, we find it difficult to repress the realization of the greatness of our country and the union and patriotism of our people. This is an American home upon Virginia's soil and under Virginia's skies. Her people sympathize with the undertaking, and her laws will safeguard this philanthropic trust. All of which bespeaks an indissoluble Union of indestructible states, which should live in charity and justice and should grow to an undreamed-of power in walking the paths of peace.

FRATERNALISM AND THE DRAMA

Address by Mr. Frederick Warde, the tragedian at the dedication of the national Elks' Home, Bedford City, Va., May 21, 1903.

Shakespeare tells us in his beautiful pastoral comedy, "As You Like It," of which I am reminded by this charming environment of hill and dale, forest and stream, that "One man in his time plays many parts." In my case it is particularly appropriate; in my time I have played many parts, but never one that I approached with greater trepidation, and desire to succeed, than the part I am now to play before you here to-day.

I appear by invitation of your committee as a representative of the drama, an institution older than Christianity, born from the union of music and poetry in the vales of ancient Greece twenty-five hundred years ago, fostered by the intellectual genius of the intervening centuries, adopted wherever civilization flourishes and now recognized as one of the most potent factors in education, enlightenment and progress. I represent a profession that, in spite of years of injustice, ignorance and prejudice, has survived, by the compelling force of its own dignity, its narrow-minded detractors, and in the evolution of modern thought, stands foremost in the category

of the liberal arts. A knowledge of the drama arouses the imagination, broadens the intellectual views of life, and enlarges the scope of human sympathy. The effect of the drama is to elevate, instruct, and refine; and the art of the actor by means of the drama.

"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature,
Show Vice her own image, scorn her own feature,
And the very age and body of time
Its form and pressure."

It is to the drama, and the actors of the drama, that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks owes its existence, and if the many faults and frailties with which we are charged were true that fact should be an extenuating plea in their favor. A small coterie of actors, recognizing that the itinerant character of their profession necessitated some bond or union for their mutual protection and entertainment, as well as care in times of sickness and distress, formed a small society that met weekly, usually on Sunday evenings, when wit and wisdom, song and story, served to illumine the leisure hours, while anecdote and experience of mutual interest, bound them in ties of common sympathy. These weekly meetings became so attractive and their numbers increased so rapidly that finally a permanent organization was established, with the principles of friendship, charity, justice and fidelity, as its foundation, a complete ritual was composed, solemn ceremonies of initiation introduced, and a new secret fraternal society came into existence under the name of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks. But little dreamed the band of pioneers (many of whom, alas, have passed away) of the gigantic proportions to which the Order would grow. They indeed builded better than they knew. They founded, if not a new religion, a concretion of the virtues of all the old ones, and we, their followers and disciples, worship to-day not in cathedral aisles of pillared stone niched with sculptured saints, nor before high altars decked with golden chalice, jeweled host and twinkling candle. Our simple altar is draped only

with the emblem of our national liberty surmounted by the Holy Scriptures and our symbolic antlers. Uncircumscribed by creed or limited by orthodoxy we ask only a fealty to the flag, and faith in the existence of a Supreme Being. It is, indeed, a religion of love, a gospel of humanity. As the monarch of the forest springs from the germ of the small acorn, so from the seeds sown by that faithful few has grown that mighty Order that to-day spreads its branches from the parent stem to the uttermost confines of this great nation—aye, and beyond, for the Elks have followed the flag, and flourish with honor and esteem in the territory of Hawaii and the far off Philip-pines. From these distant islands in the broad Pacific, from every town and city where an Elks Lodge is in existence, from the most remote parts of the earth, wherever an Elk may be found, there comes to you to-day upon the wireless telegraphy of love, messages of fraternal sympathy in your objects, and congratulations on the fruition of your hopes and endeavors. Since my initiation into the Order, some twenty-three years ago, I have been proud of the fact that I am an Elk, but to-day I have a double cause for pride—first, in this crowning achievement we celebrate, and second, that I belong to this profession that brought the Order of Elks into existence and made the achievement possible. And although the Order has long since outgrown the limitations of its founders, that made members of the theatrical profession alone eligible for membership, the Order has ever been in sympathetic touch and fraternal union with the guild of the drama. And it is proper that it should be so, for the drama is in complete sympathy with the principles of Elks. The drama teaches charity in the broadest sense—you have sworn to practice it. The drama advocates impartial justice to all—it is your corner stone. The drama illustrates the virtue of fidelity—you claim it as your motto. The drama teaches the doctrine of human love—friendship, and crystallization of human love is your cardinal principle. The drama teaches by example, as well as by precept, the noblest lesson of manhood and integ-

rity—your ritual does the same. Chivalry and defense of virtue is an omnipresent tenet of the drama—with you, it is a solemn obligation. The drama is non-sectarian—so are you, and so *ad infinitum*, I might parallel the lessons to be learned from the teachings of both institutions. It is also worthy of note that the first dramatic entertainment presented in America was given at Jamestown in this state, and here among the hills and vales of the same history-making dominion, where honor is their guerdon, and hospitality their religion, have the Elks erected their first asylum for the aged and indigent members of the Order. I say the first advisedly, because at the present rate of progress, and with our rapidly increasing prosperity, it is not improbable that at no very distant period similar institutions may be established in every state of the Union. And now a word as to our progress. We must and will progress—it is inevitable; but in the ambition for numerical strength, let us not forget the qualifications of our candidates nor fail to make them the prime consideration of their election. No man should be admitted to the Order that we cannot with absolute confidence take to our own hearthstones and present as a brother to our wives and children. Fraternism is not a modern institution; its origin dates as far back, if not beyond, the building of the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem; but there was never a time in the history of the world that afforded such an opportunity for its civilizing influence as the present. The concentration of vast wealth as capital, and the union of labor interests of the country have created two gigantic forces that should work together not only for national prosperity, but for the individual advantage of all. But alas, the wisdom of our statesmen has not been able to assimilate these factors, and the real or imaginary tyranny of the one, and the indiscretion of the other may at any moment arouse an antagonism that unless controlled by wise and discreet counsels may degenerate into strife. It is here that fraternism may step in and the mutual obligations taken at our altars may soothe the conflicting passions of men and turn discord

and discontent to peace and good will. To quote again from Shakespeare: "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune—omitted, all the voyage of their lives is cast in shallows and in miseries." With those of our brothers who have risen on the flood tide of fortune we rejoice—but it is for those who, buffeted by the winds of adversity, bruised by the rocks of misfortune and stranded on the shoals and shallows of disaster, that we dedicate this harbor of refuge to-day. In conclusion, my brothers, I feel I but voice the sentiment of one hundred and fifty thousand good men and true that proudly wear the antlers, when I offer my felicitations to the gentlemen who conceived and carried to a successful conclusion this gigantic project. To them we are indebted for indefatigable labor, industry and perseverance, and all compelling zeal that has conquered every obstacle, and achieved the result that we celebrate to-day. And now, my brothers, from this haven of rest among the hills of grand old Virginia with the picture of its grassy slopes, its verdant meadows and furrowed meads, its shadowy woods, and rippling streams in our mind, the perfume of honeysuckle and wild rose in our nostrils, and loving pride within our hearts, let us go back to the busy world and to our duties in the various walks of life in which it has pleased Almighty God to place us, strengthened, encouraged and inspired by the events in which we have taken part, resolved to show by thought and act and speech that Elks are true and practice what they preach.

"A gospel born of love, truth, justice, and fidelity,
To soothe life's cares, drive grief away, uplift humanity."

A HOME FOR BROTHERS

Address by Hon. Meade D. Detweiler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, of Harrisburg, Pa., at the dedication of the national home of the B. P. O. Elks, at Bedford City, Va., May 21, 1903.

Despite the croakings of pessimism the world has advanced slowly, maybe, yet surely, to higher planes, until

now not isolated individuals, but mighty millions, hold the creed that life's greatest good, time's noblest mission, is to bear balm to others of humanity's brotherhood. We have met here to-day to celebrate and to consecrate another development of humanity's onward march.

And where, my friends, in all this broad land—of every land the pride—could be a more appropriate place for this gathering than where we now clasp hands and exchange fraternal greetings? What is wanting to our own personal happiness? What accessory of situation, agreeable surroundings or blessed memories are lacking? Where could the first home of the Brotherhood of Protective Order of Elks be more wisely located than in one of the garden spots of the Old Dominion?

We are here on this auspicious occasion to dedicate forevermore to humanity this capacious building. This event witnesses the inauguration of a system whereby the Brotherhood of Protective Order of Elks pledges itself that no worthy member of the Order shall ever be destitute of a home while life lasts. After battling long in the fevered turmoil, the chilling blasts of adversity may breathe on him, as they have breathed on thousands before him. The friends of his youth may have passed away, his loved ones may have descended to the silent tomb. With coy and fickle fortune fled and hearthstone shattered, the future may indeed look dismal, counted by human probabilities; but the loyal pledge of brotherhood stands as a rock-founded beacon amid the raging storm, assuring him that no earthly calamity will assail which can deprive him of a home, the immutability of which depends not on the evanescent individual or lodge, but upon the banded resources of a mighty host, whose gonfalcons of victorious achievement have kept pace with the expansive development of our mighty nation.

With no dissenting voice the Elks of the United States have decreed that every aged brother, wearied with the march of life, should be placed in a position where he might

receive, not relief doled out with a grudging hand; not a pittance labeled with the title of respect-destroying alms, not the charity that vaunts its gifts for purposes of self-glorification, but a lifelong home, which brother bestows upon brother in using aright the heritage of our common Father. To your speaker, in association with a number of our honored brothers, was intrusted the duty of fully grasping and properly executing that which our supreme legislative body had ordered.

Of a score and more of sites the one where we are now assembled was selected. The result is before you. Behold and judge for yourselves.

He has but ill read the lessons of Elkdom who does not fully realize that its more than one-third of a century of vigorous growth has left a powerful impress for good in every community where its banner has been implanted. To thousands it has given the needed impetus in their aspirations to higher views and nobler manhood. All its teachings have been for the betterment of social conditions. What man is there, even of ordinary intelligence and unconnected with our brotherhood, who does not associate with the very expression, "He is an Elk," impressions of a manliness that ignore the sordid and base, a generosity that can turn no deaf ear to any sigh of affliction.

Yet here, for the first time, we place a special and conspicuous monument to humanity's creed before the eyes of the world. It is a monument to humanity's advance to yet loftier vantage ground in a land which is already without a peer in its munificent care of all who need the helping hand.

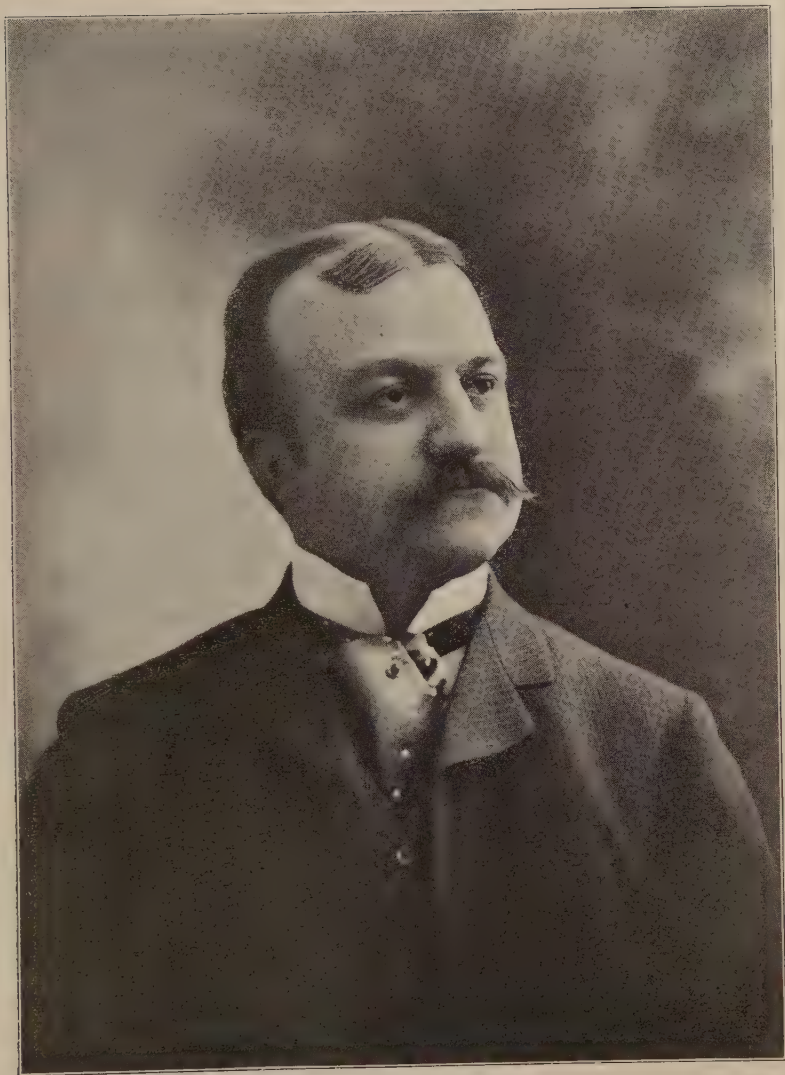
As a paramount essential we want to eliminate from this home of the Benevolent Patriotic Order of Elks all association, however remote, with eleemosynary methods. The Elks who are eligible to come here at all, come, not to receive alms, but to share the home comforts which are their due as Elks and men. Charity was originally a heavenly word. It has been so sorely jaded with onerous burdens of a thousand incongruous schemes of so-called help for the poor loaded

upon its shoulders that, maligned by its pretended friends, befouled by the ignorance of those who should have preserved it unsullied, often in its modern dress it scarcely can be recognized as the same bright being of celestial origin that suffereth long and is kind.

That aid, however pure the intention of the donor, that in any way degrades the recipient, destroys his self-respect or wounds his manliness is a curse, not a blessing. The Elks who come to this home, come as the guests of their brothers, because they have proved themselves as deserving their respect, their gratitude. On this exalted plane of mutual love every inmate of this home enters its portals. Enjoying this self-respect, he remains. If he remains a year, ten, twenty, it is all the same. All idea of pauperism is and must ever remain absent from his abode in a home which is as absolutely his own as any in which he has dwelt in sunnier days, when fortune wore golden smiles. Here he enjoys all the Order can bestow. He enjoys it not as the benefaction of anyone, but as his share of the patrimony held in common use by a band of brothers whom no reverses, no buffets of extraneous ills can dissociate one from the other.

Here, indeed, the inmates will be the masters; the whole Order, their servants; for the welfare of these, our brothers, is to us all a holy trust. Recreant to one of the most solemn obligations man can take would he be who shall ever profane that page of the golden book by sullyng it with one mercenary thought.

We have grown from a little band to a mighty host. We have uplifted and elevated mankind in the past. To-day marks another gigantic step in the accomplishment of our mission. This monumental trophy of our faith—a faith supported by works—will be an inspiration in every lodge of our Order. Not alone those here present are interested in this ceremonial. Ten times ten thousand hearts of the absent this hour pulsate with ours. Our faith is their faith; our purposes, their purposes; our consecration to humanity's great mission



MEADE D. DETWEILER,
Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. P. O. Elks.

is likewise theirs. With us they are pledged to unswerving fealty to that fundamental tenet which will render our beloved Order immortal—the tenet of broad and universal manhood under the Golden Rule.

“It is not while riches and splendor surround us
That brothers or friends can be put to the test;
'Tis but when affliction's cold presence has bound us,
We find which the hearts are that love us the best.
In youth love's light,
Burns warm and bright,
But it dies ere the winter of age be past;
While “Fidelity's” flame
Burns ever the same,
Or grows but the brighter, the nearer the last.”

OUR ELKS' HOME

Address of Hon. J. B. Sullivan of Creston, Iowa, at the dedication of an Elks' Building, at Ottumwa, Iowa, Dec. 30, 1902.

It is with pleasure and pride that I am present with you this evening to assist in the dedication of this magnificent building erected by an organization whose cardinal principles are the betterment of mankind, that places humanity above selfishness, and makes the brotherhood of man its guiding star.

We are not living in an age of pessimism. The world is getting better. There is more humanity in every walk in life to-day than ever before, men and women giving their lives, as well as fortunes, for the betterment of mankind.

In what more noble work can you be engaged than in relieving others of some of the hardships of this life? The happiest moment of your life was the time when you performed an act of kindness for some little one, and received in answer that sweet smile that is found only on the lips of him who appreciates a noble act.

I look around me this evening and behold this magnificent assemblage of upright and honorable men, and ask myself its meaning. Why have they erected this splendid edifice? Why have they left their pleasant homes and kindred spirits

to render great this occasion? I behold this splendid building, arranged and decorated in a manner so marvelous that it bears every imprint of the keen instinct of the artist's eye, festooned with flowers of tenderness and loving kindness, I ask myself its meaning. Is it a place to pass in revelry and pleasure a passing hour, enclosed from the summer sun, or the winter's storm, without one thought of the heartaches and trials of others, or, is it a place where the sorrow of mankind may be relieved, where the hand of good will may be extended to grasp the hand of suffering?

This occasion, memorable as it will be in the history of this lodge, this building so magnificent as to be the crowning glory of its occupants, as well as the pride of this city, will fail in its mission and be unworthy of the cause it represents, if for one moment humanity, with all its hopes and fears is not, the guiding star of its actions and the cardinal principles upon which this structure rests.

The mottoes of our Order—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, Fidelity—are the noblest and grandest found in human society, and are the corner stones upon which this building rests. They are the brightest stars in the firmament of good conduct and upright living, and have ornamented every page of history since creation's dawn with its brightest rays, and have ever been the crowning glory of mankind.

If you, my brothers, are unmindful of the cry of charity, if you fail in the ennobling influences of justice, if you grasp not the hand of brotherly love, if you are untrue to every trust that may be reposed in you, then, indeed, will this hour be a failure and this magnificent edifice unworthy the occasion.

The fraternal hand of every Elk throughout our magnificent country is extended to you in this hour, and in spirit they are present on this occasion, mindful that what you do is not for yourselves, but for the upbuilding and uplifting of the human family. The hand of fraternalism is stronger to-day than ever before. We can but look into every avenue of life and see affluence, as well as misery. We can see the extended

hand of brotherly love grasped by the hand of poverty. Is there any higher influence that you can exert, is there any more noble thought that can you can impress upon your brother than promoting Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity?

Our noble organization was not founded to perpetuate self. It was not born to emblazon upon a banner its principles, and then forget their meaning.

The world loves an Elk, because all humanity is his brother. An organization strictly American, is therefore purely benevolent. No one can become its member, or place upon his brow its crown who is not a true, loyal and devoted son of the flag of the free and the brave. Your hand is ever extended to aid those in distress and you ask no questions as to nationality or creed.

How true and noble are the works of an Elk! How worthy of humanity is the history of our Order! Away and beyond any selfish thoughts or ideas that occasionally crowd out the better feelings of our nature, you arise, and in the majesty of your manhood, carry out the principles of our Order! Without pride or ostentation you place the pillow beneath the head of the distressed, give a cup of water to him who is thirsty and ask no questions as to birth, station in life, or nationality.

Take away from our acts all thought and idea of charity, and brotherly love, and what would this mundane sphere accomplish? The God of humanity inspired within us something higher, nobler and grander than self. The shrine at which you worship is not a dollar, and your acts must not be measured by selfishness and pride.

Distant though I am from your city, I feel the same pride in the dedication of this building as you. I know its purpose. I know its object and I know its result. I know it will send forth men, who at midnight's holy hour, unseen and unheard, will answer the call of the unfortunate. I know, no matter how dark the night, or how cold the hour, there are men ever ready to brave its perils that good may be done. I know the

light of humanity will ever illumine every act and deed that goes forth from this institution.

Is there any higher aspiration that can come to your mind and mine to-night than in doing good to others?

Do we fully appreciate what it means to be in fellowship with such an organization? The true and genuine Elk has the highest of ideals, and is the embodiment of honor, manhood and integrity. "I am an Elk" are not idle words, and cannot be lightly used. The test of Elkdom is not numbers, but character, and when its members fail to carry out and maintain the principles upon which it is based, then its sun has set and it perishes as does every organization that makes selfishness its only virtue.

There is enjoined upon every Elk love and respect for woman. You have declared yourself her special champion and defender. You have taken a solemn vow that her pathway will be ever lit by the stars of honor and uprightness. Woman, who adorns every home and brightens every pathway; the women who share your every burden and rejoice in your every promotion, you have sworn to honor and protect. No higher trust was ever placed within your grasp, and no one more worthy of its execution can be found than the true and genuine Elk. Into every home you are welcomed and at every fireside you are a benefactor.

I believe in fraternity. I believe in humanity. I believe in the splendid organization that dedicates to-night this building for humanity and brotherly love.

My brothers, I appeal to you this evening to remain true to the organization we all so love and admire.

There never was a time it was as necessary as the present hour. In every walk in life your presence is needed. In business, in trade, in social and political life, the true characteristics of an Elk are needed. No sweeter garland can be placed on your brow than the one entwined with Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. Make this occasion memorable. Let it be an hour for Elkdom that is triumphant.

This building will live, and live unto eternity, because its foundation is the rock upon which the humanity is based.

I love an Elk. I recognize in him, when true to his calling, a brother, and at his shrine I will ever bow. I pay to him to-night my tribute of love and affection and I clasp his hand with devotion and pride.

If I were an artist and could this moment transfer to canvas the thought of my mind, I would draw the picture of brute force: I would have it going through the world as a mighty power, crushing all in its way. I would have in its path devastation, misfortune and ruin. By its side I would place the picture of beauty, adorned by every accomplishment befitting the subject. I would have her votaries from every land paying homage and devotion to her person. I would have in her path dishonor, suicide and death. Above them all, I would place the picture of a man, magnificent in stature. I would have his gaze penetrating the world; I would have all humanity at his feet, receiving aid and inspiration from his splendid life. In his right hand I would have the Wand of Plenty, in his left, the State of Peace; on his brow I would place the Crown of Charity, and at his feet inscribe the immortal words, AN ELK.

OUR ORDER

Address of Congressman J. M. Robinson at Huntington, Ind., in 1902, at the Installation of a Lodge of Elks.

In the time allotted I cannot adequately tell of the origin and progress of our Order, its beauty and strength, any more than can the luster of the diamond be enclosed within its golden clasps.

Our principles were born to never die. The tone of eloquence may paint pictures of thought on the canvas of ideality, the painter's brush may picture in glowing colors the beauty of man's attachment for man, and the poetic muse may lend her charming evidence to the voice of the world, to teach us brotherhood and good will; but no more superb principles

have ever been given by God to man, to carry out His will, than those that bind the worshipers at this mystic shrine together in fraternity and love.

Its principles are as broad and sweet as charity itself, and they must be as enduring as the stars.

Few Orders like ours embrace spirits so fraternal in their feeling, so ardent in their associations, so loving and magnanimous in society, so missed in death.

Would that all men were bound by the chains that bind us together, then indeed would friendship be rated at its highest worth, then would we be surrounded always by the sweet incense of that lofty principle "Do good to man." Then would we dwell together in a universal brotherhood of happiness and love free from all alloy of selfishness, envy and hate.

Tradition tells us that out of an incident pathetic indeed our Order rose.

An actor lay dying in the East, far away from friends and home. To the everlasting credit of that profession, let it be said that no more benevolent people are known.

They clustered around this dying boy, and gave him, as his life flickered away, the cares and comforts that you and I would receive from the hands of loved ones at home.

When he died they prepared to give him a burial befitting his life and character and commensurate with their love and esteem for him.

Repairing to the nearest church, a colossal structure, dedicated to the lovely Jesus of Nazareth, these brother actors were ushered into the presence of the minister and servant of God.

Teaching, as was his duty, those undying principles that we shall all reach a common level at two places, at the foot of the cross, at the brink of the grave, they explained their mission of mercy. The man of God shook his head and spoke of the conventionalities and rules of the church, and then showing this little group "the steep and thorny road to heaven, while he the primrose path of dalliance trod," this apostle of hypoc-

risly told them they could, no doubt, secure the services of the minister at the "little church around the corner."

This was too much for the brave-spirited, stout-hearted actor boys, and they swore by the eternal God above, that they would organize a fellowship of man in which they would not be met with a shrug or a cold blast of winter, when a fellow mortal happened to slip over into the dark river of death. They did this work of humanity and organized.

Such was our origin. Briefly I gave you our objects and ambitions.

From the seeds thus sown the plant has grown with its vines entwining the Atlantic on the east and the Pacific on the west, reaching from the Gulf to the lakes on the north, yielding to our brothers and their families, as a society with such principles must yield, the most fragrant flower, the richest fruits.

We to-day reap the rich fruits in the fields where our founders sowed the seeds, and tears of gratitude, joy and thanksgiving will be their monument throughout all the time to come.

Let us follow in the footsteps of our founders.

Let us so live that it can be said, that if each to whom we had done a kindness in life would place a little flower upon our bier, we would sweetly sleep in that eternal peace beneath a mountain of fragrance.

THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

The history of the General Federation of Women's Clubs prepared especially for this work by Mrs. Dimies T. S. Denison, President of the Club, July 8, 1903, New York City.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs was founded by Sorosis of New York in 1889. To that club credit is due for the beginning of the club movement which has assumed vast proportions, as the first club of women, founded and incorporated as a club in 1868. It was like a seed-pod that

bursts with vehemence and scatters its seeds widely, for women's clubs were rapidly formed in all parts of the country.

Its founders had at that time a dream of unity among women, for in 1869 it proposed to form a parliament of women, whose purpose should be the furtherance of work, much the same as that of clubs at present; but the plan failed to mature, owing no doubt to the few clubs then in existence.

In March, 1889, invitations were sent to all clubs throughout the country to attend a convention in honor of the twenty-first anniversary of Sorosis, and the General Federation of Women's Clubs was the result of that convention.

Its formation gave a tremendous impetus to the growth of clubs. State Federation followed the organization of the greater body and became a part of it, and the General Federation won numbers to its membership; thirty-nine State Federations with a membership of 221,000 and eight hundred clubs with a membership of 61,000, with clubs in Alaska, Hawaii, Australia, China, India, England, Porto Rico, Mexico, and South America. According to its charter, it "shall have perpetual succession for educational, industrial, philanthropic, literary, artistic and scientific culture, and bring into communication with one another the various women's clubs throughout the world."

Its motto is "Unity in Diversity," and its committees represent the work in which it is most interested. They are on Education, Industrial Conditions Affecting Women and Children, Child Labor, Literary Extension, Household Economics, Art, Civics, Forestry, and Civil Science.

While the primal thought in founding the General Federation was the unification of women, the diversity of interests finds in it a common center of practical value, and the combined energy of its clubs, intelligently directed, makes possible almost any desired result.

THE SACRED MISTLETOE

Response by Mr. W. W. Dodge, at a banquet given on the occasion of the Thirty-seventh Annual State Convention of the United Ancient Order of Druids of Iowa, at Burlington, Iowa, June 14, 1893.

The military law teaches us that the first duty of the soldier is to obey. It is, therefore, in briefly addressing you, like a true soldier, I perform the pleasing duty assigned me by the local committee of Druids.

In 1856, ten years after Iowa had cast aside her territorial dress for that of statehood, the Druidical pioneers planted the first Grove of Druids in the fertile bosom of this commonwealth, here in the city of Burlington. This city was then the gateway through which civilization passed to the wonderful country situated in this great Northwest. Is it then a matter of wonderment that in Burlington, thirty-seven years ago, the first Grove of the United Ancient Order of Druids should have been established? As our fathers in those days welcomed the brotherhood of Druids and helped plant the first Grove in Iowa, we, the sons of those grand old pioneers, propose to extend to you, one and all, the same sincere, hearty and cordial greeting as those of our parents in the days of '56.

I am not honored with a membership in your Order, and therefore cannot speak to you as a brother. Though I have never been led through the labyrinths of a Druids' Grove, and have never sat beneath the sacred oak entwined with the mystic mistletoe and participated in a sacrifice, yet it is my pleasure, as a non-member, to join in these festivities. The pleasures and enjoyments of this day serve in part to commemorate those of your Druid fathers of long ago, who, at certain seasons of the year, with formal and pompous ceremony, as soon as the sacred mistletoe was discovered entwining the no less sacred oak, collected in large numbers about the tree; a banquet and sacrifice was prepared; a priest in white vestments cut the twig with a golden sickle; two other white-robed priests caught it in a white cloak; two milk-white

heifers were instantly offered up, and the remainder of the day was spent in rejoicing.

Astonishment meets us when we undertake the task of tracing the history and origin of the Order of Druids. Especially is this so as they did not allow their tenets and history to be committed to writing. Yet history traces this sect of people to the year 42 B. C. They founded the city of Lyons in the days of the Roman Empire, a city which for a time was the most flourishing in Gaul. Through their influence civilization made rapid progress in the provinces, and their schools became famous and rivalled those of Greece and Italy. In the history of Julius Caesar we find that the whole political power of Gaul was divided between the Druids and the Knights and Nobles. The Druids were not only ministers and teachers of religion, but were judges of the law, and physicians of the people. They were esteemed for their culture and intelligence, and their influence over the people was almost supreme. It is said of them that they were the first to teach of the immortality of the soul and adoration of one Supreme Being. They also believed in the future state of rewards and punishments. They professed "to reform morals, to secure peace, and to encourage goodness," yet they were superstitious, and made use of their magical knowledge. A branch, or one of the triads of the Druids, was known as the Bards. They were supposed to be divinely inspired, and their influence everywhere was very great. They were exempted from military obligations, and passed their lives in the solitude of the forests engaged in theological and metaphysical studies and meditations.

The Druids finally lost their power and influence during the reign of Emperor Claudius, and were finally driven from their country and fled to the mountains of Scotland and Wales.

And thus it is the modern Druids meet in Groves, and their lodge rooms are supposed to represent a grove, the Chief Druid being seated under the sacred oak having the sacred mistletoe entwined in its branches.

The Druids of to-day have embodied in their ritual the teachings and tenets of this once powerful and honored sect. It is a claim well founded in history, that their work is more ancient than that of any secret organization now in existence, their teachings more beautiful and their songs more inspiring than was ever wafted through the cedars of Lebanon.

In 1781 the Druids assumed their present character in England. The Order was introduced in the United States in 1830 by the organization of George Washington Grove No. 1, in New York City. From this parent tree Groves have sprung up in about every state and territory in this Union, besides the principal countries in Europe and Australia.

The foundation stones of Druidism are reasoning and sound morality. Social distinctions are ignored and anyone can become a member who loves virtue and abhors vice. It seems to unite men together for mutual protection and improvement. It fosters a spirit of fraternity and good fellowship, makes provision for the care of its sick and the families of its dead members, striving to place them beyond the need of charity.

I trust that much good will come from this your Thirty-Seventh Annual Assemblage, that from this day on your membership will largely increase, that your fraternal ties will be strengthened, that your considerate and brotherly care for the widow and children of a deceased brother will never wane, that each and every one of you and your brothers that are to be, will always find shelter and protection amidst your Groves of Sacred Oaks, entwined with the mistletoe whose every tendril will have inscribed your watch-words, "Unity, Peace and Concord."

WOODCRAFT—TENDING TOWARD THE HARBOR OF TRIUMPH

Extract from the address of welcome, of Judge John T. Moss, at the third biennial session of the Sovereign Camp of the Woodmen of the World, at Memphis, Tenn., March 14, 1899.

Sovereigns of the Woodmen of the World: I am glad that I have the distinguished honor of appearing before you this

morning, and I am proud to know that I have been selected to deliver the address of welcome on this momentous occasion.

I am glad to see before me this morning so many distinguished representatives of our Order from every part of the country—from the State of Vermont, the home of Dewey, to the State of Alabama, the home of General Wheeler. I am glad to meet you as sovereigns, for we are indeed sovereigns, not only in name, but by an inalienable right, because every man in this glorious free country, from the humblest to the highest, may aspire to the most exalted position of honor and trust in the gift of the nation.

I am glad to know, too, that this occasion and this convention is to be graced by the presence of the ladies, composing what is known as the auxiliary circle of this institution. Throughout the world woman has blessed every age, and this mundane sphere would be incomplete without her presence, and I am glad thus to have an opportunity to pay a tribute to the good women who accompany you, and know that within the gates of our city such noble men and women are our guests, and we extend to you and your ladies a hearty and sincere welcome. I thank God that General Wheeler of Alabama and Admiral Dewey of Vermont, ex-confederate and ex-federal, can shake hands to-day and say, "We are brothers, and all sectional feeling is forever buried." And my friends, let me say that just such Orders as this, which began its existence June 6, 1890, in Omaha, Neb., have done more to bring about this fraternal feeling than any other influence.

I know that this deliberative body will select for the future, as it has done in the past, wise and noble men to steer the noble ship of Wodcraft from the breakers of time, so that it shall anchor at last in the glorious harbor of triumph toward which it is tending.

I desire to speak briefly of the growth and progress of our Order since its inception. I read with pleasure, on last Lord's Day morning, an account of the Order and its history, and I understand there are now nearly 1,400,000 members, and mem-

bers are being added to the extent of three or four thousand every month. It is keeping step with the beautiful fraternal Orders that are devoted to the cause of humanity and lifting up, exalting and making purer and better the human race. I thank God for the existence of such an Order as this! Future generations will rise up and call the day blessed that announced to the nineteenth century the birth of the Woodmen of the World. I believe the inception of this Order came from nothing less than an inspiration from God, for nothing less than such an inspiration could have conceived the idea that has given to man an Order such as this; the principles it teaches will never die, for they emanated from the very Godhead Himself. I believe that, in the institution of this Order, God spoke through Sovereign Commander Root and his co-laborers in this organization, and he is speaking through you to-day to humanity, and inviting them to come into the blessed folds of our Order and find protection. It is a glorious thought that as the nineteenth century is standing by its graveside it is leaving such a rich heritage behind for posterity; it is a great thing to know that during this century the Woodmen of the World came into existence, and that, as the scythe of time shall lay the nineteenth century beneath the clods of the valley, God shall raise up this strong young child, our splendid Order, to be handed down, with its benign influences, to coming ages. This has been a wonderful century, a remarkable century. It has given to the world some of the greatest men who have ever lived, great inventions and great Orders, but none, in my opinion, greater than the Woodmen of the World. I say that the principles of this Order can never die. The cycles of time may sweep from the face of mother earth all temporal things. Kingdoms may totter and fall and empires crumble into dust, but the principles of this Order shall live on, and stretch across the broad expanse of eternity to clasp the hand of the Almighty, because they emanated from Him, and its attributes are truly divine. So these principles, like those upon which it is founded, this great

government of ours, can never die, and this very fact devolves upon us the promotion of its principles and the enhancement of its prospects and welfare.

I might speak briefly, in conclusion, about the aims and objects of this Order. It has not only its benevolent, social and fraternal features, but its business principles, and like the wise man, it provides for the future, a provision commended by one no less in wisdom than Solomon, who said: "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself." So our Order furnishes ample protection for the weak and helpless. I thank God we are not only a band of brothers, but that in the laws of our Order provision is made for the future, and I am told the widows and orphans of members have been provided for all over this country, and no sovereign is allowed to die, no matter if in the jungles of Africa, whose memory is not perpetuated by a marble shaft at his head. This Order does not forget the living—it does not forget the dead. Our tears of sympathy and condolence are shed upon the graves of those departed, and, better than that the widows and orphans are provided for and not left without shelter and without homes. You are here on a divine and holy mission, and I believe the Holy Spirit itself is moving in your hearts, directing and controlling your thoughts and actions in this great movement.

May His choicest blessings rest on Sovereign Commander Root, all the officers and delegates on this convention, and its members generally, and may we continue on in the good work we have undertaken, until, hand in hand, standing before the great white throne, we shall be permitted to hear from Him who sitteth as the Judge Supreme, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

THE STAR OF FRATERNITY

Extract from the address of Sovereign Adviser F. A. Falkenburg—response to the address of welcome at the Third Biennial Session of the Sovereign Camp of the Woodmen of the World, at Memphis, Tenn., March 14, 1899.

It is, indeed, an honor to be selected to respond

to the eloquent appeal of Judge Moss, which alone is worth the entire trip to Memphis. Not on behalf of this convention merely, but on behalf of a great nation, many of the citizens of which are watching Memphis to-day, to know what will be done with this great organization of ours. (Applause.) It is a pleasure, as well as an honor, to reply, even though inadequately, to your address of welcome. Memphis has received us cordially. We all love Memphis. We love that grand and noble heart that tenders this manifest welcome. (Applause.) What has Memphis received within her corporate limits to-day? An institution representing the greatest word ever coined by man; the greatest word that ever fell from human lip or pen, Fraternity. Not the Woodmen of the World merely, have been received, but all that stands for that which is good, true, beautiful and pure among men in this world has been received by Memphis in this convention, representing, as we do, tens of thousands of members. What has been received? Out on the beautiful Pacific slope, in a little village, a few months ago, worn and weary from a ten days' convention in the city of San Francisco, I went out to the coast. I did not know that the surf was coming in more forcibly than it had for nine or ten years before, but I found it out. When the great waves came in to break upon the shore I then learned the danger of that fearful undertow. It took every exertion to keep from being taken out by it, and although beset by a danger ominous indeed, it would not have required much help from a friend to relieve me at that moment.

And afterwards it occurred to me that the principal object of a fraternal institution is in resisting the undertow of life. When our Order becomes so full of technicalities and personal desires and ambitions, and so full of politics that the institution forgets that we are to help and aid each other, that we are to love instead of hate, to help instead of hinder, for we do forget to be practical and fraternal, not only in this convention or camp session, but to be fraternal every day, as we

journey up the rugged hill of life, it can never prosper nor will it deserve prosperity. (Applause.)

There is not a man within the sound of my voice but knows it is ten times as hard to earn and pay for a little home as it was twenty-five years ago. One of the undertows. What does Woodcraft say? You don't have to wait twenty or forty years to be sure the wife and little ones can have a home. Within five minutes after being pronounced a Woodman of the World that home has been provided for, and all the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. (Vociferous applause.) Another undertow. Prostrate on a bed of sickness, you are unable to secure the necessities of life for the little ones. That eddy which creeps around the corner of the rock menaces life and happiness and security and home, but we find assistance in our splendid Order. No sovereign can become delinquent while sick. (Applause.) Another thing which we have done in many of our camps—factories closed, tens of thousands of God's noble children were without employment. What did they do? Such camps said, "No sovereign shall become delinquent while out of employment." (Tremendous applause.) What business has a Fraternal Order in allowing a sovereign to become delinquent for the paltry sum of an assessment or two until he gets to work? We resisted that undertow. Another undertow came along. What? President McKinley declared war with Spain, to which our sovereign has so beautifully referred. I have a tie that binds me to the South, for, Judge Moss, on this beautiful day my beloved nephew lies side by side, at Manila, with the son of a man who wore the gray. Judge Moss, you and I, under the banner of our Order, are brothers in life, as that nephew of mine and the Southern boys, lying side by side under the protecting folds of Old Glory, are brothers in death. (Tremendous and long-continued applause.) Resisting the undertow, thank God, by the reuniting power of our blessed Order (renewed applause), and when a fraternal Order cannot do this let it be dissolved and replaced by something else worthy to do the work. (Cheers



JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER.

and applause.) Further than that, there is over a regiment of the sovereigns in that war. What did the camps do? Sovereigns intoxicated by the inspiration of that patriotism which should be felt by every man who has had the blessings and privileges of this great country, enlisted. What did the Woodmen of the World do? They resisted the undertow. While many of the Old Line companies said, "We will cancel your policy," and the others said, "We will not cancel the policy, but your premiums must be paid on time," the Woodmen of the World, North and South, East and West, stepped out in advance of every competitive Order and said: "No Woodman of the World, serving under Old Glory for the great principles of humanity, can become delinquent while so engaged." (Continuous applause.) That is the kind of an Order, Judge Moss, you are receiving; an Order that is social, fraternal and patriotic; a brother universal, that knows no North, no South, no East, no West. I clasp hands from the mighty West. I clasp hands with the sovereign from far off Connecticut.

What matters it where Old Hickory lived? Location has nothing to do with it. What matters it where Dewey was born? Old Hickory did not come from Tennessee. Dewey did not come from Vermont. Oh, no! We all own Old Hickory and we all own Dewey. Dewey and Jackson are children of the old flag that represents Niagara at the North, Mammoth Cave and the Father of Waters at the South and the Crest of the Continent in the West, where billions of tons of snow are on the mountains, and in the valley you find flowers for the dinner table. A great nation, one God, and all are His children. (Thunderous applause, in which the voice of the speaker was drowned. On restoring of order Sovereign Adviser Falkenburg feelingly continued.)

In far-off Hawaii it has ever been a simple and beautiful custom of the natives when a friend was about to leave the island to bid him good-bye at the beach and decorate him with flowers and wreaths, so that when he was placed on the deck

of the out-going vessel it would be at once seen that he had left friends behind him. And so every good act in this world is a flower which attaches itself to the human soul, the perfume of which forms passwords which are not challenged at the gates of eternal day.

LABOR DAY

Address in part by Mr. W. W. Dodge on the occasion of the First Celebration of "Labor Day" after the passage of the law creating Labor Day in Iowa, at Schlamp's Park, Burlington, Iowa, September 1, 1890.

We learn, in early history, that there suddenly appeared in the Forum, that great amphitheater of Rome, a yawning chasm. It seemed impossible to fill it up, so the priests consulted their oracles. These made answer, "that it would only close on receiving what was most precious." Willing hearts and hands cast gold, jewels and precious stones into the great abyss, but without avail. It could not be filled. At last the augurs declared "it was courage that was the most precious thing in Rome." Hearing this, a valiant patrician youth named Marcus Curtius attired himself in his armor and mounting his horse, plunged headlong into the chasm, thus giving "the most precious of all things—courage and self-devotion." After this it is said it closed itself.

In this great working day we see a yawning chasm existing between capital and labor. Nothing has yet been able to fill it up. The blood of revolutions and the life of many a modern Marcus Curtius have not been able to close this dark, deep, gaping abyss. While the brave patrician youth offered his life as a mark of courage and self-devotion, and by this deed of superb heroism caused the awful chasm to close, we of to-day need not consult the oracles for the most precious thing with which to fill the great gap that separates capital and labor; for when we recall the Latin maxim, *Labor omnia vincet*, that is, "Labor conquers all things," we are led irresistibly to the conclusion that labor will yet solve the problem.

Some say that this is impossible. That such an end was

never intended, that the gaping abyss will never close. Yet I am one who entertains a different opinion. I have listened to the story of labor, have turned the pages of history, and there read of its trials, its defeats, its triumphs, its patience, its never ceasing efforts to close the yawning chasm by honest endeavor and the sacrifice of precious lives. I hope the time is not far distant when evening shadows will close in upon the day, when capital and labor will walk hand in hand, like the two Dromios, "not one before the other."

The history of the past clearly demonstrates that the laboring classes must unite if they desire to bring about certain necessary economic reforms. There is no truer saying, than that in union there is strength. The efforts of one man directed towards an existing evil or wrong, notwithstanding his ability and the justice of his cause, can accomplish naught without the intelligent and hearty coöperation of others of like mind.

Permit me a word in regard to the day we celebrate and I have done. To use a lawyer's expression, I desire to keep the "record straight" relative to labor day in Iowa. This is a matter of personal and I hope pardonable pride on my part. At the beginning of the Twenty-third General Assembly I introduced a bill in the Senate creating and establishing the first Monday in September as a legal holiday, which passed both branches of the legislature, was approved on April 5, 1890, and became a law on the following fourth of July. Thus has Iowa taken her place in the procession with the states of Colorado, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Oregon and others in recognizing "labor day," which, to borrow the words of Governor Boies in his recent proclamation, is a "day designated to honor those whose strong arms are the shield of our nation as well as the source of our wealth."

I am glad to see that your first celebrations of Labor Day have proven such unqualified successes throughout the country. I sincerely trust that these annual gatherings to celebrate "Labor Day" will prove profitable and beneficial to

the laboring classes. That it may be the means of uniting those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow in closer ties of friendship and fellowship. That it may aid in creating a spirit of humanity and interest in each other's welfare; that it may serve to impress on the minds of all the eloquent words of the great French statesman, De Tocqueville, "That life is neither a pleasure nor a pain, but a serious business which it is our duty to carry through and to terminate with honor."

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

A brief history of the Knights of Columbus, prepared for this work by Mr. P. L. McArdle, Deputy Supreme Knight and State Deputy of Illinois, Chicago, August, 1903.

The Order of the Knights of Columbus was first established in New Haven, Conn. In the month of March, 1882, the first articles of incorporation were approved and ratified by the legislature of the State of Connecticut, and a charter was thereupon granted to the "Knights of Columbus" for the transaction of a fraternal insurance business. Although chartered as an insurance organization, those who formed the Order had additional and higher motives in view. The primary object of these gentlemen was Catholic Unity, the uniting of all Catholic gentlemen into one compact body devoted to the interests of Catholicity, with "Charity, Unity and Brotherly Love" as their motto. The unflagging zeal, undaunted adherence to principle, and undying faith in their cause, enabled a very small band of Catholic gentlemen in the city of New Haven, Conn., to establish on firm and enduring principles the great Order which to-day embraces within its ranks nearly 125,000 members and about 800 councils. To them let due credit be given, and let their names be everywhere honored, and particularly in the world Columbiana.

The founders of the Knights of Columbus were Rev. Michael J. McGivney, Patrick Lawlor, Matthew C. O'Connor, Cornelius T. Driscoll, James T. Mullen, John T. Kerrigan, Daniel Colwell, William M. Geary and Michael Curran. Of this number but five are living, Father McGivney stands first

on the roll of incorporators, and first, too, on the list of our departed ones. His example and leadership made the Order possible, and his memory lives in the reverent respect of every member of the Order. Mr. James T. Mullen was the first Supreme Knight of the Order, and his signal ability and great work left a grand example for others to follow. The other deceased incorporators are Patrick Lawlor and Michael Curran. May they all rest in peace!

It is difficult to appreciate the trials and vicissitudes of these pioneers of the Order, but, nothing daunted, they went about the work of spreading the Order with all the zeal of their patron, the great Columbus. Disappointments served but to urge them on to harder work and in a very short time requests began to come from all parts of Connecticut, asking for information concerning the Order, and these were soon followed by applications for membership.

To one man, perhaps, more than to any other is due the credit for the beautiful ritual of the Order and the series of degrees which have lent such attraction and charm to the organization. This man is Daniel Colwell, one of the original incorporators and the National Secretary of the Order since its inception. He brought to his duties of office an undying devotion to the cause and a refined and well-developed mind stored with the best of the literature and poetry of the ages. Added to this was an unlimited capacity for work and the executive ability necessary for such an important office. All honor to him, and be it said that, although a citizen of Connecticut, he is a native of the Old Bay State and received his first inspiration for noble work in the Berkshire Hills!

The first council of the Order was founded in Meriden, Conn., on Feb. 2, 1882, and was called San Salvador, a name particularly appropriate for a Catholic Order which has taken the name of the great Columbus.

For the ensuing three years the Order made rapid strides in Connecticut. Three years and three months after the institution of the first council, a council was established in the

State of Rhode Island at Westerly (April 15, 1885). There are now twenty councils in this state.

The next state entered was New York, where the first council was instituted in Brooklyn on Sept. 23, 1891. For some years this was the only council in New York State, the second being instituted in New York City on May 12, 1895, by a degree corps of Tremont Council, No. 107, of Boston, Mass.

Bunker Hill Council, No. 62, was instituted in Charlestown, a section of Boston, on April 10, 1892. This date really marks the beginning of the great growth of the Order. The principles of the Order were well received by the men of the Old Bay State, and for a time the officials of the Order found it difficult to answer the demands for new councils. There are now 120 councils in that State, and, although New York has a larger aggregate membership, Massachusetts leads by several thousand in the number of its insurance members.

It is proper here, perhaps, to advert to the fact that the Order has two classes of membership, Insurance and Associate, or those who are not affiliated with the insurance system.

All candidates are urged to join the insurance class, as it is felt that by so doing many will make provision for the future, which is too often neglected. To those, however, who are beyond the insurable age, physically incapacitated, or not in need of insurance, the Order holds forth the great principle of Catholic Unity and the apostolate of the laity.

The insurance system of the Knights of Columbus is well worthy of the attention and study of every man. The system of rates, known as the natural premium or step-rate plan, was prepared by one of the greatest living actuaries, and is one of the very few absolutely scientific systems in force in any fraternal Order. It has the advantage of offering a very low rate to the young, of making every man pay the cost of his own insurance, and is in no manner dependent for ultimate success upon the continued accession of young members. Skilled insurance men give their assurance that if no new members were to be added to the present membership, the policy of

every member could be paid at his death. This statement cannot be made of any other fraternal. Study and investigate the rates, consult actuarial authorities. This is the advice given to prospective members.

The Order has no excuses to make, nothing to conceal, and claims with just pride to have a system of rates not only as good as any other, but better. The rates are fixed in amount and number and guaranteed so far as the best professional advice will permit. It is interesting to note that for an insurance membership of somewhat less than 35,000 men, there is an insurance fund of three-quarters of a million dollars (\$750,000).

Councils have been established in every state and territory of the Union, with the exception of North Carolina, Louisiana, Arizona, the Dakotas, Idaho, Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Requests for charters have been received from three states and territories, and also from Alaska, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Cuba and Porto Rico. So urgent have been the demands from the last two places that a committee of the Order is at present considering the feasibility of adopting laws and ritual in the Spanish language.

The Knights of Columbus appeals to no particular race or nationality, but invites all Catholic gentlemen to join.

Wherever Catholic interests are concerned, there the Order of the Knights of Columbus would go, lending its aid and support and ever striving to live up to its principles of Charity, Unity and Brotherly Love.

THE OBJECTS AND AIMS OF ODDFELLOWSHIP

Address of Hon. T. G. Harper in commemoration of the Eighty-first Anniversary of the birth of Oddfellowship, Burlington, Iowa, April 26, 1900.

All things must have a beginning, and Oddfellowship is no exception to this common rule.

Some very worthy secret Orders, in the belief that some peculiar charm clusters about great antiquity, push the

origin of their society far back into the dim and uncertain past.

Without uttering one unkind word against these organizations, I am sure I may be pardoned in saying that so grand are the objects and aims of Oddfellowship that great age is not needed to commend it to thinking people.

Organized Oddfellowship, therefore, is not of ancient origin, but a product of the eighteenth century.

Eighty-one years ago, the second of last April, five men might have been seen, bent in close and earnest conference in the Seven Stars Tavern, in the city of Baltimore, Maryland.

And so it came about, that on the second day of April, 1819, Thomas Wildey, John Welch, Richard Rushworth, John Duncan and John Cheatham, in response to an advertisement, inserted in the *Baltimore American*, met at the place named, and after an earnest conference determined to meet again April 26th following, and organize and institute the first lodge of Oddfellows on American soil.

This "Seven Stars Tavern," because of its associations, is a sacred one to us.

The building was plain and of a perfect type of the buildings of that day. A long iron rod from about midway over the great door plunged out into the street. Suspended from this rod was a square board sign that was painted black, and on each side contained a circle of six white stars and within this circle the seventh reposed. So, whipped by the winds and moaning out its dismal song day after day, it thus told the weary wayfarer that he had reached the "Seven Stars Tavern," a place where for a small consideration he could be housed and fed temporarily.

Such was the birthplace of our beloved Order.

On the evening of April 26, 1819, these same men again met at the same place, and as is well known by all Oddfellows, organized and instituted the first lodge of Oddfellows in America. The number that met there that night was just five—no more, no less—just the requisite number. The lodge

was organized and instituted, and Thomas Wildey was made Noble Grand, John Welch, Vice Grand, while the others filled the other necessary positions.

While all were of English birth, when the choice of a name for their lodge came to be considered, it was determined without a dissenting voice that the name should be "Washington Lodge No. 1."

These sons of England were so true and loyal to the country of their adoption and to the fundamental principles of our matchless government, that they chose the name of the mighty chieftain that had driven England's army back across the Atlantic, for the name of their first lodge.

The worthy founders of this great American institution have taught us that only good and loyal citizens can make good neighbors and friends.

All the burdens of the Order's weakness then fell upon the shoulders of those brave, resolute men, and they contributed to its life all the force of their native strength and abilities.

The Order fell under the ban of the church, and formidable as the opposition seemed to be, it brought to the children of men the Christ Spirit, before the glory and power of which human opposition melts like the morning dew.

Weak as was our Order in its early days, it is to-day the largest fraternal institution in the world.

Then to be a member of the Order was considered a discredit; now it is a badge of honor. Then the Order could hardly meet the simplest item of expense; to-day it is expending annually in righting human wrongs and ameliorating human sufferings over \$4,000,000.

We know of no Oddfellow or member of his family that sleeps in the potter's field. We know of none that are inmates of county poor houses, or that are assisted by the county. None are sick that are not visited and cared for. None are hungry that are not fed, or naked that are not clothed.

Instead of a membership of five men that constituted our

membership eighty-one years ago, and one city, as then constituting the extent of our Order's jurisdiction, we now have a membership of over 1,000,000 and our Order is now found wherever Christian civilization is, and this, too in a span, of less than one century.

Starting, as it did then, upon its mission to fraternitize the world and to disseminate among the children of men the Christ Spirit, embodied in Friendship, Love and Truth, is it strange that it has in its mighty sweep conquered all opposition, and to-day stands the mighty victor in the front rank of all fraternal organizations?

Oddfellowship being an Order of and for the common people, is preëminently an American institution, and its mission is, therefore, the elevation of the masses and its unalterable opposition of any system tending to create an aristocracy at the sacrifice of simple democracy.

We sometimes follow the letter of the law of our Order too closely, and forget the spirit. We sometimes forget justice and mercy in the harsh enforcement of a fixed rule. Within our mystic circle no rule should stand longer than when found in any case to work the slightest hardship. Let us stay by our original moorings—Friendship, Love and Truth—and the God of truth will guide us in the right.

Finally, my brethren, are we fulfilling our mission? There is, however, tinsel and glitter allowed to come in and occupy chief places, and these may hide our real mission and blind us to our duty. A glittering uniform does not specially fit us for the real work of humanity, and if the tendency is to detract from our real purpose let us abandon tinsel and forever banish it from the circle.

Let us make every day great in noble thoughts, in kind words and in loving deeds. Let us keep our hearts open to the cry of our kind, to the voices of nature and to the angels of God.

IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN

Address of Thos. G. Harrison, Great Incohonee of the Improved Order of Red Men, at Philadelphia, Pa., Wigwam Seminole Tribe No. 30, Feb. 24, 1903.

At this time our Order has its banners in every state and territory of our great country, including Alaska, and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. In the immediate future, its great upbuilding is to be in the West and South. Our organizers are even now succeeding in their efforts to establish Great Councils in Mississippi, New Mexico and North Dakota, and ere long we may look for these reservations to take rank with the forty-two which now sustain State organizations. Wherever he may go, a member of our Order can find friends and comrades. Not only has he the privilege to attend and participate in all meetings of his Tribe, but in three thousand other towns and villages will he be made welcome at weekly council fires. By making himself known as a member of our great fraternity, he can be aided or entertained in countless ways and made to realize that not merely is he but one of a perhaps little band of brothers, but is closely affiliated with 300,000 men, drawn from all the walks of life, representing every pursuit and profession, all of whom are linked to him by pledges which insure him kindly courtesy and fraternal care.

It is well said that the Improved Order of Red Men is not a rival of the other great fraternal Orders, in any sense, at least in other than that of doing good. To each and all such we extend our good-will. Our Order is largely composed of the members of other societies, and, as an Order, we rejoice in their great work in the fraternal field. We labor with them in humanity's vineyard, as co-workers in benevolence, and we are glad when opportunity enables us to coöperate with another society in efforts intended for the welfare of all. And if the result of a season's work demonstrates that our Order has accomplished more or less than similar organizations, it matters not. We have done all that is possible, and so have they. The field is amply large for all, there is enough for us all to do, and the great end towards which we all strive—the

betterment of ourselves and our fellows—can be attained by each organization by its own methods.

We who have been made more fully acquainted with the merits of our Order can well understand that the Improved Red Men are also Improved White Men; that those who permit themselves to be guided by the principles and precepts of our Order are in the right paths which lead to rectitude and virtue, which lead to the making of better men and better citizens. Our Order is an educative institution. It teaches the principles of right conduct, and not only that, but demands of its members a correct application of these principles to all the affairs of daily life.

Not only must a man be considered just and upright, and of good repute among his fellows, in order to be thought worthy of membership among us, but his conduct must continue without reproach in order to retain membership once acquired. The Order requires of its members obedience to the laws of our country, and this, it should be noted, includes, of course, obedience to the statutes of the municipality in which the member may reside. The member of our Order who violates the laws of his state or city, violates also the positive injunction of our society, and can be, and should be, punished by suspension or expulsion. This fact may and does result in benefit to both individuals and communities. Men are constrained to obey the laws of right-living because they know they will lose membership in their Tribe should they depart from the right paths. It is unquestionably true that many minor offences against the laws and morals are not committed because our Order says, "Thou shalt not." In this, does our society, as well as do all kindred organizations, prove of vast benefit to communities at large. It is a moralizing force of undoubted power and efficiency, working silently and in its own channels, but none the less constantly and with ever-increasing potency for good.

No organization is more fraternal than ours; in none is brotherly feeling and spirit more generally inculcated. On

the floor of the wigwam we cluster around the same council fire; rich and poor, high and low state, cherishing the laudable belief that true dignity suffers no distraction by a compassionate condescension, and all actuated by a clearly defined purpose to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and struggling, to wipe the widow's tear, to protect the orphan's course, and to lift up within the home of poverty the cheering lamp of hope. In a word, our Order is a crystallization of a heaven-born purpose to lift men into a realization of universal brotherhood, having a common interest in one another and in a common Father. To such an Order there is no such thing as failure. Resistless as the ocean's tide, progressive as the march of time, it must advance.

The practical work of our Order is well known. Nearly two thousand dollars are paid for the purpose of relief every day in the year, by the various tribes. These silent figures stand clearly upon the printed page, and demonstrate beyond question what we are here for—why our Order has come to stay and occupies a respectable place among the great benevolent organizations of the age.

The membership of our Order is composed of the plain people, and we rejoice in this fact. We seek the coöperation and enlistment of the brawn and sinew of the land. We want the laborer, the mechanic, and the clerk, the employed as well as the employers. All are equally welcome, all are equally desired under our banner. There is no aristocracy in Redmanship except aristocracy of character. The good, the honest and the true man we honor and accept as a leader, regardless of his station in the outside world. We care not for a man's riches, his profession or prominence. No man confers honor upon the Order except when he proves an exemplar of its teachings. We care not for a man's greatness, unless it comes from his efforts to benefit and bless his fellows. We care not for a member's abilities, unless such are used with correct inspiration. We give honor to whom honor is due—to those who hold it to be their duty to assist one another.

TEMPLAR MASONRY

Response of Sir W. F. Cleveland, Past Grand Commander of Iowa, at a banquet given in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of Mt. Zion Commandery, Harlan, Iowa, Nov. 25, 1896.

Ladies and Sir Knights: The Order of Knights Templar of to-day differs in many respects from what it was in its early history. Springing into existence something more than seven hundred years ago, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic church, in response to the heart-rending appeals of those religious zealots who were being persecuted and murdered by the Infidels, in their attempts to perform pilgrimages to the Holy Shrine in the City of Jerusalem, in the several crusades in which they participated. They most nobly and successfully performed their mission and wrested the Holy City and Sepulchre from the desecrating hands of the Turks and the Saracens. They continued to grow in numbers, wealth and power until they aroused the bitter antipathy of the church of Rome; who, jealous of their increasing power and popularity, sought by every means in its power to crush them. Their officers and members were thrown into prison, bound at the stake and suffered all the horrors of the inquisition. Broken in number, in power and spirit the remnants of this overpowerful Order found refuge within the ranks of Freemasonry and from thence forward have been intimately associated with the Masonic fraternity and recognized as one of the higher Orders in our Masonic system. Coming down to us through the dim vista of the past as a precious heritage, founded upon broad moral principles that are as unchanging and inevitable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians, it has at all times adapted itself to the ever-changing conditions of society, until to-day it occupies its present proud and exalted position without a peer. Well may we be proud that we have been deemed worthy of becoming members of this valiant and magnanimous Order, which includes in its membership some of the brightest, best, and purest men of the present age.

We call ourselves Valiant Knights. Valor is a virtue of

war, and we are happily in a land of peace. Some might consider the term obsolete, but we as members of this Order of Christian knighthood are ever engaged in an irrepressible conflict with ourselves; a battle between our lower and better nature, between the degrading and ennobling influences of life.

We call ourselves Magnanimous Knights. Magnanimity becomes a man. It is the better part of our nature that renders us incapable of low and petty actions; it enables us to endure the wrongs of life and lifts us up above the petty revenge that our lower nature would sometimes suggest.

We teach that Templar Masonry is a beautiful system of morality; pure in thought, ennobling in sentiment, elevating in character, something which should shine forth in our every-day life, which we should not simply teach or profess, but live. We are all too apt to think that if we attend regularly the conclaves of our Order and perfect ourselves in our beautiful ritual, that we have discharged our duty as Knights Templar. But this is not enough; beautiful and attractive as our ceremonies they alone are but the shadow, not the substance. The world is not in possession of our secrets, and they can only judge our Order as they see it exemplified in our daily life. It is, therefore, very important that each and every one of us should endeavor to carry out its beautiful teachings in our every-day intercourse with our fellow men. Then and not till then will our Order be fulfilling its noble mission of elevating and improving the standard of morality, and advancing the cause of Christianity. Then may we typically return our swords to their scabbards, there to remain until consumed by rust. God speed the day when Templar Masonry may have fulfilled its mission and be cherished for the good it has done and the beneficial influence it exerts in making us better men, better Masons, better Christians.

"We have an aim, which cannot be miscast,
Its object is the good of human kind,
To draw our fellows from misguided past
And place them where a future they may find.

Regardless of all our enemies may say,
Heedless of what their envy bids them do,
We'll still press on our world's enlightning way,
And bring a true nobility to view."

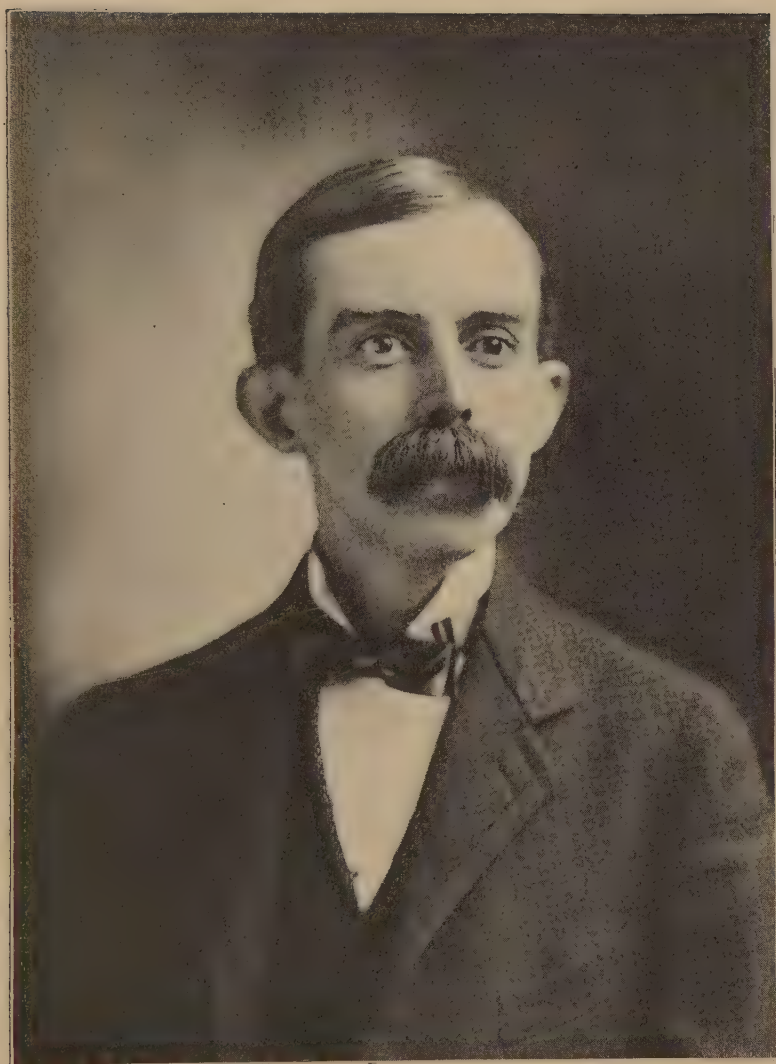
FREEMASONRY; ANCIENT AND MODERN

Address of Henry Howard Molyneux Herbert, Earl of Carnarvon, at installation of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales (now Edward VII., King of England), as Grand Master of English Freemasons, London, April 28, 1874.

Your Royal Highness and Most Worshipful Grand Master: It has been, from time immemorial, the custom when any Master of the Craft was placed in this chair to remind him of the duties that he then undertook, and although it is unnecessary that I should remind your Royal Highness, who is so conversant with all the affairs of the Craft, of those duties, it is right that that old and time-honored custom should not absolutely disappear, and therefore it is my duty to address to you a few words on this occasion.

Sir, your Royal Highness knows well that Freemasonry possesses many titles to respect, even in the eyes of the outer world. It has, first of all, a great antiquity—an antiquity ascending into the sphere, I may say, of immemorial tradition; secondly, it is known and practised in every country, in every clime, and in every race of civilized men; and lastly, in this country, above all, it has associated itself with human sympathies and charitable institutions. (Cheers.) Let me say further that while in these modern times it has changed its character in some respects, it has lost nothing which can claim the respect of men.

Formerly, through the dim periods of the Middle Ages, it carved its records upon the public buildings of Europe, upon the tracery of the cathedral windows and the ornamentation of palaces. Now, as I have said, it is content to devote itself to works of sympathy and charity, and in them it finds its highest praise and reward. Let me draw one further distinction—no one will say that it is an invidious one. In some



THOMAS G. HARRISON,
Great Incohonee Improved Order of Red Men.

other countries it has been unfortunately the lot of Freemasonry to find itself allied with faction and intrigue—with what I may call the darker side of politics. In England it has been signally the reverse. The Craft here has allied itself with social order, with the great institutions of the country, and above all, with monarchy, the crowning institution of all. Your Royal Highness is not the first—but many of your illustrious family have sat in that chair. By the luster of your great name and position you will reflect honor upon the Craft to-day; but it is also something, sir, to be at the head of such a body as this vast assembly now represents; for I may truly say that never before in the whole history of Freemasonry, has such a Grand Lodge been convened as that on which my eyes rest at this moment.

And there is this further and inner view to be taken—that, far as my eye can carry me over these serried ranks of white and blue, of gold and purple, I recognize in them men who have solemnly undertaken obligations of worth and morality, men who have undertaken the duties of citizens and the loyalty of subjects. Sir, I am but expressing, though very feebly, the feelings and the aspirations of this great assembly when I say that I trust that the connection of your Royal Highness with the Craft may be lasting, and that you may never, sir, have occasion for one moment's regret or anxiety when you look back upon the events of to-day.

THE ANCHOR AND SHIELD

Response by W. W. Dodge at a banquet of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, at Burlington, Iowa, July 20, 1886.

The national games of Greece were called the Olympic, founded, according to mythological history, by Jupiter himself. They were celebrated in Olympia, in Elis, and continued for five days in midsummer. Vast numbers of spectators came from far and near to visit the exciting sports. Not only did the exercises consist of exhibitions of bodily strength, such as running, leaping, wrestling, throwing the quoit, and hurling

the javelin, or boxing, but also contests in music, poetry and eloquence. It would appear these interesting, exciting games and customs of the ancients are handed down to the modern, and by him fully and heartily enjoyed. Flattered by a kind invitation from your Order I have been an humble aider and abettor to the days of enjoyment. My services were most willingly and cheerfully given. Understand me, however, I do not claim to possess the desire or prowess to enter the contest in music, poetry and eloquence, but submit the strife for these garlands to others far more capable than myself.

I am a stranger to your Order, but, permitted by your courtesy, I speak as a man to men. A thought begotten of your beautiful badge suggests a theme for some brief remarks. Emblazoned on it are sun-rays, an anchor, the shield—sun-rays denoting charity; the anchor, hope; the shield, protection. Fit subject, radiant with beautiful conceptions. There is charity, greater than the other two graces, faith and hope. What a world of gladness is in the word! To the homeless wanderer it is healing sent on wings of sleep, or dew to the unconscious flower. To the hovel of the poor it is golden sunshine, blessed light of happier days. It may serve as the cross to which the unhappy maiden clings for salvation, and anchors her hope for pardon and futurity. To the man of vice it is the Bethlehem star, whose blessed light may lead him unto eternal joy. Workmen, let the “sun-rays of charity” ever guide your pathway, and each act done in its holy name will inure to your everlasting credit in the great book. The present day sees the ablest and the richest men kneeling in the temple of Mammon, with solemn faces and iron grasp holding urns filled with gold and precious jewels—rich offerings to their God. The pathetic wail of Hiawatha for his poor Minnehaha in the cabin of famine never reaches their sordid hearts. They willfully shun that lovely mantle which “covereth a multitude of sins.”

Hope! What is life without hope? An aimless existence; a ship without a rudder; an island without a people; a book

without a plot; a diamond without luster; youth without happiness. We must hope for the morrow. Live with hope. Hope to be good, to be charitable, to be loved and esteemed, and to be written on the great scroll, by an angel's hand, as Abou Ben Adam, "one who loves his fellow man."

There is the "shield," emblematic of protection. What is life, liberty and happiness without the protecting arm of the law? We venerate the constitution and the flag of our country, shields to the liberties we now enjoy.

Love of virtue protects the innocent; honesty stays the tempter's hand; the wing of the eagle covers the little ones. Your fraternal ties environ wife and child with an armor stronger than the mail of the valiant knights of old. Workman, ever keep burnished the armor of your manhood and character; let the "sun-rays" of charity be felt wherever you are; the anchor of hope dropped in the clear water of truth; your shield a protection to widow and orphan.

Ancient Order of United Workmen, let me congratulate you on the selection of a badge that so fitly typifies your good and noble work and may success and prosperity ever be the lot of your association.

FRATERNITY IS ENDURING

Address by D. P. Markey, Supreme Commander of the Knights of the Maccabees of the World, St. Louis, Mo., May, 1903.

I am happy to announce to you, as I always am to members of the Order, that it is in a most prosperous and flourishing condition. There is nothing succeeds like success, and, measured by that standard, there is no Order on the continent of America to-day that stands higher than our own. I say this, not in a spirit of egotism or desire to boast, but simply to state the facts as they exist in this relation. I realize that this work is not accomplished through my efforts alone, much as I may desire to advance your interest as your executive officer; it must be done, if done at all, through your individual coöpera-

tion. These institutions are yours. The benefits that flow from them are for yourselves, and if they are realized in full measure it will be because you have each, individually, done your duty under your obligation. If you do this, the prosperous career which this Order has been enjoying in the past may be continued indefinitely. If you falter, if you hesitate, if you lose interest, if you regard this simply as an insurance organization, for that purpose only—which it is not—then let me warn you now that the time will come, and it may be near at hand, when you will be paying for this indifference, for your lack of interest, in dollars and cents. You can work it out now to a certain extent, or you can pay for it by and by. This is the intention of all these organizations. The theory is that by the individual action of the members these benefits will be procured at the minimum cost.

Such has been the history of our organization, and our most fervent prayer in connection with this work is that the members will always keep this in view, and in order to do that let me assure you that one of the easiest, one of the most successful methods ever adopted, is by bringing the members together in a social way, in a friendly and fraternal way, as you have been brought together here to-night. I want to say to you, Sir Knights, in all earnestness and yet in kindness, that there is nothing that will promote the interests of the Knights of the Maccabees so much or so effectually as these social, fraternal gatherings and meetings. Come together and carry out the spirit and intent of these institutions, and you have laid here the foundation on which may be reared a structure which not only you who are members, not only your families who are protected under this membership, but every lover of the city, every lover of his kind in your city, will be proud of. There should be in all human efforts a desire to excel. We should never be content with well doing. We should do better than our neighbors; if they do well we ought to try to do better. We do it in our business enterprise, we do it in our social life; why not do it in our lodge work? There is only

one way that it can be done, and that is what I was taught as a boy—that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

I know from those whom I have met here to-day, that many of them are business men, who are methodical, careful and particular to see that the details of their business are being observed by those who are acting with them and under them. In speaking of this, let me urge upon you that if you would get the greatest results from the work in our Order, you must get them through the observance of details and the requirements of the law, and one of those requirements is the practicing and making perfect of the ritualistic work. In this way, I have learned from an experience of several years, we get the best results. Another thing that has pleased me here to-night, and has pleased me in speaking with those whom I have met to-day, is to learn that the membership is largely composed of young men. The Maccabees of to-day is the young man's Order. I think we can safely say that there is no other Order in existence of a fraternal, beneficial character, where there are more young men in proportion to its membership, than in the Maccabees. This is gratifying for several reasons. The young men have the life, they have the ambition, their lives yet to make as well as their fortunes, and so it is that with them not only in society but in the business world we get the best results to-day. If I went down into your business centers here I would find that the great majority of the active, earnest, pushing business men are young, the men under forty years of age. Those are the men who make the best material from which to recruit our ranks, and I am pleased to note that this condition exists here generally. I am pleased to note it for another reason—that it insures to you and to our members the protection of the Order at a nominal cost, with anything like a fair effort on your own part.

It is our ambition (as I hope it is the wish of every member here) that it will not be many years before we can have it to say that it is first numerically; in other words, that it is in numbers what it is to-day in everything else, the first organiza-

tion of its kind on the continent. It is for you to say whether this shall be or not. I believe that it is your desire, the same as mine, and if you can only get the membership generally to come to a proper appreciation of their duties in this connection, the result is assured. By these visitations we have become acquainted with the membership, and so when I tell you to-night that the spirit which you manifest here is the spirit which the Maccabees manifest everywhere; when I tell you this I say it as an earnest manifestation of the determination on the part of the Maccabees to carry out the purposes and intents of the organization.

But, in conclusion, let me remind you again, that this is not a great insurance company. Do not become deluded with the idea, that in becoming a member of the Knights of the Maccabees you have become a member of some great insurance company. Great it is, but insurance company it is not. It is designed to be a great fraternity. It bears, perhaps, the same relation to an insurance company that the father bears to the guardian; it guards your interests and protects your interests, as the father would protect the interests of the child; while the insurance company might be likened to the guardian appointed by the court, to care for the interests of the ward. He goes as far as the money goes and there he stops. There is no such feeling or interest in his breast as animates the breast of this Order, which associates with you, has your interests at heart, in its broad capacity as a great fraternity, destined to remain your friend on great fraternal lines. Fraternity is enduring; right fraternity has never failed. All human enterprises are subject to the vicissitudes of time. They are subject to the risks incident to bad management, and ours, like all others, must be subject to those conditions; but if managed well, as your judgment would dictate, and founded on the rock of fraternity, the underlying principles of the Order are destined to remain firm, not only to protect themselves, your homes and your families, but those who shall come after you.

FRATERNITY MAKES ALL MANKIND KIN

Address by State Deputy Sovereign J. E. Fitzgerald, at a joint public installation of officers of Springfield Camp No. 23, Ozark Camp No. 25, Maple Grove Camp No. 25, Woodmen of the World, Springfield, Mo., February, 1900.

Your generosity is unlimited, your hospitality is unbounded and your spirit of fraternal love and fidelity is unfathomed. What is it that has caused this magnificent gathering here to-night? I know it was not to hear me. I know it was not particularly to witness the public installation of officers. I know it was not idle curiosity. I know, also, that it was the desire of pure and honest hearts to advance the cause of humanity, and cement more firmly this vast audience in the fraternal bonds of fellowship and protection, under the banner that makes all mankind akin, and the one word inscribed upon that banner is emblazoned on every public building in our land, and that one word is Fraternity.

Without that sentiment, without that one word, this great government with all its sublimity, all its beauties, all its greatness and all its protection would crumble, decay, and cease to be.

That one word makes the laborer in his cabin, surrounded by his friends, who endeavor to make his life's burden lighter by kind and sympathetic words and acts the peer of the millionaire, who has in his selfish zeal for wealth forgotten all beyond the confines of his own home.

There are three things wealth cannot buy. Those are life, health and happiness. But fraternity does, by silent acts of love and trust, bring happiness into your lives and your homes, making you happy by a consciousness of having assisted in making others happy. Fraternity cannot buy health, but can, by ministrations to the sick and unfortunate soften the bed of illness, smooth the pillow of frailness and bring a measure of gladness and peace into the home of those less fortunate than we. And when death comes, fraternity steps into the afflicted home, comforts the grief-stricken mind, heals the almost broken heart, lightens the shadows of the tomb, thus holding

out hope and protection from a cold and cruel world to the bereaved ones.

There is a business side to our presence here this evening as well as a social and fraternal side. And that business is one of the most serious that confronts the loving and dutiful son, the kind and attentive brother, and the affectionate and doting husband and father. Young man, you who are the mainstay and support of that dependent mother, who watched with loving eye and careful hand every move during the first days of your existence, that mother who spent countless wakeful nights and fretful days ministering to your wants, whose loving heart went out to you in every trial and tribulation of childhood sorrow, at whose knee you learned to lisp your evening prayer. What are you doing for her, now that you have attained to manhood's estate? You, brother of a kind and loving sister, that sister who always lent an attentive ear to your early misfortunes; you, husband and father, you who took from a happy home that mild-mannered, sweet-faced, young girl, to share your sorrows and joys, to make a home for you, she whom you promised to love, honor and protect. What are you doing for her now that the best years of her young womanhood have been given to you and for your comfort? You, father, who have brought into this world those little, loving souls, whose life, happiness and the very salvation of their souls depends on you, what are you doing for them? Ah! you may say I am trying to make them a comfortable living. And is that all? What about the time when you will be no longer able to do that? Don't you know that every man must die, that no man can escape this inexorable law of nature. Are you the fortunate possessor of your home? If you are, and have not insured that property, you would be denounced by your neighbors. Yet but about 3 per cent of houses erected are destroyed by casualties. Yet, knowing that 100 per cent of mankind must die, have you insured your life for your family against that grim reaper whom we may be able to combat for a time, but to whose struggles we must ulti-

mately succumb? This is, my friends, to the wives, mothers, children and sisters of our land a most serious problem. If you are enabled to earn for your family the sum of \$1,000 annually, don't you see your actual cash value to that family is \$20,000 at 5 per cent per annum. Destroy that earning power, that human machinery, and what is left? That is the cold business proposition of it, stripped of all its kindliness, stripped of all its happy associations, stripped of all its sentiment, stripped of all its love.

Determined to do all those things, then it becomes the thoughtful man to ascertain and determine with whom he shall cast his lot, into whose hands shall he intrust the care of those loved ones. We contend, with reason, that to the thoughtful man, the Woodmen of the World is the Order to which you should turn. Why? Because your assessment does not increase with age, because it has an incontestable certificate, because it has an equitable method of acquiring a reserve fund, thus preventing an increased number of assessments. When old age comes on and the earning ability of a member is not so great, it provides for the payment of the certificate to the member himself, 10 per cent per year to all who live to be more than seventy years; because it has a representative form of government; because its laws provide that the certificate of no member shall lapse during sickness or insanity, and lastly, because it has at its head as its chief executive the brightest, brainiest and best fraternal insurance man in this country, the Hon. Joseph Cullen Root, the founder of all Woodcraft. The scene of the ritualistic ceremony of our Order is laid in the woods, where the giant oak, the stately pine, the tiny shrub and diminutive plant all dwell together—nature's most sublime brotherhood—and where, in the waning days of springtime, the coming of the summer is wafted on the breezes the combined perfumes of the roses and the lily, hyacinth and heliotrope, the apple and the orange blossom, all blended together in nature's sweetest perfumes. And in the autumn time there in our forest is heard the rustling of leaves,

seared and browned by autumn's frost and scattered broadcast in grand confusion by the chilling winds of approaching winter, and in winter time when all nature has taken on its snow-white garb, all trees are stripped by the biting winter's blast of their beautiful foliage, then is heard in our forest the crackling of the log on our cheering camp-fire, to warm the cold and weary stranger, where he is comfortably clad and refreshed and assisted on his toilsome journey of life.

Those are some of the beauties of Woodcraft to the living. And it remains for this fraternity to go even beyond the span of life and erect at the grave of all deceased members imposing and enduring monuments, without cost to the family. We look for great things for "Perfected Woodcraft" in your city.

In that galaxy of fraternal beneficial Orders the Woodmen of the World stands forth as the bright particular star, shedding its beautiful rays into the distressed hearts and homes of the afflicted dependent ones of our departed members, shedding its beneficial influence over the countless thousands of its membership. Under its banner we know but one God, one King, one Order, that, the Woodmen of the World, one precept, and that, fraternity.

LIBERTY, TRUTH, JUSTICE AND EQUALITY

Address by Del Cary Smith, Grand Worthy President of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, at the annual banquet of Fort Worth Aerie No. 62, February, 1903.

If I told you anything regarding the Fraternal Order of Eagles I would hope that it would be something new. That it would be a story of a grand and glorious organization, that is for uplifting and elevating the human race; an Order that is no longer an experiment and that while young, bears the stamp of public approval usually the test of age. An Order with the corner stones Liberty, Truth, Justice and Equality, lives by reason of the fact that its principles are eternal, and a part of the feeling and sentiment that animate the lives and the hearts of mankind. It lives because it reaches humanity's

heart and appeals both to reason and sentiment, and the same principles that make men noble, teach that they are brothers, who are dependent upon each other for happiness. There are no Cains in this Order, hence no Abels who suffer from a brother's revenge. When a brother falls and the old question is asked, "Where is thy brother?" there is none to reply in language of old, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" Each and all in Eagledom have a sacred trust to perform and the reputation and the welfare of a brother is in part at least in his keeping. In the Eagle's nest all are equal. Some may be weak, for all cannot be strong, but the mighty sinews of the strong will bear up the weak brother and keep him from falling. He may be poor, but if honest and true, no harm can come to him. His occupation may be humble, but labor is noble and the true Eagle recognizes that this is a practical world, and that he who leads is no better than those who follow. The man with the hoe is a producer, and in his humble way as much a factor in the world's progress as the Pharisee who praises God that he is not as other men. This Order is not founded on musty traditions taken from ancient manuscripts, mouldy with the dust of ages, and rifled from sepulchres filled with dead men's bones. Men have lived and strived for the betterment of their fellows; they have developed creeds and said that this is the way; this the end; this the last mile stone, there is no other way, but we have not adopted their creeds. We are not and cannot be bound by their narrow limitations, but we have taken from the mouldy manuscripts and from the ancient forms some of that which was worth preserving, a beautiful sentiment perhaps, and in the Eagle's Aerie we have moulded and welded that sentiment together in truth's bright chain for the benefit of humanity. We have said for liberty-loving men this much is worth preserving, and it is. From all the lessons of the past we have evolved a plan, grand and simple in its strength, and expressed it in our motto: Liberty, Truth, Justice and Equality. We have taught a philosophy of right living. We have taught that the

beautiful was made to enjoy. We have said in the language of the poet:

"There is a time to be jolly, a time to repent,
A season for folly, a season for Lent.
There are snows in December, and roses in June,
And darkness at midnight and sunshine at noon;
The world is a picture both gloomy and bright:
The griefs are its shadows and the pleasure its light.
But were there no sorrow, no storm cloud or rain,
Who'd care for the morrow with beauty again?"

We teach that for justice all places are temples and all seasons summer; that justice is due from brother to brother, without taint or hypocrisy or caste to weaken a brother's feeling for a brother, or blind the eyes to a brother's misfortune or weaken the heart-felt sympathy and appreciation of his grief. We practice mercy and forgiveness and the charity which covers a multitude of sins. We acknowledge the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and recognize the eternal truths of the sermon on the mount; that they who are merciful shall receive mercy and that they who forgive shall be forgiven. This is our law and gospel. We do not teach that after a while we shall do good; we do it now. We hold that temporal and spiritual liberty is the most precious boon that can be possessed by man. We do not seek to fetter a man in his religious scruples, and we will not interfere with the religion taught him at his mother's knee. Let him believe as he will, and reconcile his own conscience to that belief. The human mind is free and all Eagledom will strive to keep it so. We believe in justice; under our laws all are equal, and on the altars of Eagledom the light of justice shall ever be kept burning not for one, but for all. We believe in truth that makes men free; that makes them honest with each other; that keeps honor bright; that leaves the mark of Cain on him who would wrong a brother, and that crushed to earth shall not die, but rise mightier than before. We believe in equality; the highest Eagle is on an equality with the hum-

blest. The God of Eagledom may have blest him with more talents and he may possess a broader spread of wing, a wider range of vision, or float in majestic splendor at a higher altitude than his brother, but that only helps him to aid the less fortunate brother because of his greater opportunities. I do not say that we have reached the higher ideals for which we stand; that we fully realize what liberty means, enshrined in the light of God's eternal truth, but we will continue to strive. I do not say that we understand all that is meant by truth, but we are learning fast. I do not say that we are always just, but for justice we have raised a temple where we worship and pray for understanding. I do not say that we understand fully our duty as brothers, but we are taught that brotherhood can only come with equality, and so the last great corner stone of our Order, equality, is never forgotten, and in the words of the text, in the Eagle's nest all are equal. A true Eagle believes in his principles as the Christian believes in his God, and the path of Eagle duty he pursues with as much fortitude as the Israelite followed the ark of the covenant through the wilderness. Its truth and its beauty sustain his soul as firmly in adversity as the faith of the martyr sustained him in his fiery trial, when with eyes blinded and seared with cruel flames he looks by faith to his God, and through the mists of eternity that gather around him he sees the Christ on the cross. As steadily as the crusader pressed onward toward Jerusalem, and the birthplace of the Lord, so we press on in the path of duty. We are the forerunners of a new fraternalism and a new brotherhood, destined to be the greatest in the world.

When freedom from the vale below,
Looked up the heights she yet must gain,
A messenger she straightway hailed,
Whose efforts would not prove in vain,
To carry to a waiting world
A message of a new-formed plan—
The eternal Fatherhood of God,
The eternal brotherhood of man.
The Godlike bird, whose flashing eye

Gives back the fierce sun's burning rays,
And rises over lowly thing
To nobler heights and better days.
The Eagle, king of all the sky,
Was chosen as such messenger,
To herald to the universe
New thoughts inspiring high ideals:
The first, that liberty should reign
Through all the earth, and all should feel
The higher impulses that move
Mankind to noble acts, and make
Men better than they were before.
With liberty a watchword when
Eternal truth waits in the door,
The truth that makes all men free,
As hand in hand earth's ways they trod.
With justice as a battle cry,
And equal all before their God,
The true equality that makes
Men brothers, spite of class or clan,
Makes honest labor noble and
The homes and temples of the Gods
An altar for each honest man.
The liberty that makes men free,
The truth that makes the heart to feel,
The justice that insures the right,
The equality that fires the zeal
Of those who stand intrepid, free,
The Brothers of the F. O. E.

THE FRATERNAL ORDER OF EAGLES

Response of Hon. Edwin N. Burdick at the Fifth Anniversary Banquet of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, Denver Aerie No. 30, Feb. 6, 1903.

On the 3d of May, 1900, nearly three years ago, Grand Organizer Horace Merkle instituted Denver Aerie No. 30, Fraternal Order of Eagles, in this very hall, and since that time what scenes have come! Out in the cemetery sleeps our first worthy president, Brother Andy Kelly, who was accidentally killed while in the discharge of his duties as member of the board of aldermen of our city. In the same cold bed

sleep a few others of the comrades. We have a few vacancies on the muster roll, and we are blessed that it is only a few. In our brief existence we have met many difficulties, overcome a mountain of opposition, grown stronger and better by the struggles, and now rest where terrors cannot come.

To-night we are joyous and happy; the smile of ease and contentment, kissing away all sadness, crowns the brow of all. We are assembled to celebrate the wooden anniversary of our Order, one of the youngest in point of years, but perhaps the greatest in deeds of love, the most sublime in principles that was ever born from the mind of man.

Secret societies are religious in their nature and have been concurrent with human history. They existed during the childhood of the race, when man carved from blocks of flint his rude weapons of defense; when he lived in caves and obtained his fire by rubbing together pieces of wood; when he gnawed the half-roasted victims of his chase or ate the roots he had dug from the nearest swamp. He worshiped the powers which kept him warm and begged, in prayer and supplication, appeasement from the terrors of winter's blast. He erected altars where he sacrificed to his imagination or to the powers he did not understand; there, with his fellows, he formed the first secret societies of mankind.

The sacred temples of India, over whose columns and cornices cling and creep the trailing vines, the statues of Memnon, silent and speechless as the Sphinx; the sacred fanes long lost in the desert sands; the broken circles and crumlochs of the ancient Druids, fallen on the hilltops and covered with the moss of ages; the sanctuaries of Persia and the Aztecs, where burned the holy flames; the sculptured image of Venus, chilled in the untarnished marble, her white bosom no longer feeling the darts of Cupid, are all mute memories of these guilds, and the chants and odes, the parable and story, the fable and rhymes repeated from sire to son do homage to their greatness. They flourished when Athens was the cradle of learning and the versatile Greek uttered in the Pantheon

the eloquent masterpieces we revere when the proud and haughty Romans razed Corinth to ruins and bowed to the beauty of Cleopatra, queen of the Nile, when the sturdy German bands invaded modern Britain, there laying the foundations of our civilization, and hung in the heavens of the future the star of liberty. On their altars smoldered the fires of wisdom, truth and justice during the long and dismal night of the dark ages, with only the initiated to kindle and feed the consecrated flames. They preserved the cipher and hieroglyphic, carved in stone or pressed in bricks of clay the records of antiquity, and transmitted with unstained hands to their devotees, from generation to generation, through the long lapse of the centuries, the precious jewels of progress with which we garner our homes and minds to-day.

Five years ago, on the shores of Puget Sound, at the tide water flats of Seattle, Brothers Levitt, of minstrel fame; John Cort, manager of the Bela Union Theater of Seattle; John Considine, his brother, T. J. Considine, and Mose Goldsmith were seated on a lumber pile discussing mutual business interests, when one proposed half seriously and half in a spirit of humor, to form a secret society. No sooner suggested than it was adopted, and the following Sunday found them at the Bela Union Theater, using its stage for a lodge room. Brother Considine proposed to make the organization permanent, and a little later Brother Cort suggested the name. Little did these men think that they were acting a very important part on the pages of history. Little did they think that the world would some day look upon them in praise or criticism; that for that scene the generations yet unborn and eternal vigilance would be the audience; that within five years from that time the infant then christened would find America too small for its labors, and prove to be the greatest fraternal society of the century, yes, of all history—the Fraternal Order of Eagles.

They took as the model of the new Order their country, the United States, that harbor of refuge for the forlorn and



GOV. A. J. MONTAGUE.
State of Virginia.

disfranchised for over a hundred years, and as the emblem they adopted the American eagle. Like that bird, the Order has known no bounds from the day of its birth. Liberty, the master feather of its wings, has borne it to the remotest regions of the earth. It has mingled with the snow-capped mountains of Alaska, with the dreary, sandy wastes of Texas and the great plains, with the commercial centers of New York and Chicago, the metropolis of the Golden Gate, on the islands of the Pacific, and soon will have an Aerie in Hong Kong, on the threshold of the most ancient monarchy in existence. Listen and you will hear our Eagles scream from the great Chinese wall. They will cross the deserts of Asia, infest the shores of the Mediterranean and mingle with the Eagles of the Alps. We are invading the war-ridden countries of earth, planting the standards of peace and equality on the doorsteps of tyranny and holding to the downtrodden the hopes of the human race.

Our colors are the American flag, the Stars and Stripes of immortality. It is the evidence of emancipation for mankind everywhere; of equal rights for every one before the law; of contentment at home and protection on every sea. It is a check to the strong and a staff for the weak. It is a rainbow for the storm-tossed and weary and a beacon light wherever the lamp of liberty even quivers. It stands for untarnished justice, for independence, for courage, and, above all, for integrity. It purifies the very heavens in which it floats.

Our motto is "Liberty, Truth, Justice and Equality." The principles embodied in those words have been the enchantment of the ages. In vision I can see the great struggles, the seas of blood, the bleaching bones, the tortures, the misery and suffering endured by the martyrs that these words might live. I see the rack and torch, the thumbscrew and the faggot. I can see the surging armies of the crusaders, crazed by a religious fever, sweeping like a pestilence all before them. I can see the Star Chamber and the awful Inquisition which tried to murder reason and stifled for a thousand years every thought of

man. I can see the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror. I can see the Boston Tea Party and the struggle at Bunker Hill. I can see Washington and the Continental troops crossing the Delaware when the floes of ice threatened to crush their boats at any moment. I can hear the moaning at Valley Forge, where hunger and the winter's blast thinned the forces more than the Hessian cavalry. I can see the surrender at Yorktown and can hear the reading of Payne's "Rights of Man," while echoing from Faneuil Hall I hear the words from the immortal Declaration of Independence: "All men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness," and as those words pass on to posterity I say I am glad that I am an American. I am glad that I belong to an Order based upon such a foundation and holding sacred those principles.

Truth loves an appeal to the common sense of mankind. Nearly every fraternal society has had as one of its cardinal virtues the love of its members. In how many is this but an empty sound, a deceptive brag! Rancor, discontent or the green-eyed monster creeps in, and then its hideous form is seen at every turn, disgracing the very name of fraternity. It is generally the illegitimate offspring of the inequality in their chambers. Within our fold every brother has a part and does his duty by deeds and acts, fulfilling the teachings of our rituals. We have no bosses and no slaves. Each member must do his portion of the labor.

When sickness comes and lays its cold and clammy hand upon a brother of this Aerie, or a member of another visiting

in our midst, or any member of their household, our physicians must attend them in their distress and report their condition at each meeting of the Aerie, while one or more of the members visit the brother each day, ministering to his wants and relieving his afflictions. We leave none to the cold hand of charity. We know that a parent's affection may change; the friendship of the world may turn to hatred and even love be transformed to disgust; but the cords of our fraternity are severed only by the still hand of death; no, not even death can rend them, for they fall to the widow and the orphan, and when a loved and loving brother, father or husband comes to the stone in life's highway that marks the highest point, and being weary for the moment, lies down, using his burden for a pillow, and falls into the dreamless sleep that kisses down the eyelids, still, we try to take from his grave every care. From the tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with the ripened fruit, and in the common mother earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side. Every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with joy, is at its close a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven from the warp and wove of mystery and death. We cannot tell which is the more fortunate, the child dying in its loving mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last few steps with staff and crutch. No man standing where the horizon of life has touched a grave has any right to prophesy. We must all enter the darkness or the dawn that we call death. We must all pass beyond the twilight's purple hills to the vast Aerie of silence or joy. We teach, and we try to practice so that when our brothers come to say the last sad rites over our remains they will feel that our life's work will be complete; that it will be an official receipt paid up and in good standing, and that we will be entitled to the password and will receive a fraternal and welcome greeting to the nests in the crags of eternity.

To the living we are a source of safety, an abode for the

weary, a help for the weak or unfortunate which only a saddened fate can destroy, and I wish to emphasize to the wives, sisters, mothers or sweethearts of our members that we are engaged in a noble, a great cause. It is the cause of nations; it is the cause of humanity; it is the interest of the home and the fireside; the health of our loved ones and protection for yourself. The smiles and joys of life are interwoven in the principles of our burden and in sunshine or shadow we are an anchor and a harbor. We are doing all that we can to fulfill the eternal mandate that liberty for every human being, truth unsmirched by creed or prejudice, justice to all alike without regard to their stand or possessions, and equality to each in the bounteous resources of nature without fear or favor, shall not perish from the earth.

Heroes of war have gained their trophies, but they have been watered by the mournful tears of the widow and the orphan, while the laurels on our altars are the results of our principles or the proud achievements done in the cause of fraternal love, untarnished by greed and unstained by tear, except it be the tear of gratitude. Poets have crowned our principles with wreaths of immortality; orators have reared eternal monuments in their name and the historian in his most hallowed story tells of our glories.

Emerson said that "every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is a triumph of enthusiasm." If this be so, we are destined to write our membership from the citizens of every nation on the globe. We now meet our brothers in the pines of Canada and the far North, beneath the palmetto of the Mississippi Valley and the South, under the palms of the Pacific islands and the West, and we have only commenced to grow. Ere long we will be greeted by our brethren in the shade of the myrtle and the olive of the far East, and in the not distant future we will find an abiding place in every hamlet, and the smoke from our altars will perfume the thousand hills.

Our fraternity is the most sacred temple of the ages. With

trembling hands and happy hearts we deed it to posterity. It is a sacred trust, and we call this nation, we call the world to witness that in preparing it we have shrunk from no duty. It stands a great edifice and abiding place for justice, that justice placed in the breast of every one for guidance, that justice which must be ever resplendent on our altars; for here will be woven the tender fabric of liberty; here truth, the dove of enlightenment, will breathe forth her sweetest strains of mutual sympathy; here must be sheltered the blind goddess, free from the festers of corruption and partiality; here must equality greet each brother and shed forth its blaze of living light; here we must stand, stand united with the future and our sacred principles; stand with the liberties and righteous laws of mankind; stand unimpeached in power for good, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an enemy of wrong, a refuge for the afflicted, oppressed and hopeful, the perpetual residence of untrammelled freedom now and eternal.

OUR SOCIETY

Address of Dr. J. S. Caster, N. G., Excelsior Lodge [No. 268, I. O. O. F., Burlington, Iowa, July, 1903.

There have been many organizations brought together for the benefit of mankind. They have been social, political, fraternal, in the business world, in the army and navy, and in all the branches of life. The aim in one and all was concentration. The strong front of a body of men, who are able to achieve success individually, is well nigh irresistible when united. In union there is strength. And I stand before you to-night as one of you. We are brothers. Our interests lie along the same lines when once we are gathered together in the walls of the lodge, with the emblems of the great organization on all sides of us, and with the elbow touch of comradeship to help us realize that we are not alone in holding the high ideals and aims which we hear proclaimed this evening.

Ours is no feeble upstart. This society for years has brought honor and renown to its members, and in times of

distress it has stood by them one and all, no matter what the evils which threatened, or the ills which have already befallen them. There is nothing so capable of protecting a man in the midst of the thousand and one ills and struggles and perplexities of life, or which can so aid him and bring the strength back to his fainting heart as the strong arm of a group of men who believe what he believes, and revere the sentiments which are so sacred to him. Now and then there may have been occasional seeming causes of difference among our members. But in the long run, these have been swallowed up in the great work whose furtherance we all strive to help. They have been merely ripples on the ocean's bosom.

The love which binds men together in a cause like ours cannot be severed by any trivial personalities. As long as mankind endures and the freedom of the will is a reality, just so long will men continue to have different opinions upon matters coming up before them. The church connection, the political party with which he has allied himself, the relationships of family and the strong bands of personal friendship, do not stand between a man and his brothers in this our organization. So many times have we acted together, and with our united effort have achieved what at first seemed the impossible, that now we have found that confidence in the organization which is like the irresistible momentum of a great body, vast and imposing. For a body of men is in itself worthy of respect, one might almost say, of awe.

All over this fair land of ours we have our representatives. There are brothers of ours in every city of importance, from one edge of the continent to another. The names that we use, the secret signs with which we convey the messages of fraternal greeting, are recognized in every state of our vast Union. There is no place, one might almost say, where we are not able to grasp the hand of a brother in the grip of our fraternity, and where the welcome and protection afforded by fellow members of our organization is not extended to us through the far-reaching influence of our mighty society.

Back of us stand our wives and little ones. And when old age at last overtakes us, my brothers, and we are unable to grapple with the tasks of life, and when the arm of the bread winner is weakened, then beside our tottering frames will stand the form of the great organization, ready to lift them from despair and support them to the end of their days, or until they can fight the battle of life for themselves.

Such is the beneficent and powerful influence of our society. The strength, the influence, the character, the renown which belong to it are, I feel sure, gladly accredited to it by each and all of us here to-night. There is not one of us but would gladly do all in his power to help her and assist her in her time of need. I therefore propose to our society a toast in which we all will join.

Our society: may its influence never wane, its name never die, and its roll of honor never be tarnished."

THE LADIES

Response by Mr. Walter B. Richie at Knights of Pythias Banquet, Toledo, Ohio, July 15, 1885.

I rise in the presence of an ancient and venerable subject. It was a lady whose deft fingers played the piano accompaniment when the morning stars sang together.

She came on the stage of action in the days of "Grandfather's clock," and was an aged matron when "The Old Oaken Bucket first rose from the well," yet in this gathering, graced by her presence and brightened by her wit, she is as young, as beauteous, as when she first sang in "Pinafore" in the famous garden scene of olden time.

That was long, long ago, yet you will remember when, in response to an encore from the front row and gallery gods, Eve warbled "Coming Thro' the Rye," Adam, with the born-to-rule majesty of a man recently appointed pension surgeon, exclaimed, "'Tis the woman who was given to be with me, the other fellow was an offensive partisan, and I am the fam-

ily man." From then until now woman has been toasted and scolded, loved and frowned upon in every land and tongue of civilized and barbaric man. Poets and orators have given her their brightest periods, and editorial waste baskets are ever burdened with the effusions of those who would add their paste diamonds to the stars that crown the queen of heart and home. Her full worth is yet untold, her matchless beauty yet unsung, her caprices yet unsolved.

She is only known to him whose home is lighted by her eyes of love, flashing along its golden days and giving strength for every trying hour.

With the confidence that marks the victor of many engagements she fixes her pleading eyes upon our bank account—and it is not! While we lords of earth have proof conclusive

"That man was made to mourn."

Our truest, best friend in sun and shade, she has our perfect measure, and in the shrewdness of her sex leads us to love and marshmallows.

Should the cares of home rest upon you and the midnight promenade to the music of infant humanity be yours, complain not, oh, degenerate sons of Adam, for remember,

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart,
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks!"

When life's annoyances make it a burden, her unclouded welcome lightens the load, and it is lost in the unsounded depths of woman's love.

"If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."

We humor her because we love her and prove the magnified souls of our new being by leading her gently yet firmly to the two-for-five soda fountain around the corner. Our love cannot now be questioned, and we are just five cents ahead of the legitimate trade. In sickness she is an angel of mercy,

and were it not for the terrible misfortune of Pickwick I should lose myself and put you to sleep in a homily upon the rhythmic relation of woman to warming pans. This sentiment commends our muse and its day dreams have varied awakenings. To ponder woman, brings to mind the delicious flavor of Mocha, the melting delicacy of angels' food, the wine-trimmed plum puddings of Sunday dinners, cold tea, and that indescribable, house-dividing monument to her genius, the dress-maker's bill.

Ever to be admired, to be envied, is the man who can say,

"She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold."

For in the worst cases, where words like waves ran high, this daughter of light has been known to shower granulated sweetness from the family bowl upon the head of the unworthy brute, who but a few years before fed on air, as he pillowed her fair head on his Sunday vest. Happy is the young man who gazes at the stars, chews trix, swears off each new year, and is in love with his best girl. For him life has a roseate hue, its sea a calm fanned only by perfumed breezes from the fairy land of flowers that soon shall be paradise for two. Dream on and long, young friend, for dead sea fruit may come—another young man may be hovering near, and at last swing on that dear old front gate where oft the gentle winds have fanned your feverish brow. Dream on, for when you waken, the divinity of your charmer will have passed away and while your emaciated form and sky blue complexion tells of waking nights of sorrow, she will be gliding on unconscious of your anguish, "while not a wave of trouble rolls across her peaceful breast."

Plain diet and fresh air will in time bring color to your cheek, and firmness to your step, and under the influence of your new enchanter the sun will again appear in the East and shine with warmth through all the long, long summer day.

Happiest of men is he who has the warm, constant love of a true wife. The storms may come to him; her love will be his harbor. The fever of disappointment may burn high; her cooling hand and cheering word will bring him new strength and hope. She lives for his promotion, and her greatest joy is his preferment. For him success must come, for ever-favoring breeze is made to swell the sails and he is borne triumphant on.

Blessed, blessed, blessed above all men is he, and may we ever do justice to our own manhood, and by lives of truth, devotion and trust proclaim,

“Honor to women, to them it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of heaven.”

BANQUET

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

Address of Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, at a banquet of the Iroquois Club, Chicago, April 24, 1888.

The republic is opportunity. Fifty-five years ago a penniless youth of twenty entered the town of Winchester, to use his own language, on foot, with his coat upon his arm, without an acquaintance within a thousand miles, and without knowing where he could get money to pay a week's board. In the twenty-eight years that followed, schoolmaster, lawyer, state's attorney, member of the legislature, land-office register, secretary of state, judge of the supreme court, four years member of Congress, eleven years United States Senator, the beloved leader of hundreds of thousands of devoted followers, he died amid the mingled lamentations of friend and foe, in possession of a fame which passed far beyond the confines of his country.

What better illustration that equality in opportunity enables every man to make "by force his merit known"; what more cogent testimony to the value of institutions which render such successes possible; what stronger demonstration of his power who had under the circumstances which surrounded him, attained such heights?

What was the secret of that power? He was a great debater. Not Fox himself was his superior in dexterity, in quickness of apprehension, in knowledge at his fingers' ends, in force of repartee, in sharp thrusts at the weak spots in his adversary's armor.

He was a great orator—his reasoning, close, compact and convincing; his statement, simplicity itself; dealing with the concrete, not the abstract, planting his feet on facts; without

fancy, without poetry, and with but little humor, and yet his sledge-hammer utterances, so clear, so direct, and so instinct with the glow of absolute sincerity, that men were moved as by the highest flights of imagination.

How potent his speech was may be judged by the fact that sometimes it seemed as if conversion was feared if audience were accorded.

Possessed of absolute integrity, and incapable of deceit, he never sought to piece out the lion's skin with the fox's, and he possessed a fixedness of purpose and an indomitable will that allowed no obstacle to swerve him from his object.

The campaign of 1858 demonstrated this, and resulted in a personal victory unparalleled in the record of political contests.

Opposed on the one hand by the chief executive of his own choosing and by all the power of patronage and place, and on the other by legitimate antagonists, to whom he himself by frequent encounter had taught the art of war, headed by the immortal leader whose brooding genius invoked deep moral sentiment to assist him in the struggle, yet from the nettle, danger, Douglas plucked the flower safely, and desperate courage made one a majority. Nothing could exceed his unconquerable mind, his invincible will, which no threatened ejection from power could subdue or diminish, and which, even as attributed to the most evil of the spirits, excites our admiration, when he exclaims in the prospect of banishment: "No matter where, if I be still the same."

But the secret of his power was that to these attributes he added an unfeigned faith in the people, which evoked an equal faith in return. Man of the people, knowing their wants, their hopes, their aspirations, he drew inspiration from the people. He received it, to use Gladstone's exquisite illustration, he received it from them in the vapor and he returned it to them in the flood. He had an abiding conviction that evil would eventually be overcome by good; not through force, though more than twelve legions of angels were summoned to

the task, but through the patient processes that convert ignorance and vice into knowledge and virtue.

And while his environment may have often led him into error, time will vindicate his adherence to the fundamental tenets of his political faith. Those cardinal doctrines were predicted upon the capacity of man for self-rule, and the attainment of success in that direction on a continental scale required the independence of local self-government as contradistinguished from that centralization of power which contains within itself the elements of disintegration. The "Young America" which he was charged with representing was nothing more than confidence that if the masterly scheme of our government as originally framed were preserved essentially unchanged, the country was capable of indefinite expansion, and would ultimately dominate the world through the fruits of liberty protected by law.

And his denunciation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was not because of a present desire for territorial acquisition, but rested upon opposition to any promise or implication that the nation would not do in the future what its "duty, interest, honor and safety" might demand.

But he insisted that the destiny of the republic, however palpably "manifest," could only be accomplished by conceding to the people of each distinct political community the inalienable right to govern themselves in respect to their internal polity, subject only to the constitution holding those communities together as federal unit. This is the principle, the effort to put which into operation across the seas so arouses our sympathy, and this is the principle to which the name of Douglas is indisputably married.

The complete fulfillment of this destiny, which our friend would not even seem to fetter by covenants with others, he never believed could be finally prevented by dissensions among ourselves.

He never indulged in the delusive hope that by cutting his country in pieces, to be thrown into the caldron of anarchy, a

new and better country might emerge from its seething depths, and if for the moment he deprecated the risk, he nevertheless scouted the idea that maintenance of its autonomy necessarily involved the sacrifice of its institutions. Hence, when war was actually made, changing, in the twinkling of an eye, pending issues by reference of differences to the dread arbitrament of arms, the sagacity of the statesman, the quick apprehension of the party leader, the patriotism of the lover of his country, as it was and it would be, made instantaneous response. "It is a question of order," he declared, "of the stability of government; of the peace of communities. The whole social system is threatened with destruction and with disruption." And when that clarion voice declared the only course of dignity and safety, the feeble outcry of those who would have opposed him "died on their gasping lips."

This was the crowning glory of his career, a triumph of which, for once, calumny and abuse were not essential parts, a triumph which left no higher achievement possible, and rendered the opportunity of his death far happier for his fame than any felicity of life. For the long day's work was over, and it was the time that he should sleep.

The noise of the captains and the shouting was about him, but he heeded it not. Great armies were springing into being, but he regarded them not. The beloved land seemed wrenched with the throes of approaching dissolution, but he bemoaned it not. His dying eyes, unbusied with the present, were fixed upon the glories of the coming years. He saw no conquered provinces swayed by an empire to its own destruction; he saw no standing armies, a burden and a menace to the state; he saw no man on horseback, dispensing the bread of paternalism, and ruling subjects with an iron hand.

He saw vast military hosts, their duty nobly done, return to peaceful progress with their fellows; he saw controversies between states adjusted by judicial decision, and even a presidential succession settled through the methods of self-abnegation and self-control; he saw labor lightly burdened, its

well-earned bread not taken from its mouth, and the aggrandizement of the few at the expense of the many cease with the class legislation that engendered it; he saw a reunited people, grown in the century's lapse to hundreds of millions, free, prosperous and happy, and its industrial invasion of the markets of the world, leading up the golden year when all men's good is each man's rule; and through the web of the splendid vision there glimmered on his failing sight the shining thread of the story whispered by coming generations to each other of a great tribute of the people who fought the fight in the brave days of old for the maintenance of that governmental principle which rendered such things possible—and the name of that tribune was Douglas.

WOMAN

Address by Senator Chauncey M. Depew of the New England Society, New York City, Dec. 22, 1875. Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, introducing Senator Depew, said: "Gentlemen, our next toast is 'Woman.'"

" 'From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire,'
They are the books, the art, the Academies,
That show, contain and nourish all the World.'"

—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act IV, Sc. 3.

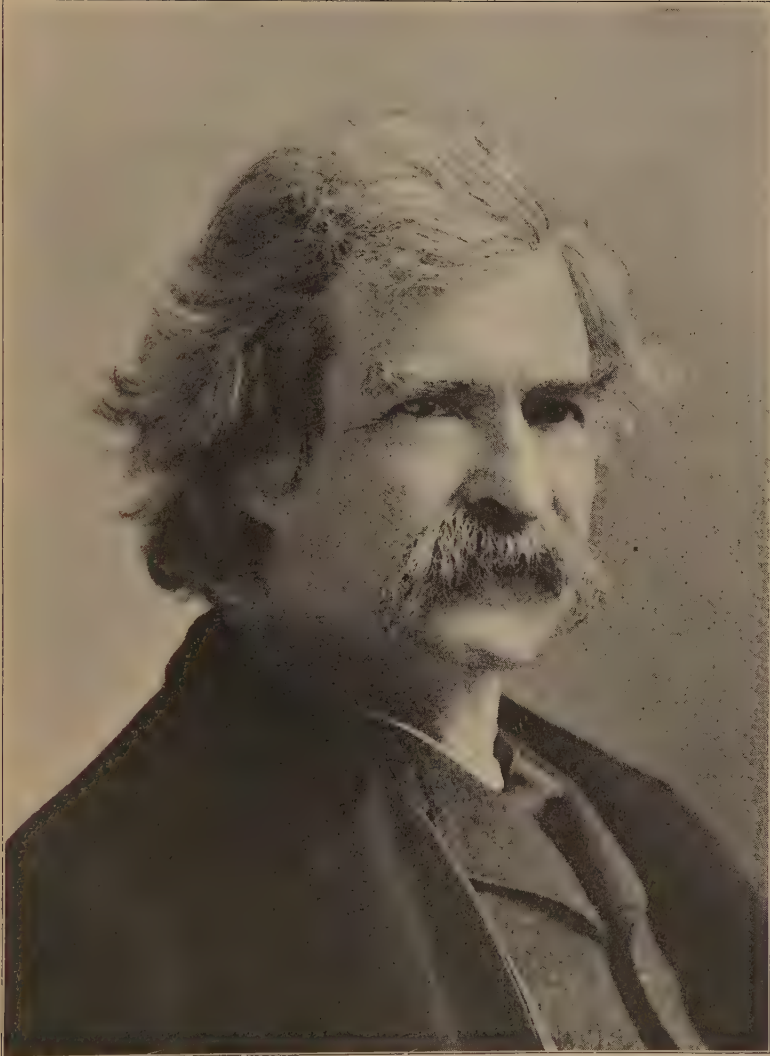
"Gentlemen, this toast will be responded to by one who deserves to be known as an expert on all questions that concern the fair sisters—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew."

Mr. President: I know of no act of my life which justifies your assertion that I am an expert on this question. I can very well understand why it is that the toast to "Woman" should follow the toast to "the Press." (Laughter.) I am called upon to respond to the best, the most suggestive, and the most important sentiment which has been delivered this evening, at this midnight hour, when the varied and ceaseless flow of eloquence has exhausted subjects and audience, when the chairs are mainly vacant, the bottles empty, and the oldest veteran and most valiant Roman of us all scarce dares meet the doom he knows awaits him at home. (Laughter.) Bishop Berkeley, when he wrote his beautiful verses upon our Western World, and penned the line, "Time's noblest offspring is

the last," described not so nearly our prophetic future as the last and best creation of the Almighty—woman, whom we both love and worship. (Applause.) We have here the President of the United States and the General of our Armies; around these tables is gathered a galaxy of intellect, genius and achievement seldom presented on any occasion, but none of them would merit the applause we so enthusiastically bestow, or have won their high honors, had they not been guided or inspired by the woman they revered or loved.

I have noticed one peculiarity about the toasts this evening, very remarkable in the New England Society: every one of them is a quotation from Shakespeare. If Elder Brewster and Carver and Cotton Mather, the early divines of Massachusetts, and the whole colony of Plymouth could have been collected together in general assembly, and have seen with prophetic vision the flower of their descendants celebrating the virtues of this ancestry in sentiments every one of which was couched in the language of a playwright, what would they have said? (Laughter.) The imagination cannot compass the emotions and the utterances of the occasion. But I can understand why this has been done. It is because the most versatile and distinguished actor upon our municipal stage is the President of the New England Society. (Laughter and applause.) We live in an age when from the highest offices of our city the incumbent seeks the stage to achieve his greatest honors. (Laughter.) I see now our worthy President, Mr. Bailey, industriously thumbing his Shakespeare to select these toasts. He admires the airy grace and flitting beauty of Titania; he weeps over the misfortunes of Desdemona and Ophelia. Each individual hair stands on end as he contemplates the character of Lady Macbeth; but he spends his nights with Juliet, he softly murmurs, "Parting is such sweet sorrow." (Loud laughter.)

You know it is a physiological fact that the boys take after their mothers, and reproduce the characteristics and intellectual qualities of the maternal, and not the paternal, side.



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS.
(Mark Twain.)

Standing here in the presence of the most worthy representatives of Plymouth and knowing as I do your moral and mental worth, the places you fill and the commercial, financial, humane and catholic impetus you give to our metropolitan life, how can I do otherwise than on bended knee reverence the New England mothers who gave you birth? (Applause.) Your President, in his speech to-night, spoke of himself as a descendant of John Alden. In my judgment Priscilla uttered the sentiment which gave the Yankee the key-note of success, and condensed the primal elements of his character, when she said to John Alden, "Prythee, why don't you speak for yourself, John?" (Laughter.) That motto has been the spear in the rear and the star in the van of the New Englander's progress. It has made him the most audacious, self-reliant, and irrepressible member of the human family; and for illustration we need look no farther than the present descendant of Priscilla and John Alden. (Laughter and applause.)

The only way I can reciprocate your call at this late hour is to keep you here as long as I can. I think I see now the descendant of a "Mayflower" immortal who has been listening here to the glories of his ancestry, and learning that he is "the heir of all ages," as puffed and swollen with pride of race and history, he stands solitary and alone upon his doorstep, reflects on his broken promise of an early return, and remembers that within "there is a divinity which shapes his end." (Laughter and applause.)

In all ages woman has been the source of all that is pure, unselfish and heroic in the spirit and life of man. It was for love that Antony lost a world. It was for love that Jacob worked seven long years, and for seven more; and I have often wondered what must have been his emotions when on the morning of the eighth year he awoke and found the homely, scrawny, bony Leah instead of the lovely and beautiful presence of his beloved Rachel. (Laughter.) A distinguished French philosopher answered the narrative of every event with the question, "Who was she?" Helen conquered

Troy, plunged all the nations of antiquity into war, and gave that earliest, as it is still the grandest, epic which has come down through all time. Poetry and fiction are based upon woman's love, and the movements of history are mainly due to the sentiments or ambitions she has inspired. Semiramis, Zenobia, Queen Elizabeth, claim a cold and distant admiration; they do not touch the heart. But when Florence Nightingale, or Grace Darling, or Ida Lewis, unselfish and unheralded, peril all to succor and to save, the profoundest and holiest emotions of our nature render them tribute and homage. (Applause.) Mr. President, there is no aspiration which any man here to-night entertains, no achievement he seeks to accomplish, no great and honorable ambition he desires to gratify, which is not directly related to either or both a mother or a wife. (Applause.) From the hearthstone around which linger the recollections of our mother, from the fireside where our wife awaits us, come all the purity, all the hope, and all the courage with which we fight the battle of life. (Applause.) The man who is not thus inspired, who labors not so much to secure the applause of the world as the solid and more precious approval of his home, accomplishes little of good for others or of honor for himself. I close with the hope that each of us may always have near us

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."
(Applause.)

NO MEAN CITY

A Response by Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, at a dinner given by the Commercial Club, Indianapolis, April 13, 1897, at which he was the guest of honor.

"No mean city." The apostle Paul, when he used these words, was in the hands of a Roman guard that had come on the run to deliver him from a Jewish mob. The captain of the guard believed him to be the leader of a band of murder-

ers, but he did not think that he should be lynched. Paul appealed for identification and for consideration to the fact that he was a native of Tarsus in Cilicia—a citizen of “no mean city.” To be ashamed of the city you live in is a lesser sorrow than to have the city ashamed of you, but still a heavy sorrow. There is great comfort when a column of residence is to be filled, and a Boston hotel clerk is watching the evolution of the name, in not being put to any disguise or ambiguous abbreviations. Is there a greater triumph in life than to lift your eyes from the register to the arbiter of destinies on the other side of the counter and to see that his fear that you might blow out the gas has been allayed? That Indianapolis is not an Indian reservation with a classical termination is now generally known in the Eastern States, and also by some of our English kin. It seems that our English cousins only acquire geography by conquest, and only recognize political subdivisions that they make themselves. The geography of lands to which they have lost title seems to go hard with them—as witness the recent inquiry of a high English prelate whether New England was a part of Massachusetts.

Paul used no superlatives in his reference to Tarsus; he reserved them for the city that hath foundations. He assumed that there was carrying force in the name itself; that the help of graduated adjectives was not needed—“no mean city.” He left something to the captain’s knowledge and imagination. He was proud of Tarsus; that is clear, and he was not a man to be satisfied with negations. The city had done something distinctively great, and I set out the other day, with the help of the encyclopedia, to see if I could find out what it was. I find in the first place that it was a great seat of learning. Its schools were of the highest excellence, and the fame of them was as wide as Greek and Roman scholarship. Strabo said they were superior to those of Athens and Alexandria. Paul was a man of letters, as well as of faith. He was a logician; a *non sequitur* was an abomination to him, as it ought to be to a newspaper man. As he was proud of the schools of Tarsus,

so we are of the schools of Indianapolis. It is "no mean city."

As the schools of Tarsus surpassed those of Athens, so our public schools, judged by most competent educational experts, are not surpassed by those of any city in the United States. But what part, my friends of the Commercial Club, have you and I had in making our schools what they are? We have paid our school taxes with more or less cheerfulness—or with none at all. But has the Commercial Club or the Board of Trade ever tendered a reception to the faithful men and women who have placed the city of our love upon a pedestal of honor? One of the oldest, most devoted and successful of our school workers recently said: "We rarely hear from the public save when some one wants to find a place on the payroll for a niece or a cousin." There are now, I am told, in our city, in addition to the truānt class, 1,000 children for whom there are no school accommodations. A general tax for public schools implies a school roof and a school desk for every child, and they should be provided. The compulsory education law of the last legislature should be backed by a supporting public sentiment. We should have, not a listless, far-apart pride in our schools, but the pride of touch and participation. Our school board should know that while the Indianapolis public will tolerate no filching, no self-seeking, no rings, it will stand by against all assaults that have their origin in self-interest, or in the egotistical assumption that the critic is infallible.

Tarsus was further celebrated for its magnificent roads, we are told. The "ships of the desert" that bore the products of the interior through the passes of the Taurus to the sea did not have their roll intensified by the right foot finding a hole and the left a hillock. The roads were favorable to an even keel. A city that you cannot get to comfortably is a "mean city." And here we may raise the note of exultation an octave or two above that of Paul—though there may be a perceptible quaver when the memory of a drive to Irvington or

Crown Hill sweeps over the choir. But our great railway system saves us. Where is there a city that offers such facilities of ingress and egress? They may not only come from the north and the east, the west and the south—but they may box the compass and still get here. If a man does not desire to go to any place in particular, but has a fancy to travel “sou’ sou’ west,” or “east by south,” we can furnish him a smooth road.

Tarsus was besides a free city, and the seat of an important commerce. These were, so far as I know, the special distinctions of Tarsus. No doubt there were others that history has not preserved. But the ideal city must have other excellences. It must be a city where people diligently mind their own business, and the public business, and do both with a decent regard to the judgment and rights of other men; a city where there is no boss rule in anything; where all men are not brought to the measure of one man’s mind, or to the heel of one man’s will; a city whose citizens are brave and true and generous, and who care for their own; a city having the community spirit but not the communistic spirit; where capital is respected, but has no temples; a city whose people live in homes, where there is room for a morning glory or a sweet pea; where fresh air is not delivered in pint cups; where the children can every day feel the spring of nature’s green carpet; where the people are not so numerous as to suggest that decimation might promote the general welfare; where brains and manners, and not bank balances, give ratings to men; where there is neither flaunting wealth nor envious poverty; where life is comfortable and toil honorable; where municipal reformers are not hysterical, but have the habit of keeping cool; where the broad judgment of a capital, and not the narrowness of the province, prevails; where the commerce in goods is great, but not greater than the exchanges of thought and of neighborly kindness. We have not realized all these things. We count not ourselves to have attained, but we follow after.

This is a commercial club; but, after you have exhibited

sites and statistics to the man seeking a business location, he will want to know about the homes, the schools, the churches, the social and literary clubs; whether it is a place where domestic life is convenient and enjoyable; where the social life is broad and hospitable; where vice is in restraint; where moral and physical sanitation have due provision; where charity is broad and wise—a city to which men will grow attached, to which they will come back.

Gentlemen, you may add these things to the trade statistics of Indianapolis. A city offering the most alluring inducements to commerce and production, it is preëminently a city of homes.

THE ROYAL CORN

Address by Ex-Governor Richard Oglesby, at the banquet of the Fellowship Club, Chicago, Sept. 9, 1894, on the occasion of the Harvest-Home Festival.

The corn, the corn, the corn, that in its first beginning and its growth has furnished aptest illustration of the tragic announcement of the chiefest hope of man. If he die he shall surely live again. Planted in the friendly but sombre bosom of the mother earth it dies. Yea, it dies the second death, surrendering up each trace of form and earthly shape until the outward tide is stopped by the reacting vital germ which, breaking all the bonds and cerements of its sad decline, comes bounding, laughing into life and light, the fittest of all the symbols that make certain promise of the fate of man. And so it died and then it lived again. And so my people died. By some unknown, uncertain and unfriendly fate, I found myself making my first journey into life from conditions as lowly as those surrounding that awakening, dying, living, infant germ. It was in those days when I, a simple boy, had wandered from Indiana to Springfield, that I there met the father of this good man (Joseph Jefferson) whose kind and gentle words to me were as water to a thirsty soul, as the shadow of a rock to a weary man. I loved his father then, I love the son now. Two full generations have been taught by

his gentleness and smiles, and tears have quickly answered to the command of his artistic mind. Long may he live to make us laugh and cry, and cry and laugh, by turns, as he may choose to move us.

But now again my mind turns to the glorious corn. See it! Look on its ripening, waving field! See how it wears a crown, prouder than monarch ever wore, sometimes jauntily; and sometimes after the storm the dignified survivors of the tempest seem to view a field of slaughter and to pity a fallen foe. And see the pendant caskets of the corn-field filled with the wine of life, and see the silken fringes that set a form for fashion and for art. And now the evening comes and something of a time to rest and listen. The scudding clouds conceal the half and then reveal the whole of the moonlit beauty of the night, and then the gentle winds make heavenly harmonies on a thousand harps that hang upon the borders and the edges and the middle of the field of ripening corn, until my very heart seems to beat responsive to the rising and the falling of the long melodious refrain. The melancholy clouds sometimes make shadows on the field and hide its aureate wealth, and now they move, and slowly into sight there comes the golden glow of promise for an industrious land. Glorious corn, that more than all the sisters of the field wears tropic garments. Nor on the shore of Nilus or of Ind does nature dress her forms more splendidly. My God, to live again that time when for me half the world was good and the other half unknown! And now again, the corn, that in its kernel holds the strength that shall (in the body of the man refreshed) subdue the forest and compel response from every stubborn field, or, shining in the eye of beauty, make blossoms of her cheeks and jewels of her lips and thus make for man the greatest inspiration to well-doing, the hope of companionship of that sacred, warm and well-embodied soul, a woman.

Aye, the corn, the Royal Corn, within whose yellow heart there is of health and strength for all the nations. The corn

triumphant, that with the aid of man hath made victorious procession across the tufted plain and laid foundation for the social excellence that is and is to be. This glorious plant, transmuted by the alchemy of God, sustains the warrior in battle, the poet in song, and strengthens everywhere the thousand arms that work the purposes of life. Oh, that I had the voice of song, or skill to translate into tones the harmonies, the symphonies and oratories that roll across my soul, when standing sometimes by day and sometimes by night upon the borders of this verdant sea, I note a world of promise, and then before one-half the year is gone I view its full fruition and see its heaped gold await the need of man. Majestic, fruitful, wondrous plant! Thou greatest among the manifestations of the wisdom and love of God, that may be seen in all the fields or upon the hillsides or in the valleys!

IMPERIAL GERMANY

Response of Baron Speck von Sternburg, Germany's special ambassador to United States, at a banquet of the Hartford Yacht Club, at which he was guest of honor, Hartford, Conn., April 3, 1903.

I thank you for the honor you have done to my country, my emperor, and to his august brother, Prince Henry. I also thank you for the hearty welcome you have given me.

You have just spoken of Germany as your keen and able rival in commerce and in industry. I am delighted to hear this. It is keen rivalry which produces great men and great races, and which has given the people of the United States and of Germany so much in common.

The days are no more when the barbarian forged his blade to conquer and to loot. Now we find our armies and navies turned into great training schools in which we teach our sons those qualities which they need more than ever, just as much in the struggles of peace as in the struggles of war, and without which commercial and industrial supremacy never can be attained.

Above all it is the love of the sea and its dangers which breeds a virile race, the development of which your institutions and ours, gentlemen, are constantly fostering.

Nobody understood this better than the German emperor when he began to add a powerful navy to his already powerful army. It was you to whom he looked when he felt the need of a craft which only America's nautical genius was able to create, a craft to improve the skill of his crews and to spread the love of the sea among his people.

Your words of praise for the German army and navy I heartily reciprocate. The navy of the United States now commands the admiration of the nations. Its fighters and writers, its material, and the personality and spirit of its crews, have emphasized America's position as a great world power.

It is only a few weeks ago since I witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the War College at Washington. To use the words of your chief executive, that institution will develop an army which will represent for its size the highest point of efficiency of any army in the civilized world. I repeat what you have said. I hope that the relations between our two great nations may grow closer and friendlier. We ask for what you ask: fair play and good will. Rivalry we need, rivalry we want. But let us hope that in all our future commercial and industrial contests the same love of fair play and justice may prevail which so far has characterized our dealings, and which has found so strong an expression in the keen contest between the yachtsman of America and the yachtsman of Great Britain for the coveted trophy, the America cup.

To paraphrase slightly the toast given in honor of my emperor and of my country, I raise my glass to:

"Republican America, a virile nation, great and strong on land and sea, whose rapidly growing and powerful navy, like its gallant army, commands our admiration and respect, a nation at whose head stands one of the world's greatest rulers."

THE LADIES

Address of Hon. W. E. Humphrey, of Seattle, March 7, 1903, at a banquet at Olympia, on the occasion of the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the formation of Washington Territory.

Mr. Toastmaster, after hearing your remarks, I understand why it is that I have been called upon to respond to this toast, and the ladies have not been permitted to be present. I am everlastingly opposed to the absent treatment when applied to so delightful a patient, but under the circumstances I am like the man the other day who was called upon to bury all that was mortal of his beloved wife. When he started to the grave the undertaker informed him that he would have to ride in the same carriage with his mother-in-law. He said, "I presume I will have to submit, but it will rob this occasion of all pleasure to me." Mr. Toastmaster, as you are a married man and should have some knowledge upon this matter, I ask you this question: Do you think that an old, bald-headed bachelor as I am can, in the short time allotted to me, satisfactorily embrace this subject? The toastmaster informed me that the reason I was given this toast was because, in addition to his own experience, he had been attending the legislation and had become thoroughly convinced that the less a politician knew about a subject the better speech he could make concerning it, and also added, confidentially, that the members of the present legislature had made some of the best speeches ever pronounced about the laws and legislation needed by this State.

I presume I was given this toast upon the same theory, that if you want to know the wisdom of all the ages distilled, refined and ready for instant application, about raising children, ask any old maid of your acquaintance, but as the literature of the world has been enriched by the greatest of all word painting of battles by a civilian; as the most beautiful and entertaining of all stories for children were written by a woman not a mother; as the most religious novel of recent times was written by a man without church or creed; as the

sweetest song ever sung, that has made more sacred every hearthstone, was written by a homeless wanderer, then why should not a lonely, wifeless, unloved traveler upon life's highway be permitted to sing the praises of woman?

Do we really not appreciate this subject the more the less we possess of it? But the real reason why I was assigned to this toast was because no married man dare speak upon it.

I am glad to-night that I am to speak for all women. I have tried, to my everlasting sorrow, many times before, to speak for one woman, that is, one at a time, and I stand before you demonstrating that I was a magnificent and melancholy failure. I will never try the experiment again. I can face politicians, conventions and courts, judges, primaries and election; in the language of John Alden:

"I am not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon;
But of the thundering 'no' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That, I confess I am afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it."

Give man all things else and leave out woman, and this is a cold, bleak and melancholy world. It is written that man was created and placed in the garden of Eden; that he was surrounded by all that nature could give to entertain him and make him happy: the life-giving sunshine, the glories of the starry firmament, the green fields, the beautiful trees and plants, the bursting buds and blossoms, the gently-flowing brooks, the sweet voices of singing birds, his cheek forever kissed by the softly-blowing breezes laden with the perfume of the flowers, no work, no responsibilities, no fights. But in the midst of all this beauty and peace, this glory and sublimity, man was sad and dissatisfied, he was lonesome.

Then the Creator, in His infinite wisdom and pity, sent him an entertainer—woman. And ever faithfully has she performed the task set her by Divinity; for in all the six thousand years that have come and gone since that eventful day, never has it been recorded that man was lonesome when

woman was within speaking distance of him. Jehovah Himself could not make man happy without woman. We are always dissatisfied without her, and sometimes we are dissatisfied with her.

Even He who created the countless stars, set the numberless worlds whirling in their eternal orbits, filled infinite space with light and form, would not undertake to make woman until He had had some previous experience. So all other things He created first, and then, understanding the job He was about to undertake and wanting to be in perfect condition, He rested. As the sacred record is silent on the subject, we will give woman the benefit of the doubt as to whether He has ever rested since. Man was caused to fall into a deep sleep and a rib was taken from him, and out of it woman was made. Some cynic has said that this "man's first sleep was his last repose."

When that rib was taken it left our heart so exposed, left such a deficiency in our anatomy, that nothing but a return of the finished product has ever completely removed our feeling of goneness. I have it yet.

Woman should be satisfied. She has our rib, our hearts, our hopes, our love, our pocketbooks and most of our religion.

Man, did you ever think of what a dreary, desolate place this world would be without woman? There would be no love, no courtship, no poetry, no sentiment, no milliner's bills, no cosmetics, no lovely dresses, nor things with lace, ruffles, frills, gored, hemstitched and cut on the bias; no old maids, no grass-widows, no step-mothers, few children and no mothers-in-law. Bachelor as I am, as I study this question I am almost persuaded that woman is a necessity as well as a luxury.

Turning from jest to earnest, to produce great men we must produce great women; few great men have great sons, all great sons have great mothers.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. What there is good in us, woman develops; what

there is weak, she strengthens; what there is bad, she helps to repress.

Woman has ever been the chiefest inspiration of the poet, the most beautiful model of the sculptor, the most perfect subject of the painter, the grandest theme of the orator; but her beauties, her virtues, her loveliness, are beyond the poet's praise, the sculptor's skill, the painter's power, the orator's eloquence. Her gentle influence stands high above all things else in the potent power that makes and moulds man's destiny. Her image is in the heart and brain of all the mighty workers of the world.

Oh, woman, thou art indeed the last and best of all God's gifts. Thou art with us always from the cradle to the grave. Thou dost endow the dimpled babe with the measureless wealth of a mother's love. At thy knee we learned to lisp our earliest prayer. Thy gentle, patient love dispels all our little ills in the happy days of childhood. In youth thou wert our sweetheart, the purest, gentlest memory of our world. In manhood thou art the sharer of all our triumphs and defeats, in all our griefs and joys, in all our ecstasies and tears. Oh, woman, thou art the inspiration, the sweetness and the perfume of life, and when at last the grim conqueror stills our tired hearts, bending above the confined form of him that is no more, upon "death's pallid lips thou dost give love's last and holiest kiss."

May God bless you ever and always.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

Address of Mark Twain at a dinner given at Delmonico's, New York City, to the Chicago and All-America Baseball Teams, April 8, 1889.

Though not a native, as intimated by the chairman, I have visited, a great many years ago, the Sandwich Islands. The climate there is one long delicious day, and the good that die experience no change, for they only fall asleep in one heaven and wake up in another. And these boys have played baseball there,—baseball, which is the very symbol, the out-

ward and visible expression of the drive and push and rush and struggle of the raging, tearing, booming nineteenth century! One cannot realize it, the place and the fact are so incongruous; it's like interrupting a funeral with a circus. Why, there's no legitimate point of contact, no possible kinship between baseball and the Sandwich Islands; baseball is all fact, the Islands all sentiment. In baseball you've got to do everything just right, or you don't get there; in the Islands you've got to do everything just wrong, or you can't stay there. In the Sandwich Islands, where a woman had six or seven husbands, one of the number has to be elected as the father of each child born. If three of the husbands are Republicans and four are Democrats, no matter how strong a Republican aspect the baby has, the election will go Democratic. The native language is soft and flexible until you get mad; but then there is nothing in it to swear by. It isn't any good for business and one could not work a telephone with it. No alien land in all the world has the charm for me that the Sandwich Islands have.

THE INVASION OF THE OLD WORLD BY AMERICAN BASEBALL PLAYERS

Address of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, at a dinner given at Delmonico's, New York City, to the Chicago and All-America Baseball Teams, April 8, 1889.

Representing, as I do, probably more than any other human being, the whole American people (laughter) who were deprived, by a convention that did not understand its business, of the opportunity of putting me in my proper place, and representing by birth and opportunity all the nationalities of the globe, I feel that I have been properly selected to give you the welcome of "The World." I am just now engaged in preparing a centennial oration, which I hope may meet all the possibilities of the 30th of April in presenting the majesty of that large creed of government of which we have the best in the world, but I feel that that oration is of insignificant importance compared with this event. (Laughter.) Washington

never saw a game of baseball. Madison arranged the Constitution of this land, and did that knowing nothing of it. Jefferson was the father of the Declaration of Independence, yet there is not a tribute on his monument to this game of baseball. Hamilton, the most marvelous genius that any country ever saw, framed the Constitution, originated the marvelous machinery of government under which we live, and which all the experience of posterity has found nothing to change, and he knew not baseball.

I believe as I stand here to-night that all the men who have ever lived and achieved success in this world had lived in vain if they knew not baseball. I am competent to make this tribute, because I never played the game in my life, and never saw it but once, and then did not understand it. But I have been impressed with the possibilities of eloquence and its peculiarities. Well, our guests have visited the Sandwich Islands, where, without clothes, the King and the people said, "We understand Christianity, we have eaten the missionaries (laughter), and yet this religion has done us little good, but if this game is a part of Christianity then from this time we are changed men." Neither the forty centuries which looked down upon Napoleon's army, nor the forty centuries which saw the rise and fall of all ancient civilization and the breaking in pieces of empires and the disappearance of powers and rulers has rattled the bones of the Rameses or the Pharaohs to such an extent as did the plaudits of the hordes of Arabs whose yells awoke the slumbering spirit of the Sphinx, which had been awaiting their coming for forty centuries. It was playing the little game of "pigs in clover" on their commencement of the memorable game played under its shadow, but it bowed its head and handed the little round box to the captain of the American teams. There never has been any brighter assemblage of representative Americans congregated about any table than I see around me here to-night. They have astonished the Indies, they have disturbed the dreams of Europe, they have shaken the ancient traditions of Hindostan,

and created such a sensation as was never experienced before or since Alexander crossed the Ganges. They have roused feelings of interest in the Eternal City that have not been felt since the Coliseum rang with the cries of Christians torn by wild animals. When I, as an American citizen, contemplate the possibilities of the American baseball player, I confess I lack a knowledge of their ultimate power. Mr. Gladstone asked me last summer what was the difference between your American press and the English. I said this: The English press gives ten columns to Parliamentary debates, and the American press gives half a column to the proceedings of the Senate and ten columns to baseball. While there are 65,000,000 people in this country differing in politics, warring in a hundred creeds, but all a unit on baseball, yet there are only 6,000 people who understand the game at all.

A WELCOME TO THE LADIES

Response by Mr. O. J. Laylander, at a Traveling Men's banquet at Waterloo, Iowa, January, 1903.

A most pleasant duty has been assigned me. Indeed this is my long suit. I must confess I would prefer to do it individually and in my own good time and not according to the toastmaster's prescription. In extending to you a welcome, I am simply trying to get even; for nearly half a century ago, a dear, sweet woman in her hillside home gave me the warmest welcome it has ever been my lot to receive; it was the first boy thorn in a large bunch of girl roses. That welcome was so sincere that I have never been able to balance the account. I could not find words to respond. Later my tongue was loosened, my arms lengthened, and I made a vow that I would never decline to embrace—any opportunity to make up for the lost time. To-night I intend to violate the maxim that those who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds, and to tell you out loud how we love you and how glad we are that you are here.

We have always loved you. We loved you when you were



FREDERICK WARDE (Tragedian),
B. P. O. Elks, St. Louis Lodge No. 9.

wee red bunches of angel dust learning to kick in swan's down. We loved you when you were giggling, gawky girls, simpering silly nothings about him, and him, and him. We loved you when you stood at the altar and promised to love, honor and work us as long as you lived. We have loved you as through the years you have pressed the hand in fervent joy at our success, or held the light as we passed through the dark shadows. And we shall love you none the less when old Time powders your locks, and slacks your pace, and starts you anew on childhood's uncertain path.

In the beautiful song of existence woman is the air. The spirit of the home, the guide to happiness, the key to heaven, I welcome you not only on this occasion, but on every one where high ideals prevail, knowing that the gift is ever to the giver, and that in doing you the honor you deserve we are adding to our statures as men.

THE BOYS

Response by Arthur F. Arundsen, at Business Men's banquet, Steyer's Opera House, Decorah, Iowa, June, 1896.

We are pleased to call ourselves boys—but the boy in us that watched the school-room clock through weary hours, waiting for the blissful moment when we should be free to make a bee-line for the old swimming hole in summer, or for the frozen mill pond in winter, cashed in his chips and jumped the game many, many moons ago.

The joys of the old-time playgrounds have withdrawn into the past; the pleasure of paddling up and down our shallow streams live but in memory; the hands that lent to the light skiff wings, have grown familiar with sterner things; and if we who have laughed and talked together here to-night be boys, it is only because we are not yet so old but that life still seems filled with golden promise. We have ships on the main and castles in Spain, and the fruits of the dead sea are succulent with a gall which we hope we will never taste.

And so, we will drain our cups to our love of life, believing that as we live, so shall we die; and that when our

“Summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall choose
His chamber in the silent halls of death,”

the Messenger, grim, will take us by the hand and lead us from a good world here to a good world there; but before then, we expect that our ships, now at sea, will sail into port laden with many a golden cargo; that our castles in Spain will materialize into tangible towers on our native heath; that we will enjoy to the utmost, the kindly love of men, women and children; and that our days will be long in the bounteous land which the Lord, our God, hath given us.

THE BABIES

Speech of Mark Twain, at the banquet given in honor of General Grant, by the Army of the Tennessee, at the Palmer House, Chicago, Nov. 14, 1879.

“The Babies—as they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities.”

I like that. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground, for we have all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby—as if he didn't amount to anything! If you gentlemen will stop and think a minute, if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life, and recontemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at the family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his order whether it was possible

or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of indolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow: but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop, you advanced in the other direction—and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No! you got up and got it. If he ordered his bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you; you went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm insipid stuff yourself, to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccups. I can taste that stuff yet. And how many things you learned as you went along; sentimental young folks still took stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles in his sleep, it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but "too thin"—simply wind on the stomach, my friends! If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, 2:30 in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday-school book much, that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? Oh, you were under a good discipline! And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your "undress uniform" you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing "Rockaby baby in a tree-top," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors, too; for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military

music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise—"Go on!"—what did you do? You simply went on till you disappeared in the last ditch.

The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front-yard full by itself. One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to. He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby—as long as you are in your mind, don't pray for twins.

Yes, it was high time for a toastmaster to recognize the importance of the babies. Think what is in store for the present crop. Fifty years hence we shall all be dead, I trust, and then this flag, if it still survive—let us hope that it may—will be floating over a republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase; our present schooner of state will have grown into a political leviathan—a Great Eastern—and the cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething—think of it!—and putting in a world of dead-earnest, unarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it, too; in another the future great historian is lying, and doubtless he will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended; in another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early; and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time;

and in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and with responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth; an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening turned his whole attention to some fifty-six years ago. And if the child is but the prophecy of the man, there are mighty few will doubt that he succeeded.

THE EMERALD ISLE

Response, in part, by Ex-State Senator Henry Coggeshall, at St. Patrick Day banquet, Albany, N. Y., March 17, 1900.

The Emerald Isle is suggestive of a thousand sacred, inspiring and patriotic memories. It has ever been fruitful in religious zeal, and unquestioning, unfaltering faith and enthusiasm from the days of Saint Patrick to the present time.

The blood of her heroes has moistened the sod wherever British glory has planted the flag of Albion, the voice of an American liberty has called her patriot sons.

Her poets have sung the sweetest melodies that ever touched the heart or melted on the ear. Her orators have made the eloquence of Great Britain equal to the classic eloquence of Greece and Rome.

In poesy, Ireland has furnished the world the classical beauty and undisciplined fervor of an Oliver Goldsmith, the majestic melody and pathetic humor of a Tom Moore, and the keen wit and trenchant sarcasm of a Sheridan.

In law we find a Henry Grattan, a John Curran and an Edmund Burke; all of whom were Solomonic in wisdom and Lycurgian in lucidity of legal statement.

In literature the list of England's greatest writers teem with the names of Irish authors.

Swift, Berkeley, Shiel, Mangan, Goldsmith, Moore, Sterne, Davis, Meagher, Burke and Sheridan; these are a few of the

many other equally brilliant and talented Irishmen whose names are as "familiar as household words," and whose writings have made the world better and mankind brighter and happier, and caused the fields of English literature to blossom and bloom with fragrance and beauty.

In war we have only to mention the names of Wellington and Wollesley to recall not only two noble sons of Ireland, but likewise, the mightiest battle records ever stamped upon the pages of English history.

In patriotic self-sacrifice for his country we find that gifted and preëminent martyr of all modern times, Robert Emmet; while in eloquence and statecraft and masterly leadership, we may point with pride to him who held the Irish people in the hollow of his hand for more than a quarter of a century, who shaped and moulded and directed the destinies of his native land with a potency more marvelous than that of Prince Rupert, more stirring than that of Cromwell, more inspiring than that of Henry of Navarre, and whose name is revered by all the world, Daniel O'Connell.

And in the front rank, among the foremost apostles of liberty we behold that gifted, that loyal, tried and true advocate of home rule, Charles Stewart Parnell.

From his earliest participation in the affairs of Ireland, every act and every utterance on its behalf was charged and surcharged with a supreme overwhelming love for his native land.

No Scotchman ever clung more tenaciously to the rocky cliffs of "Auld Reckie." No Englishman ever felt a more swelling pride in the glory of Britain. No Frenchman ever claimed a more enthusiastic regard for *La Belle France*. No Swiss heart ever throbbed with a loftier passion for his own beautiful Alps, than did the heart and soul of Charles Stewart Parnell respond to that sublimest of all passions, the passion of patriotic devotion to the land of his birth.

It is proper to recall the fact that the armies of Great Britain have often been led to victory by an Irish general, and

that the time has been more than once when the leader of the British parliament was an Irishman ruling England by the commanding force of an unapproachable and peerless intellect.

Here in America we believe in inter-dependent nationalities.

The petty states of Holland, the small and jealous nations of the East, have been unfruitful in great achievements. By the union of states in one common purpose and that purpose the insurance of human rights, the largest possible degree of prosperity and happiness may be attained.

Our plan of government and the protection it grants the individual citizen satisfies at once the eternal sense of justice and the undying love of freedom that animates every race.

Is it not possible that the nationalism of the British Empire may be continued, while nationality of home rule, granting freedom and happiness and prosperity to the Irish people may also be successfully attained. That which obtains in the Canadian and Australasian Colonies of England may with consistency be asked for on behalf of Ireland.

The home rule principle is simple, clear and just.

It asks, and should receive, for the Emerald Isle a separate government yet allied with the Imperial administration.

The brave men who pledged their lives and sacred honors on the altar of liberty in Independence Hall, were thought by many to be bringing destruction upon themselves and ruin to the colonies, but behold what great and grand results followed their brave, decisive action. John Brown, when he went into Virginia to run off a few slaves, did not dream that that act of his would be a link in the chain of events that follow one upon another until not a slave would clank his chains upon American soil, nor the crack of a slave driver's whip be heard beneath the protecting folds of the starry banner of the free.

Man's ways are God's ways, and in His providence Ireland must and will be free.

The time will come when this result "devoutly to be wished," will be attained. Then the Irishman rising from the

slough of despond, with that elasticity of spirit, that geniality of nature, that romantic and poetic aspiration for which he is so truly characteristic, will make the land of his birth as attractive and happy as is the land of his adoption.

He will bid God-speed and success to the toils and endurance, the plans and purposes, the hopes and the prospects of the millions of inhabitants who still dwell in Ireland, waiting with faithful endurance for the dawn of a new and brighter day to come; and who, amid a strange commingling of oppressions and inspirations such as can be found nowhere else, await the shining forth of those beacon lights of liberty which shall brighten the green hills of the Emerald Isle and bring joy to the hearts of her beloved sons and her fair daughters.

THE TRUE ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Address, in part, of Hon. Wm. E. Curtis, of Washington, D. C., at Lincoln's Birthday Banquet, Feb. 12, 1903, Delmonico's, New York City.

When Abraham Lincoln came to Washington in 1861, speaking comparatively, he was an unknown man. He had occupied no important position; had rendered no public service; he was recognized as a great debater; had won a local reputation as a lawyer, but had never appeared in the Supreme Court; had served a term in Congress without distinction, and during the campaign had conducted himself with great dignity and discretion.

His election as President was not due to personal popularity, not to the strength of his party, nor to the justice of his cause; but to factional strife among his opponents. He was assailed with a cyclone of abuse and calumny. No President of the United States was ever so lampooned and slandered, and none ever deserved it less. The press and the politicians have both improved their manners since those days. But he had the courage to be silent. He never answered an attack; he endured misrepresentation with serene composure, and ridicule with amusement.

With masterful tact and confidence the captain of a company of uncouth volunteers in the Black Hawk War began to organize vast armies, and undertook the direction of military campaigns; the humble lawyer who was accustomed to three and five-dollar fees and economized for twenty years to pay a debt of \$1,100, proposed financial measures that involved the wealth of the nation; the prairie politician conducted the most delicate diplomatic relations with a skill that astonished his ministers; and, standing alone in the confusion of war, the dissensions of his cabinet, and the clamor of greedy politicians, assumed the responsibility of saving the Union.

During the early days of his administration he had a higher opinion of his advisors than they had of him. They did not know each other. Mr. Seward was looked upon as the chief pillar of the temple; Mr. Stanton's iron will was constantly felt by the public; Mr. Chase was regarded as an eminent statesman; but, in all the critical issues of the war, the frontier lawyer, without experience in statecraft or executive administration, and unused to power, asserted and maintained his official supremacy. The Cabinet quickly recognized his purity of purpose, strength of character, his keen perceptions, his foresight and his common sense. He was the only man connected with the government that did not lose his self-control.

"Did Stanton say I was a damned fool?" he remarked in surprise, to a delegation that reported to him one of the many instances in which the Secretary of War refused to obey the President's orders.

"He did, sir, and repeated it."

After a moment's pause the President remarked sadly:

"Well, if Stanton said I was a damned fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right, and generally means what he says. I will step over and see him."

His sense of humor was his salvation. It was the safety valve by which the pressure upon his heart was relieved. He used his remarkable faculty for story telling to rest his mind, to parry unwelcome inquiries and emphasize arguments.

Often by a single flash of wit, or a quaint anecdote he would relieve an embarrassing situation; but, at the same time, he had the keenest instincts of the gentleman.

Once when Senator Fessenden rushed furiously from the Capitol to demand an explanation for some official act, and denounced it in the harshest terms, Mr. Lincoln looked up with a quizzical air and asked:

"Fessenden, are you an Episcopalian?"

"I belong to that church, sir," replied the Senator, angrily.

"I thought so; you Episcopalians all swear alike. Seward is an Episcopalian. I suppose you've heard Stanton swear. He's a Presbyterian," and he continued to describe and analyze different kinds of profanity in a droll way until the Senator forgot his grievance.

The fame of Abraham Lincoln as an orator was made secure by his debate with Douglas, his political speech at Cooper Institute, his oration at the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg, and his second inaugural address. Neither of these four distinct examples of argument and eloquence has ever been surpassed. That judgment is confirmed by competent critics throughout the English-speaking world. The literary style of the frontiersman who spent but six months in school commanded the encomiums of the French Academy. It was commended as a model for the imitation of princes. His forensic duel with Douglas had no precedent and has not been repeated. His speech at Cooper Institute made him pre-eminent as a political orator. Emerson ranked the oration at Gettysburg with the noblest utterances of human lips. The *London Times* pronounced his second inaugural address a masterpiece of political literature, the most sublime state paper of the century.

His errors were due to mercy and not to malice; to prudence and not to thoughtlessness or pride; to deliberation and not to recklessness. Perhaps he might have shortened the war by removing McClellan and giving the armies before Richmond a commander of greater energy and force; perhaps

he might have abolished human bondage by earlier action. If Grant, Sherman and Sheridan had been at his side at the beginning of the war history might have been different.

His greatest fault was his inability to suppress his sympathies. He once said: "If I have a vice, it is in not being able to say 'No.' And I consider it a vice. Thank God for not making me a woman. I presume if He had He would have made me just as ugly as I am, and nobody would ever have tempted me."

On another occasion, he said: "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and encourage insubordination in the army by my pardons and respites; but after a hard day's work it rests me if I can save a man's life." Whenever an appeal was made he endeavored to find some excuse for clemency. Once a soldier had demoralized his regiment by running away in battle, and trying to induce others to follow him. The President looked in vain for a reason why the coward should not die. Finally, running his long fingers through his hair, as he often did when puzzled, he looked up and said:

"The only thing I can do is to put this with my leg cases."

"Leg cases," exclaimed Judge Holt, "what do you mean by leg cases, sir?"

"Cases that you call cowardice-in-the-face-of-the-enemy; I call them 'leg cases' for short. If the Almighty gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he prevent their running away with him?"

Perhaps the reputation of no other member of the human family is more firmly established. Certainly there is none whose character is so well understood and so universally admired; and whose honesty, wisdom and justice are so frankly admitted by his opponents. There are no mysteries in his career to excite curiosity; no controversies concerning his conduct, motives or morals; no differences of opinion as to his purposes or patriotism, or the success of his administration. Only a few weeks ago in this city on a similar occasion

the most eloquent advocates of "the lost cause" proclaimed his political, moral, and intellectual integrity and the immortality of his fame.

THE DAYS OF OLD

Response of Hon. W. W. Dodge to the sentiment, "The Days of Old," at the Second Annual Banquet of the Alumnus Association of Chicago of Notre Dame University, Indiana, held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Jan. 24, 1900.

In responding to the sentiment, "The Days of Old," the words of the bard of Avon come as a welcome help:

'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts."

To-night, may I be permitted to play the part of historian or artist, as it were, in the gallery of your memory. Lord Bacon said, "As statues and pictures are dumb histories, so histories are speaking pictures." Would that my "lips had been stung by the Attic bees, with such intensity and power," that I could eloquently frame, with brilliant metaphor and vivid description, a "speaking picture" of those happy days when you and I were school boys, at dear old Notre Dame, thirty-three years ago.

There are some in this world ever ready to criticise those who idealize and idolize the past. I want to be classed as an idolator. Conscience cannot make a coward of him who recalls with pleasurable thought and pride every moment of his time, when as a callow youth, from the first day he entered the college walls, until the hour, with throbbing heart, he received his diploma, and leaves his Alma Mater, starting the ascent to life's summit, with hope ever weaving her roses in the blue web of the future. For one to crown his college career with a diploma, worthily bestowed, should esteem the event as one of the proudest and happiest of his life. A diploma, as the word signifies, is an "honor," a "distinction," a "letter of com-

mendation," from the faculty of the college that has been the scene of his hours, days and years of study.

May I not be pardoned, when from an inspiration born of the moment, I recall the times and playmates of '67, some of whom were my fellow graduates in the class of '74. These boys of the "days of old" are beginning to see the "leaves fall over the roots of the tree of life." Some have, in the intervening years, used their strength and power to grasp the bubble reputation, to become the hero of the hour, to be crowned with the laurel wreath of fame, or to acquire the riches of a Monte Christo on his wondrous isle. It is a pleasure to know that there are those who have realized the cherished dreams of their youthful hope and ambition, and are now enjoying life at the zenith of their success. Others have met with disappointment, as did Sisyphus in his endless task in attempting to roll a rock up a hill, or who, with ambition abandoned, have stopped at Mount Latmos, and like Endymion, been lulled to sleep in the moonlight, and thus life has been spent more in dreams than in reality. To these must come with awful force the words of Maud Muller:

"God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;
For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, It might have been."

Yes, let us pity those of our number who have fallen by the wayside. Let us pray that the roses which hope had held out she would weave in the blue web of their future, may yet blossom and shed their fragrance to gladden their hearts and to cheer their pathway.

The Gretchen mother of old when asked "Where are your jewels?" pointing to her children, answered, "These are my jewels." Thus may it be said of our beloved Notre Dame, with, as it were, a mother's heart bursting with maternal pride and affection, points to her jewels, her sons, who have not wasted their lives like "summer winds a-wooing flowers," but as knights of old, they left the protecting shelter of her love

and watchful care, armed with a helmet of learning and a breast plate of noble purpose, and in the arena of human strife they have won fame, fortune, honor and achieved distinction and credit for themselves and their Alma Mater.

When I first entered Notre Dame the feeling of hatred engendered by the Civil War was still manifest, and the boys from the North and South would at times settle their differences in an ordinary fist fight, but this feeling soon gave way to the influences of comradeship and an everlasting friendship.

It was in the winter of 1867 to '68 that the daily uniformed Zouaves drum corps, composed of some forty of the brightest and best boys of the junior department, merged their organization into a theatrical and literary society so well known to you all, the Ste. Celia Philomathean Society. The baseball craze was in full blast, and under the old rules the game was played with a lively red ball, which required the fielders to play out something less than a half mile from the home plate. "The Star of the West" was the champion club of the junior department, and "The Star of the East" of the senior. In the latter club, in the position of center field, played the famous Adrian Anson, Chicago's baseball king. Smoking was not allowed, except by the older members of the senior department, and these were required to gather in a small room of the senior play hall, where the smoke was not allowed to escape. After one who craved the "weed" had emerged from this "smoke house" he somewhat presented the appearance of a Westphalia ham.

About in 1879 the college authorities had the first two racing boats, using sliding seats and spoon oars, made at my home city of Burlington. They were named the Minnehaha and Hiawatha. I accompanied them to Notre Dame, remaining several days, thus becoming the first instructor in the use of the modern racing boat.

My time being so limited, I am precluded from recalling innumerable reminiscences and scenes so dear to my memory.

Neither can I speak as my heart would prompt me of those noble, self-sacrificing fathers, brothers and professors, whose loyal devotion and intelligent instruction guided our youthful minds in the search for knowledge, and were ever solicitous to our moral welfare.

To borrow the words of another, "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," and may I not say it of them, that they live in our hearts?

While we thrill with pleasure, and may be pardonably boastful of our Alma Mater, as she appears to-day, a grand and magnificent temple of learning, yet we are more proud of her when we recall her humble beginning. Away back in 1842, she arose, Phoenix-like, amidst the dismal swamps of an unbroken wilderness, near the wigwams of the Pottawattamie Indians, amid scattered homes of the early white settlers, on the confines of civilization, of that grand old State of Indiana.

In this age of wonderful progress and enlightenment, the University of Notre Dame has taken her place among the great institutions of learning which constitute the crowning glory of this republic. It is a proud boast of an American citizen that it is the fundamental law of the land that all men are created free and equal, and that they have the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. With this spirit of civil and religious liberty, nurtured and protected by our government, we find the little white school houses, like sparkling gems, blazing on our western prairies, dotting the hillsides and valleys of this land, working hand in hand with the common schools of the cities, state universities, and the sectarian colleges, in the moral and mental training of the young, building up human character and moulding American citizenship as the highest type of an ideal, enlightened Christian life, among the nations of the earth.

In addressing this brilliant assembly, composed of the alumni and former students of Notre Dame University, I do so with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure. To realize that to-night I see but few of my college associates of those

days of '67 to '74 fills me with inexpressible sorrow; or as Long-fellow's words so aptly apply,

"A feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist."

When the gentle hand of memory startles me with the thought, that we, to-day, cherish the fondest memories of the same Alma Mater, yet many of us are to one another comparative strangers. Some of your faces are new to me, mine to you. Still, we drank at the same fountain of knowledge, received the same strict moral training, and enjoyed the pastimes and sports of youth on the same playgrounds. I feel almost like Rip Van Winkle, when he came down from the Catskill Mountains, and, meeting a crowd of villagers at his old home, in dark despair, exclaimed, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle? I'm changed, everything is changed, I can't tell what's my name, or who I am."

These annual gatherings, so pleasantly and profitably held around the festal board, will aid to banish the thought that we are Rip Van Winkles to one another. They will agreeably serve to maintain the enthusiasm of fellowship and bind tighter the golden cords of friendship.

At the time of the erection of the Washington monument, at our nation's capital, the various states contributed stones, with appropriate inscriptions, to become a part of that stately shaft. My native commonwealth of Iowa presented a stone with this noble sentiment, "Iowa, the affections of her people, like the rivers of her border, flow to an inseparable union."

Graduates and students of Notre Dame, may our truest and sincerest affections for one another and our Alma Mater ever flow to an inseparable union.



ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

MISCELLANEOUS

PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY

Address, in part, of President William McKinley, last speech, delivered at the Buffalo Exposition, Sept. 4, 1901. (Wm. McKinley was born Jan. 29, 1843, and died Sept. 14, 1901.)

The President spoke for exactly thirty minutes. He said: President Milburn, Director-General Buchanan, Commissioners, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am glad to be again in the city of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose good will I have been repeatedly and signally honored. To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this Exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interest and success. To the Commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British Colonies, the French Colonies, the Republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the Commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture, which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Expositions are the time-keepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high

endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people, and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and low prices to win their favor. The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economize the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other peoples, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the antiquated processes of farming and manufacture, and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no farther advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly; presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill, and illustrating the progress of the human family in the Western Hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or boastfulness, and, recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will coöperate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory.

After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely-separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before, and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices

are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time, and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by our fathers.

Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom. The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows with more or less accuracy the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and securities are hourly known in every commercial mart and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted, and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased, and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now!

We reached General Miles in Porto Rico by cable, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our capital, and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy. So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands, that

its temporary interruption even in ordinary times results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and awful suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Peking, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication, inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the government of the United States brought, through our Minister, the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comforts and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community, and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty in the care and security of these deposits and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously, and our products have so multiplied, that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will present reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of relations are not.

If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for

revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the things to sell is to have the conveyance to carry them to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go. We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communications with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. And, finally, our interests in the Pacific Ocean will not longer tolerate delay in the construction of a cable which shall connect us with Hawaii and the Philippines.

In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the New World. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement, which finds here practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American Congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico. The good

work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to

"Make it live beyond its too short living
With praises and thanksgiving."

Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition? Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure.

Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of the earth.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS

Address, in part, by President James A. Garfield, before the students of Spencer's Business College, Washington, D. C.

I have consented to address you this evening chiefly for two reasons: one of them personal to myself, the other public. The personal reason is that I have a deep and peculiar sympathy with young people who are engaged in any department of education. Their pursuits are to me not only matters of deep interest, but of profound mystery. It will not, perhaps, flatter you older people when I say that I have far less interest in you than in these young people. With us, the great questions of life are measurably settled. Our days go on, their

shadows lengthen as we approach nearer to that evening which will soon deepen into the night of life; but before these young people are the dawn, the sunrise, the coming noon—all the wonders and mysteries of life. For ourselves, much of all that belongs to the possibilities of life is ended, and the very angels look down upon us with less curiosity than upon these, whose lives are just opening. Pardon me, then, if I feel more interest in them than in you.

I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than a man. I never meet a ragged boy of the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his shabby coat. When I meet you in the full flush of mature life, I see nearly all there is of you; but among these boys are the great men of the future—the heroes of the next generation, the philosophers, the statesmen, the philanthropists, the great reformers and moulders of the next age. Therefore, I say, there is a peculiar charm to me in the exhibitions of the young people engaged in the business of education.

Business colleges, my fellow citizens, originated in this country as a protest against the insufficiency of our system of education—as a protest against the failure, the absolute failure, of our American schools and colleges to fit young men and women for the business of life. Take the great classes graduated from the leading colleges of the country during this and the next month, and how many, or, rather, how few, of their members are fitted to go into the practical business of life, and transact it like sensible men! These Business Colleges furnish their graduates with a better education for practical purposes than either Princeton, Harvard or Yale.

The people are making a grave charge against our system of higher education, when they complain that it is disconnected from the active business of life. It is a charge to which our colleges cannot plead guilty and live. They must rectify the fault, or miserably fail of their great purpose. There is

scarcely a more pitiable sight than to see here and there learned men, so called, who have graduated in our own and the universities of Europe with high honors—men who know the whole gamut of classical learning—who have sounded the depths of mathematical and speculative philosophy—and yet who could not harness a horse or make out a bill of sale if the world depended upon it. (Applause.)

The fact is that our curriculum of college studies was not based on modern ideas, and has not grown up to our modern necessities. The prevailing system was established at a time when the learning of the world was in Latin and Greek; when, if a man would learn arithmetic, he must first learn Latin; and if he would learn the history and geography of his country, he could acquire the knowledge only through the Latin language. Of course, in those days, it was necessary to lay the foundation of learning in a knowledge of the learned languages. The universities of Europe, from which our colleges were copied, were founded before the modern languages were born. The leading languages of Europe are scarcely six hundred years old. The reasons for a course of study then are not good now. The old necessities have passed away. We now have strong and noble living languages, rich in literature, replete with high and earnest thought, the language of science, religion and liberty and yet we bid our children feed their spirits on the life of dead ages, instead of the inspiring life and vigor of our own times. I do not object to classical learning, far from it; but I would not have it exclude the living present. Therefore, I welcome the Business College in the form it has taken in the United States, because it meets an acknowledged want, by affording to young people of only common scholastic attainments, and even to the classes that graduate from Harvard and Yale, an opportunity to learn important and indispensable lessons before they go out into the business of life.

Laugh at it as we may, put it aside as a jest if we will, keep it out of Congress or political campaigns, still, the woman

question is rising in our horizon larger than the size of a man's hand; and some solution, ere long, that question must find. I have not yet committed my mind to any formula that embraces the whole question. I halt on the threshold of so great a problem; but there is one point on which I have reached a conclusion, and that is, that this nation must open up new avenues of work and usefulness to the women of the country, so that everywhere they may have something to do. This is, just now, infinitely more valuable to them than the platform or the ballot-box. Whatever conclusion shall be reached on that subject by and by, at present the most valuable gift which can be bestowed on women is something to do, which they can do well and worthily, and thereby maintain themselves. Therefore, I say that every thoughtful statesman will look with satisfaction upon such Business Colleges as are opening a career for our young women. On that score we have special reason to be thankful for the establishment of these institutions. (Applause.)

No, young gentlemen, things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up. Inertia is one of the indispensable laws of matter, and things lie flat where they are until by some intelligent spirit (for nothing but spirit makes motion in this world) they are endowed with activity and life. Do not dream that some good luck is going to happen to you and give you fortune. Luck is an *ignis fatuus*. You may follow it to ruin but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him, and Waterloo was lost. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs, young gentlemen. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go out into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. What-

ever you win in life, you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself. (Applause.)

Again, in order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. In this respect, follow the rule of the machinists. If they want a machine to do the work of six horses, they give it nine horse power, so that they may have a reserve of three. To carry on the business of life you must have surplus power. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let everyone know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it.

Young gentlemen, let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintances, I have never known one to be drowned who was worth the saving. (Applause.) This would not be wholly true in any country but one of political equality like ours. The editor of one of the leading magazines of England told me, not many months ago, a fact startling enough in itself but of great significance to a poor man. He told me that he had never known, in all his experience, a single boy of the class of farm-laborers (not those who own farms, but mere farm-laborers) who had ever risen above his class. Boys from the manufacturing and commercial classes had risen frequently, but from the farm-laborer class he had never known one.

The reason is this: In the aristocracies of the Old World, wealth and society are built up like the strata of rock which compose the crust of the earth. If a boy be born in the lowest stratum of life, it is almost impossible for him to rise through this hard crust into the higher ranks; but in this country it is not so. The strata of our society resemble rather the ocean, where every drop, even the lowest, is free to mingle with all

others, and many shine at last on the crest of the highest wave. This is the glory of our country, young gentlemen, and you need not fear that there are any obstacles which will prove too great for any brave heart. You will recollect what Burns, who knew all meanings of poverty and struggles, has said in homely verse:

"Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, you'll get there,
You'll find no other where."

One thought more and I will close. This is almost a sermon, but I cannot help it, for the occasion itself has given rise to the thoughts I am offering you. Let me suggest, that in giving you being, God locked up in your nature certain forces and capabilities. What will you do with them? Look at the mechanism of a clock. Take off the pendulum and ratchet and the wheels go rattling down, and all its force is expended in a moment; but properly balanced and regulated it will go on, letting out its force tick by tick, measuring hours and days, and doing faithfully the service for which it was designed. I implore you to cherish and guard and use well the force that God has given to you. You may let them run down in a year, if you will. Take off the strong curb of discipline and morality, and you will be an old man before your twenties are passed. Preserve these forces. Do not burn them out with brandy, or waste them in idleness and crime. (Applause.) Do not destroy them. Do not use them unworthily. Save and protect them that they may save for you fortune and fame. Honestly resolve to do this, and you will be an honor to yourself and to your country. I thank you, young friends, for your kind attention. (Applause.)

INGERSOLL'S DREAM OF THE WAR

The following words of matchless eloquence were addressed by Colonel Ingersoll to the veteran soldiers of Indianapolis.

The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves, and she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them

between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron and with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the last—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. All this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. There heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, and the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides, and school-houses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the

soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAMOUS GETTYSBURG SPEECH

The immortal speech of President Lincoln at the dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery, Nov. 19, 1863.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We have met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

LET US NOT FALTER

Address, in part, of Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, on the Government of Puerto Rico and the Philippines.

My countrymen, in the midst of our high responsibilities, let us not allow the national resolution to falter for a moment.

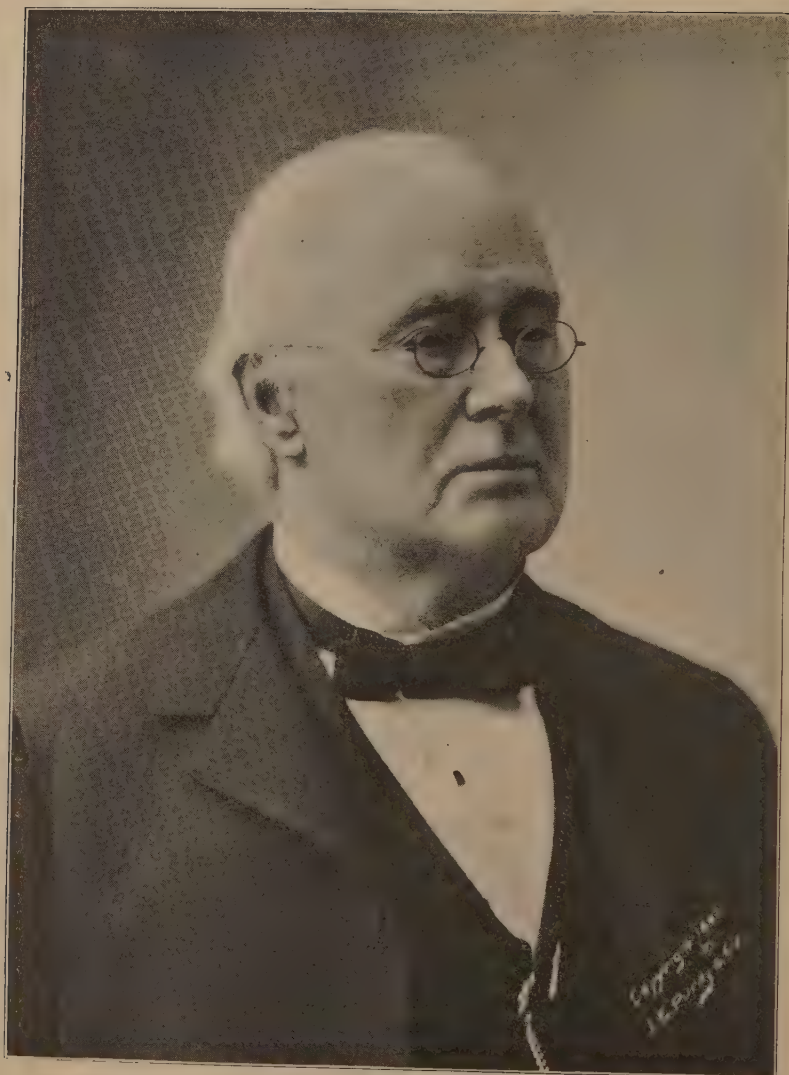
If the Republican party cannot stand together we are surely overwhelmed. But the Republican party can stand together; and multitudes of other political views, seeing the burden which we bear, will not hesitate to leave their parties and come to the support of a broad national policy. Above all, there is a wisdom in the affairs of men that is higher than any poor wisdom of ours.

The experience of the last two years has given the American people a national ideal from which it is not possible to fall away, an ideal shaped in the ministry of the Son of Man, in obedience to which every human life becomes a sacrament of help and mercy, and every true national life stands willing to pour itself out in the service of mankind.

The great nations of the world are the nations that bear the heavy burdens of the world, upon whose backs are laid the heavy responsibilities and the appointed duties of these passing centuries. Every man knows with what motive the American people broke the peace of the world and the time is coming when every man shall know with what motive we have taken up these burdens which are not our own. I do not believe that the American Republic will be allowed to fail in the midst of its duties, honestly and manfully trying to perform them.

In the masterpiece of prose fiction you remember that on the day of Waterloo the Supreme Equity which is in the heavens enters a decree that in the nineteenth century there is no longer room for Napoleon the Great; that the time has come to make an end of his affairs. That is the gleam of a lofty imagination, but there is in the heart of the American people the steady light of a faith more sublime even than that, a faith in the greatness of our country, a faith in the future of humanity, a faith in the divine guidance which has watched over the national life from its infancy unto this hour.

It is not hard to see the dangers that beset us; it is not hard to point out the cares that are upon us; it is not hard to fill the future with the creations of doubt and uncertainty and



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GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.

fear; but none of these things can move us if in the midst of all dangers and all burdens and all doubts and fears we recognize the hand of God, stretched forth from the stars, touching the American Republic upon the shoulder and giving it a high commission to stand in the arena of the world's great affairs, living no longer to itself alone, but in willing submission to the divine appointment, ready at last to become the faithful servant even of the lowliest and most helpless of His children. (Applause.)

We have heard it said that the days of the Republic are numbered. Such a speech belongs to the blackness of the darkness of a past generation. The old Union army made it possible for us and our children to live in an atmosphere no longer overshadowed by that awful dread. Whatever may be in store for us, whatever political party may rise or fall, this government shall live to scatter the riches of human liberty to races yet uncivilized and to nations yet unborn. (Applause.)

I believe in the United States of America; I back the old Republic of our fathers against the world; nor, since Abraham Lincoln fell in the midst of duties far more than ours, has there been upon the helm of our affairs a steadier, wiser, kindlier, braver hand than the hand of William McKinley, President of the United States. (Prolonged applause.)

LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS

Address of Gov. R. L. Taylor to the school children of Nashville on the occasion of the visit of Lieutenant Hobson and Captain Maynard to that city, Dec. 16, 1897.

I stand in your royal presence to-day with uncovered head, to present to you two of your renowned subjects, who have come to pay homage to your majesties.

I address you as kings and queens, because you are monarchs of our homes and rulers of our hearts. You are the autocrats of the breakfast table and the dinner table and the supper table, and you are the terror of your grown-up sisters and their sweethearts. You are the czars and czarinas of the

hearthstones, and all the old daddies and mummies are your willing slaves. But your yoke is easy, for it is the twining of tender arms. Your burden is light, for it is the burden of love.

Two heroes come to you fresh from seas of glory, to receive the laurel wreath of your blessings and benedictions. One of them unbottled the first bombshell of the war with Spain from the frowning deck of the gunboat Nashville. The other bottled up the enemy with the Merrimac in Santiago Bay.

They are both corkers and uncorkers. They are the cork-screws of Uncle Sam, and that's what's the matter with Spain.

Tennessee and Alabama are proud of their noble sons, and every patriotic bosom heaves a welcome to them. Every little heart that beats in this dimpled sea of mirth and beauty throbs a welcome to our heroes; every sunny curl and raven lock waves a greeting; every bright eye beams with love and gratitude.

No sweeter tribute was ever paid to men than that which comes sparkling and bubbling from the innocent soul of childhood. No wonder the Saviour said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Tennessee gives her first welcome to her distinguished guests through the lips of her little children, because it is the purest and best. She welcomes them with love, laughter and song.

When I was a barefooted boy I used to study the pictures of battles and listen to the story of heroic deeds until my cheeks burned with excitement, and my heart went flippity-flop. I would have given all my treasures of marbles and toys and everything else, down to the patches on my breeches and the rag on my sore toe, to be a hero. And sure enough, my opportunity came. When the Civil War burst upon our country, I was a ten-year-old lad, and had never heard a harsher sound than a hen-cackle or the hoot of an owl. But at the age of twelve I became a hero and lost my hair in the battle of Taylor's Ford, on the bank of the beautiful Watauga

River. When I discovered the enemy approaching, I pulled off my little wool hat and "hit the dim and shadowy distance like Nancy Hanks," and there was weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Who knows but that if Captain Maynard and Lieutenant Hobson at the age of twelve and under those circumstances, had met the foe they would have broken my record, as a running hero? But the fears of childhood vanish from the heart of the man, and while the valor of my manhood was "born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air," the courage of these two young men has been witnessed and applauded by the whole world.

The struggle with Spain was short and decisive. Our splendid navy, manned by them and their gallant comrades, hovered like a storm-cloud on the horizon and burst upon the foe; and there was nothing left but the burning wrecks of Spain's battleships, and her army rolling back in dismay and defeat.

Captain Maynard and Lieutenant Hobson, I present you a bouquet of rosebuds—the children of Tennessee.

A PLAIN TALK TO YOUNG MEN

Address, in part, of Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, to the graduates of the Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, June 19, 1903.

I came here because I desire to say something to you which ought to prove of some value if acted upon by you who are graduating. I believe in this institution. So did its founder, Philip D. Armour. I remember a talk with him, when he told me, with tears in his eyes, what he had done by it. He said that he got more satisfaction from this institution than anywhere else.

Some of the students have a wrong idea concerning education. Learning is not merely to know a given number of facts. A good memory is not the only essential to an education. You must be able to grind the facts. They are not very valuable unless you can bring them together and draw con-

clusions. You students are here to train your minds, to grind the facts presented to you. Your training enables you to analyze and see all things clearly. Your future may not be decided, and I advise you to do anything providing that you do it better than it is usually done.

There are a great many attorneys, but not as many lawyers. There are also a great number of pedagogues, but not as many teachers. To succeed you have to continue to improve. That is the only way to success. There are too many attorneys who can try a case just as good as their fellows, but no better. Success is in store for him who attempts to do better than the others and he must continue to improve.

Do not work for the sake of compensation, but for the sake of the work. Work for the sake of achievement and not pay. If you are a ship-builder, strive to build a ship which can go faster than any ever before constructed. The man who works for the sake of compensation, wears himself out in eight hours, but the man who works for the sake of his employment can work more than twelve hours a day without experiencing fatigue.

Another qualification for the young man confronted with the problem of his life is self-reliance. Also have your minds trained to cling to facts. As an example of this I will repeat a story told of General Grant. When he went to West Point his first command was to look at a hole in a fence. He looked at it a second and then glanced at the commanding officer. He was again commanded to look at the hole and he learned the lesson to cling to a thing until he received another command.

You are going into a busy world and there is good pay in store for good services. Competition is more intense now than ever before. You must continue to improve to get along, and the best worker commands the highest compensation for his labors.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

Address by Congressman M. J. Wade, delivered at a banquet tendered to Mr. E. C. Clark, a member of the Coal Strike Commission, upon his return after the commission made its report, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 10, 1903.

As I consider the object of this meeting to-night; as I consider that we are here to honor one of that body of eminent men representing the Law, the Bench, the Church, the student of sociology—the laborer; as I realize that this body of men for months have been engaged in the high and holy purpose of trying to solve the questions which arose between employer and employed; yea, as I remember that the result of all the efforts of those weary days has been to elevate the toiler, to strengthen his arm, to endow him with more of the comforts of life, to ensure him better, fairer compensation for his toil; when I consider all these things, and then when I see that the deliberations and the final award of this body of men have been sustained by public sentiment East and West, North and South, I am deeply impressed with the wonderful change which the years have brought to the toiler—the magic transformation of public sentiment in regard to the laborer and his rights. I call to mind that famous painting which represented the toiler in years gone by, the toiler “bowed by the weight of centuries—he leans upon his hoe and gazes on the ground, the emptiness of ages in his face and on his back the burden of the world.”

“The Man with the Hoe” represented labor in those days when the toiler was “brother to the ox”—a thing that grieved not and never hoped—“slave of the wheel of labor—time’s tragedy in his aching stoop—plundered, profaned and disinherited.” The master was then the man, the servant the beast of burden.

This picture tells a tale of centuries of degradation and of suffering—a story of bitter days and nights in tears—it tells of man deprived of his God-given rights. It pictures no sunshine, naught but black despair which must have welcomed

death as a release from bondage. The poet has well said that "Down all the stretch of hell to the last gulf there is no shape more terrible than this—more tongued with censure of the world's greed—more filled with signs and portents to the soul—more fraught with menace to the universe."

But, thank God, times have changed. The pall has been lifted from the life of labor. In the great revolution and evolution of things and thought, the toiler is no more "brother to the ox"—he no longer stoops with eyes upon the ground, but in his grimy overalls he stands erect, every man his brother, his face lightened with the glow of intelligence, the equal of his master before the law. He ought to revere the law, and the foundation of all our law—the immortal constitution, the great charter of human liberty.

For the constitution makes every man equal to his brother, and it guards the rights of the humblest as well as those of the exalted. It guarantees freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of conscience, and the sanctity of the home. The house may be small and old, the rain may beat through its broken shingles, the wind may blow through its crevices, its occupants may be humble, his hands may be calloused with toil, he may be a stranger among strangers, and yet he can stand erect upon his doorstep, and in the golden glow of the burning words of the constitution which makes every man's "home his castle," he can defy the strongest army in the world which would invade his dwelling without the warrant of the law of the land.

And how can the laborer show his veneration for the law and for the constitution? First, by lending obedience to the law, and, second, by guarding jealously his rights under the law and by insisting that these rights be respected. It is just as much the duty of men to insist upon legal rights as it is to observe them. This is a selfish world—humanity has in it that element which makes men seek to advance their own interests, and it is well that this is so, for it is the inspiration of progress, the solace of labor.

The great advance of which I have spoken has been largely due to the efforts of laboring men themselves. Inspired by love of liberty which is the life of the nation, they have caught the spirit of our institutions which have their foundations resting solidly upon the intelligence of our people, and through organized effort they have lifted themselves into a higher and better position where they and their children may become stronger factors in our national life. They have established their unions—each combining separate craftsmen, but they have done more—they have given recognition to that broader, grander union—the brotherhood of man. They have made sacrifices for each other, they have stooped down and helped those in distress and they have inspired in all an enthusiasm for all movements which would give better recognition to the dignity of true manhood.

In every great strike for higher wages and better hours—in every great industrial battle, the masses of the people in the professions, in the stores and upon the farms, have stood behind the laborers, in their demands. Strong public sentiment has strengthened every movement in the labor world, which had justice and right for its inspiration. The great press of the whole nation has pleaded the cause of labor, and with such support, failure was almost impossible.

The American people have a strong sense of justice, and just so long as labor does not exceed the principles of justice, the people outside their ranks will sustain them in every effort they make.

So long as labor can call forth the efforts of the Clarks and the Grays and the Spaldings of this country to sit in judgment upon its cause, so long as the awards of these men will meet with the approval of all classes of citizens, so long as the toilers will proceed along lines in harmony with the constitution and the law of the land, labor need not despair, capital can have no just complaint, and the flag of the nation can bid defiance to the world.

THE MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS OF EARLY DAYS

Address by W. W. Dodge, at the celebration of Iowa's Semi-Centennial, Burlington, Iowa, Oct. 9, 1896.

In pursuance of an act of the last legislature, we celebrate, during these days, the golden jubilee of Iowa's statehood.

Fifty years ago territorial garbs dropped from the fair form of our beautiful Iowa, and in her radiant loveliness, she proudly took her place as the twenty-ninth among the imperial commonwealths that constitute these United States.

In no part of the great book of American history are pages more bright or conspicuous, than those that "Father Time" has written of Iowa's first semi-centenary of statehood.

Eloquent lips have told you, to-day, of the wonderful advancement Iowa has made in education, science, art, literature and in the development of her natural resources within the past half-century. In all that has been said, and all that will be, during these days of our celebration, I desire to concur most heartily. It is my especial privilege, as well as honor, to speak, within the limited time allotted me, of the heroic part played in the drama of our civilization by our noble pioneer mothers and daughters.

In these golden days of autumn, the most beautiful of the year, when nature is painting her dells and declivities with the russet and yellow of summer's eventide, when the crisp night air makes welcome the back log on the old fire-place, I invite you to sit at the feet of a dear pioneer mother, and hear from her sweet lips, as I have from mine, the story of the trials and hardships of the women of territorial days. It will sound like a creature of fiction, a most wonderful romance, filled with imaginery scenes and actors, and were it not told you by a living witness you would scarce believe it.

Would that my lips were stung by the Attic bees, that I might portray in words eloquent the devotion, courage, self-sacrifice and hardships of the pioneer mother. Would that I could properly and adequately present a true estimate of the

greatness of the rôle which she has played in the onward-moving drama of the splendid civilization of our great state.

The annals of early history poorly record her deeds of love and heroism, and how many are such deeds that are not entered in the book of fame! Did she not, in the morning of her youth, blessed with health, strength and iron resolution, leave a happy home in the land of the sunrise, and, after many months of weary travel through the trackless country of the cruel savage and ferocious beast, find the wild prairies and mighty forests of the West, the uninviting field of her future life?

Here we find her with courage never failing, amid hardships untold, infusing new strength into her husband by her firmness, and comforting his weary hours with her love. Her devotion to the ones she idolized was as true as the women of India who wrap themselves in flames and are burned to ashes with the corpses of their husbands. Her willing hands oftentimes wielded the ax in aid of her sturdy husband to help clear the forest and hew the logs for an humble home, a home that was not only their castle, but also acted as a fort against the attacks of the wild savage. Almost nightly the cry of the wolf and growl of the bear was heard, while the war-whoop of the Indian was not an unusual occurrence.

These women have been the *dramatis personæ* in barbaric scenes in frontier life that have few parallels in ancient or modern history. A helpless mother, in the glare of the noon-day sun, has seen a fair young daughter borne away forever into captivity, on the shoulders of a brawny savage. The last appealing look of that daughter, as her tear-dimmed eyes, glistening amid the golden hair that streamed over her face, met the gaze of her heart-broken mother, and there was left a picture in memory's album which that mother carried to her grave.

A wife has seen a husband taken by the incarnate savages, buried in a hole until his head alone appeared above the ground, his eyes gouged out by burning brands, and thus he

was slowly tortured to death. Other scenes of cruelty could be recalled by the pioneers who are with us to-day, but will not these suffice to impress on the minds of the youth of the present generation a few of the tortures and hardships experienced on the frontier in territorial days?

The humble log cabin, with skins of wild animals for carpets, the light of day admitted through holes in the wall covered with greased paper for window panes, or down the big chimney, was as dear to the pioneer mother as the home of luxury she left away down East. Her household duties received proper care and attention. The children were reared in the love of God. The blessed Sabbath was a day for prayers, pious instruction, and the children's memories were charged with the beautiful teachings of the "Sermon on the Mount." Between times when baking bread, hoeing corn and potatoes, cutting wood, going to pasture and milking the cows, she gave her children an education, guided them in the path of virtue, and by her every act and deed so moulded their characters as to fit them for useful members of society.

Our frontier women did not bemoan their lot, but nobly, heroically performed their part, enduring pains, sorrows, and heartaches in silence, knowing that homes were being made, the foundation of a great State established, and that future generations would rise up and call them blessed. The pathway of civilization is marked by her weary footprints as a pioneer, moistened by her tears as a captive, and sprinkled with her blood as a martyr.

We find the daughter of territorial days possessed of that same readiness and zeal to perform her duty in the home upon the frontier as her mother. She was ever ready to card, spin, weave, make moccasins, mend harness, cook, milk the cows, take care of the young children, in fact, do everything to which she could turn her hand. The new civil and social state that grew out of the civilization of the western frontier, was largely moulded and directed by her labor and intelligence.

I believe it to be the sacred duty of the daughters of the

present generation, with loving hand, to wipe the dust from history's urn and write thereon the name, virtues and noble deeds of the brave and faithful frontier woman of territorial days. Let this roll of honor lengthen and stretch far out like "the line of Banquo's phantom kings." Her life has been one long battle, mingled with labor and love, sorrow and smiles, hardships endured, unshrinking fortitude, sufferings borne with patience, in performing her part in making homes, forming communities, and the upbuilding of our state. Many of the most distinguished men in our times who have risen to the highest eminence in political and commercial life, have in their infancy pillowed their heads on the breasts of the frontier mother, and gathered from her lips those lessons in virtue and manly duty which made their career useful to their country and memorable in history.

What feeble messengers from the heart, are words to express our love, devotion, and admiration for our dear pioneer mother. Her womanly, grand and noble nature came to her down the stream of life, from that woman "God beloved in old Jerusalem," who was "the last at the cross and the first at the sepulcher." The limit of my time has been reached, and in leave-taking of you, from the bottom of my heart, I say, "Pioneer mothers and daughters of territorial days, God bless you and yours," and in the words of Rip Van Winkle, "May you live long and prosper."

WELCOME TO THE DRUMMERS

Address of welcome by Gov. R. L. Taylor to the Drummers, on National Travelers' Protective Association Day, at the Tennessee Centennial, June 4, 1897.

In the name of the whole State of Tennessee, in the name of every man, woman and child in it, I welcome you to-day with all the cordiality contained in that one word—welcome. You are traveling men, but you have never traveled over a land where welcomes grew more luxuriantly than in the beautiful land we call Tennessee. You have seen much of this world, but you have never beheld a spot where you were more

welcome than the capital city of Tennessee, where every heart throb is a welcome to your coming, and where every breath will be a sigh of sorrow when you leave us.

If welcomes were flowers, I would give every traveling man in America an armful of American Beauties. I would pin on every lapel a cape jessamine, and Nashville would be a wilderness of roses to-day.

If human hearts were banquet halls, I would welcome every traveling man to mine. I would banquet them on milk and honey—the milk of human kindness and the honey of human happiness; and they should drink deep of the wine of brotherly love. If my heart strings were harp strings, I would make the music for the traveling men which the angels made for the first happy pair in the paradise of long ago. If my words could be coined into silver and gold, I would give every traveling man \$10,000 a year at the ratio of 16 to 1.

The traveling men are the advertising agents of all the goods and wares of mankind. They are the advance guards of General Prosperity, but I fear they are now temporarily cut off from the main column by the forces of General Hard Times.

The world does not appreciate the traveling men. They are the very life blood of our civilization; they are political economists; they are politicians; they are diplomats; they are expert accountants; they are lawyers; they are working men.

The traveling man can labor all day with his hands and his head, and then put on the swallow-tail and patent leathers in the evening, and with his song and sweet converse, charm the most refined circles of fashionable society. He is the thermometer and barometer of nations. When prosperity follows in his wake, the nations are prosperous; when hard times drives him home it is a sure sign of poverty among the masses.

I love the drummer for his versatility; I love him for the sacrifices he has made, and for the happiness he has given to the world. The women love the drummer, not only because

he is brave, and gallant, and genial, but because he is as graceful in overalls as in the swallow-tail; and, above all, they love him for the happy homes he has made. Distance lends enchantment to the view, and, therefore, the wives and sweet-hearts of the drummers are constantly enchanted by their husbands and their beaux.

I once heard of a drummer who contracted the habit of coming home as drunk as a lord, and when his weeping wife one evening asked him, through her tears, why thus he came continually intoxicated, he looked at her affectionately and replied: "My darling, you are so sweet and pretty, I naturally love to look at you double."

Be it said to the honor of the craft that there is less drunkenness among those who carry the grip than in any other profession under the sun, except the preachers. If I were a young lady I would marry a drummer, not only because he moves the world with his snap, and grip, and push, but because he is the prettiest thing on God's footstool.

If I were a sculptor I would chisel from the marble my ideal of a man. I would make it the figure of a drummer with his grip. If I were a painter I would paint a picture of Jacob's ladder, and upon its golden rungs, I would paint the angelic form of a drummer ascending and descending with the best line of harps on the market to sell to the inhabitants of the celestial world.

God bless the drummers; they are the personification of Christian endeavor, and all they need is pink tights and gauze wings to make them equal to cherubim and seraphim. Who can imagine a vision more sublime than innumerable drummers flying through the air with their grip sacks in their hands, diving and snorting among the clouds like porpoises in mid-ocean? But—

"The drummer wears no golden wings;
Round this merry world he swings,
Sweetly laughs and softly sings,
Sells his goods and wares and things.

"He don't wear no wings of flame,
But he gets there all the same;
All the ladies know his name,
Ta-ra-ra-ra, Boom-de-aye."

THE DUTIES AND OPPORTUNITIES OF THE SCHOLAR IN THE MODERN WORLD

Address, in part, by President Arthur Twining Hadley, to the graduating class of Yale University, New Haven, Conn., June 21, 1903.

I do not believe that there is a single man in this audience who values life primarily as a means of securing comfort. We value it as a field of action. We care for the doing of things quite as much as for the results. A thing which we thus enjoy doing is play, and to the well-constituted man play mingles with work in such a way that he cannot tell where one stops and the other begins. Signal achievement in itself appeals to our imagination and interest. We admire Nansen, because he succeeded in getting so much nearer the north pole than anybody ever did before him, and it is one of the most discouraging testimonies to the false standards of the nineteenth century that Nansen feels compelled to justify his expedition on the basis of its scientific results.

Turn back over the pages of history to the stories which have most moved men's hearts and what are they? They are stories of action, deeds of daring, where the risk habitually outweighed the chance of practical results.

This is my first point—that we value life as a field of action. The second point that I want to make is that we value those lives highest which are marked by the habit of unselfish action. Doing makes the deed; unselfish doing makes the man. Even for those who are cast in heroic mould and start with the habit and power of accomplishing great things there is something about selfishness which seems to deaden the power and deface the model. Napoleon had a character which gave the promise of heroism, but its climax is at the beginning, not at the end. To the student of the heroic in history, he shines brightest in his Italian campaign. From

Rivoli to the pyramids, from the pyramids to Austerlitz, from Austerlitz to Moscow, and from Moscow to Waterloo we find successive stages of a decadence poorly concealed even when widening material prosperity was most splendid. But with a man like Washington or Lincoln, who worked for others and not for himself, you will find in each stage of his career a growth of mind and heart which made his followers love him more and which makes history yield him a larger mead of admiration. The successes of Napoleon left him each year smaller. The failures of Washington or Lincoln left them larger.

Never were there two men more utterly and radically different in character, in intellect and in position than the great Civil War leaders, Grant and Lee. But as we are passing somewhat from the heat and passion and narrowness of vision engendered by war we see that the dominant trait of each of these men was that he counted his cause for everything and himself for nothing.

But really unselfish action in peace or war does something more than make a man himself great. It helps others to be like him. Where the leader is tainted with selfishness the followers will be selfish too. Where the leader works for other men, each of those other men, according to the measure of his power, will be stimulated to go outside of himself and work for a common cause.

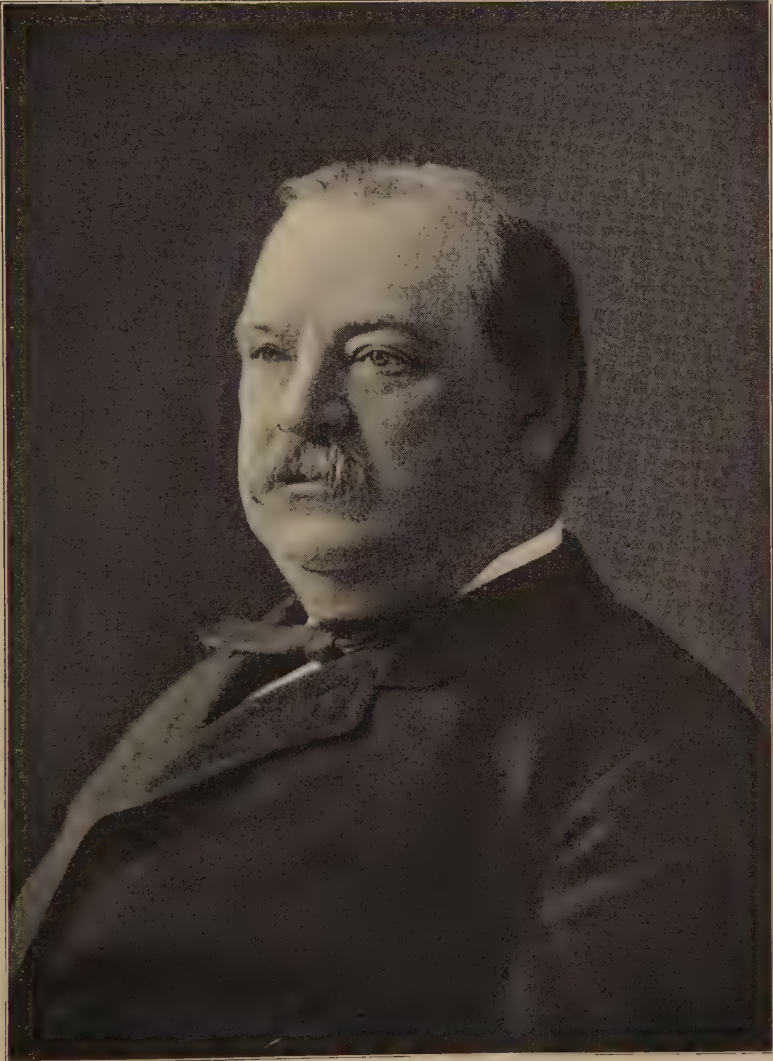
You will have failed to learn the best lesson of your college life unless you have caught that spirit which teaches you to value money and offices and other symbols of success for the sake of the possibilities of service which they represent and to despise the man who thinks of the money or offices rather than of the use he can make of them. It is this way of estimating success which makes a man a gentleman in his dealings with others, which makes him a patriot when his country calls for his services, which makes him a Christian in his conception of life and his ideals of daily living. These are the things which count in the long run.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG RAILROAD MEN

Address of Gov. J. G. McCullough at dedication of Railroad Men's Building, New York City, March, 1894.

Until I received a message, some three or four or five days ago, over the telephone, and to which message, by the way, I inadvertently and indiscreetly answered "Yes," I had never dreamed that when there was any speaking to be done within seeing or hearing distance of the Grand Central Station, any other would be listened to, for a moment, so long as Doctor, or President Depew (applause and laughter), for he is covered all over with honors, as he is with titles (applause and laughter), presided over its destinies. He always talks so well and so intelligently, and always talks so talkatively (laughter and applause), that exactly why any other, especially one from the outlying district of Vermont, where deeds rather than words are expected, and where, you may know, the railroads are very few and the profits a great deal less (laughter), should be asked to say anything at a railroad meeting in the City of New York, passes my comprehension.

Now that I am here, I don't know exactly where to begin, or how to proceed. Mr. Depew told me not to deliver an address—just talk; that is all, talk. (Laughter.) That is what he does (laughter), and I suppose I am to talk. But I feel a great deal like that old farmer, up in the Green Mountain state, who went out to clear his marsh, and took his two boys with him. One he kept down on the marsh along with himself to dig up the stumps and roots, and the other one went over the hill to pick up the stones, so that the sheep might now and then get a spear of grass to eat. In a little while the boy down in the marsh ran up the hill and shouted over the crest, "Jim, come over quick, father has sunk in the mire." Jim starts at break-neck speed, crying, "Is that so?" and "how deep?" And the other answered, "Up to his ankles." Jim, dropping to a walk replied, "Then there is no immediate hurry or danger," to which the other shouted, "Oh, yes, there is, for the old man is in head first." (Laughter.)



GROVER CLEVELAND.

That is where I am. (Laughter.) I am the old man in the marsh on Madison Avenue. That is the only difference. (Laughter.) However, I have this satisfaction, as I glance at the programme of the addresses, that I come before the Doctor and the others. Like the Irishman's Horse, "I have the first blow." You will recollect the Irishman took his truck horse to a veterinary, and after the veterinary had heard all the symptoms and made a diagnosis of the case, he said: "Oh, well, Pat, I can fix him up for you," and he filled a bottle with a decoction of blue vitriol, glauber salts, etc.—the Doctor will know—and told him, just to give that to the horse when he got home and he would be all right in the morning. Pat came around in the morning and the veterinary asked him how he had succeeded, and he hadn't succeeded at all; he couldn't get the medicine down. The veterinary said, "You don't know how to do the job. Get the stable boy to hold the horse's head up, and get a piece of gas pipe about a foot or so long, and when the boy holds the horse's head up, you empty the bottle of medicine into his mouth, at the same time blowing into the pipe, thus forcing the stuff down his throat." He came back, all doubled up, his face all in contortions, and his stomach like a letter S, and to the Doctor's query, what was the matter, he cried, "The horse got the first blow." (Laughter.) Ladies and gentlemen, I am the horse, Mr. Haines and Doctor Depew don't have the first blow to night. (Laughter.)

It is the man who, in health and vigor and the full tide of life, does something with his money that will minister to those who are not so fortunate, that is entitled to all praise and credit. Therefore do I pay my most generous tribute to the founder of this institution. (Applause.)

It is this institution, and such as this, that will make the civilization of the nineteenth century excel that of any of its predecessors. It is the libraries and schools of this city, public and private; its parks and breathing places; it is the hospitals and the infirmaries; it is the museums, such as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Museum of Natural

History, and other like museums; it is its training schools for nurses, male and female; it is its asylums for the deaf and the dumb and the blind and the crippled, for the orphan and the unfortunate; in fine it is its charitable organizations for all ages, for both sexes, and all conditions, and its works of sympathy of every kind that will gild and illustrate and illuminate the pages of the history of New York hereafter. Not merely its lofty buildings, or its turrets, or its spires, or its monumental structures that adorn and beautify its streets, or its royal rows of dwellings of brown stone, for miles upon miles, or its private palaces, with all their Gobelin or Flemish tapestries and all their foreign paintings and all their rich carvings; not even the magnificent proportions of its public enterprises, or its wide streets or wide sweeping boulevards that are lined on either side with beautiful specimens of American architecture—nay, not either or any or all of these, but its works of charity, its works of public sympathy, the works that minister to the fallen and the poor and to those who need such sympathy and such support that will be the crowning glories of that history.

I am not going to rehearse the history of railroading. You all know it reads like a story from the Arabian Nights. From nothing, sixty or seventy years ago, it has grown to its present immense, gigantic and magnificent proportions. The number of its employees grows faster than that of other employments. You are now an army of about eight or nine hundred thousand men in this country, a little less than a million, which Mr. Depew would tell you was probably larger than the mythical hosts of Xerxes. (Laughter and applause.) As Dr. Greer was saying this evening down in the Secretary's office, every boy in the United States may aspire to be President of the United States. While I do not question the boy's right, I do say and affirm, that the young man who follows that *ignis fatuus* as a daily and weekly and monthly occupation will find himself at the end with a life misspent and, in all probability, himself in the poorhouse. (Laughter.) Whereas, it is true

that any young man, that many young men in the railroad business, relying upon their own physical and mental energies, devoting all their time and attention with diligence to the occupation in which they are engaged, may become President of a railway corporation.

It is true that there is a "divinity that shapes our ends." But you will recollect the old general said that the soldier that relied on Providence was a good soldier, but the soldier who relied on Providence and kept his powder dry was a better one. So, though in a general sense, of course, there is a divinity that shapes our ends, it is the young man that relies upon his own pluck, his own perseverance, his own determination, who will win the profits and the honors and laurels of the railroad world.

Now, perhaps, one word of illustration, or of application and encouragement. Of course there are a great many branches and avenues in the railroad business, and consequently there are many avenues for the exercise of earnest and zealous and well-directed effort. Take the case of Stephenson, that you know by heart. Who was Stephenson? A poor boy, a very poor boy, born of poor parents, colliery laborers in England. First, he was an engine boy; after a while, by dint of attention and diligence, he was promoted to the position of fireman, and in due course of time he arose to the position of engineer and was placed in charge of an engine in an English colliery. He was married at the early age of eighteen, and, gentlemen, it is always safe to marry early (laughter), but not always safe to marry often. (Laughter and applause.) Stephenson married at the age of eighteen, and his wife taught him how to read. Accident, in a little while, gave him the opportunity of rebuilding and reconstructing a disabled engine. Pretty soon his employers saw the value of his services and they promoted him to the position of engine-wright in the colliery. The rest of his career you know by heart. How in the field of invention and enterprise he forged ahead—his construction of the road engine, his invention of

the miner's safety lamp, which contended for the prize with Sir Humphrey Davy's, and that lamp of his, though it lost the prize, is used to-day in England in the colleries there; his location and construction of the first railways of England; finally, his great work, the construction of the railroad locomotive which overruled the ideas of the best engineers of his time, who contended that speed and safety could only be attained along the track by placing stationary engines at short distances. No wonder that committee of Parliament, when they were examining Mr. Stephenson, asked him, "Mr. Stephenson, what would be the result if your locomotive should encounter a cow upon the track?" You will remember the simply sublime and sublimely simply answer of the great engineer: "I think it would be pretty bad for the cow." (Laughter and applause.) That committee, to-day I presume, would put the cowcatcher on the rear end of the train.

George Stephenson's great triumph, as you will recollect, was the building of the locomotive "Rocket." He carried off the prize from all competitors. This feat gave him his greatest fame, perhaps, but you will remember that the "Rocket" would run only at the rate of fourteen miles an hour upon an average, while you know that in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-three, Buchanan's "999" rolled into and out of Chicago at the rate of one hundred and six miles an hour.

I raise no class distinction, I am the last one to do that, but I want to impress upon you in a word the opportunities that are before you, and the nobility of the calling in which you are engaged; for there is no nobler or grander upon God's footstool. You will remember that when George Stephenson was tendered the Order of Knighthood in England he quietly, with his blunt politeness, pushed it aside. And why? He knew that the glittering bauble, that the empty gewgaw could add not one jot or tittle to his honor, could add no luster to his fame; aye, it could not make one leaf greener upon the laurels that encircled his brow, as no title could add anything

to the honor of the builder of "999." (Applause.) They walk this earth already Nature's noblemen.

Now, gentlemen, I bid you good-night. If I have said one word of encouragement, one word that will lead you to further efforts on the morrow, I have been more than amply rewarded. (Long and hearty applause.)

AGE OF GOLDEN CALF IS PASSED

Address, in part, by United States Senator Joseph V. Quarles, at the commencement exercises of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, June 18, 1903.

Here is a crisp, fresh bond just issued from the United States treasury. Is not that new? New only in form. The paper is new, but what it represents is not new. Mere inert matter is not wealth. Labor is the magician that imparts to it actual value. Capital is mostly labor long since expended and crystalized into permanent shape for conservation and convenience. When labor attacks capital it strikes its own dead hand. What wonder that in such a contest it is the living hand that is bruised.

There are many who would be surprised to know that the trust question is not of modern origin. In one form or another it has vexed society since trade and commerce began. Through the centuries there has been an eternal antagonism between two economic forces—competition and combination. The struggle suggests the irrepressible conflict, yet strangely enough these forces are so related that each stimulates the other.

Whenever competition forces prices down so as to destroy profit, combination comes to the rescue by cheapening production.

When, under the stimulus of combination, profits become excessive keen-eyed competition is ready with fresh capital and new men to duplicate facilities, to increase and improve production.

Thus in the natural order each should be the effective anti-

dote of the other. Frequently, however, it has happened that the state has been obliged to reënforce competition.

The twentieth century will be instinct with energy, but intellect, not muscle, will be the dominating force. Wealth has become too common to hold its place as a distinction. Its favors have been often lavished upon cheap men and sometimes there has seemed to be a strange affinity between the fat purse and the lean soul. Coarse, vulgar men have been thrust into public notice by some lucky stroke of fortune. Money will retain its legitimate influence, but the primacy of the golden calf is over.

Already the scholar has established himself in politics, where he is struggling for higher ideals and cleaner methods. His is the arduous task and his will be the lasting glory to hasten the day when men will be rated for what they are and not for what they have.

Whatever may be the ultimate influence of trusts on society, the steady process of consolidation is making every department of business more complicated and superintendence more difficult. Commercialism has been raised to the dignity of a science. This universal tendency will increase the demand for trained men, for executive and organizing ability. Brains never before commanded so high a premium and the educated man never had so many avenues open to him outside the learned professions.

There is at least one comfort in the fact that intellect can never be organized into a trust. There can be no corner on brains.

America has many vexed and vital questions to settle in the near future which call for patience, patriotism and statesmanship. In a serious crisis, such as some anticipate, society will expect her educated men to serve as her bodyguard, to make the weak strong and the strong just, to insist upon the supremacy of law, to inculcate patriotism and above all to flood the land with the light of education.

In the generous rivalry among the nations to make the

twentieth century illustrious you will be impelled by patriotic motives. I predict that you will carry the stars and stripes in the forefront of the grand column and that the people of the earth will hail it not alone as a national emblem, but as the advancing symbol of a new order of civilization, a new dispensation—the common brotherhood of man.

THE FATE OF NATIONS DEPENDS UPON INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER

Address, in part, by Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, at the University of Iowa commencement exercises, Iowa City, Iowa, June 17, 1903.

The fate of the nation depends in the last resort on individual character. Everything in human government, like everything in individual conduct, depends in the end, upon the sense of duty. Whatever safeguards may be established, however complicated or well adjusted the mechanism, you come to a place somewhere where safety depends upon somebody having the will to do right when it is in his power and may seem to his interest to do wrong.

When the people were considering the adoption of the constitution of the United States one of our wisest statesmen said that the real and only security for a republic is when the rulers have the same interest as the people. If they have not, constitutional restraints will break down somewhere except for the sense of duty of the rulers.

All elections depend upon this principle. You may multiply election officers and returning boards, you may provide for an appeal to courts of first resort or last resort, but in the end you must somewhere come to a point where the sense of public duty is stronger than party spirit or your election is but a sort of fighting or, if not that, a sort of cheating. The same thing is true of the individual voter or of the legislator who is to elect the senator or the governor who is to appoint the judge or the executive officer or the judge who is to interpret the constitution or the statute and decide the cause, or the juror who is to find the fact.

So in the last resort the destiny of the republic, like the destiny of the individual (and in the case of an individual, character and destiny are the same thing), depends upon individual will. Will the individual choose what is right and not what is wrong?

CANADA, ENGLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES IN 1899

Address delivered by Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, in response to the toast "Canada," at a banquet in Chicago, Oct. 9, 1899, the Anniversary of the Chicago Fire.

I very fully and very cordially appreciate the very kind feelings which have just now been uttered by the toastmaster in terms so eloquent, and which you, gentlemen, have accepted and received in so sympathetic a manner. Let me say at once, in the name of my fellow Canadians who are here with me, and also, I may say, in the name of the Canadian people, that these feelings we will at all times reciprocate; reciprocate, not only in words evanescent, but in actual living deeds.

I take it to be an evidence of the good relation which, in your estimation, gentlemen, ought to prevail between two such countries as the United States and Canada, that you have notified us, your next-door neighbors, in this day of rejoicing, to take our share with you of your joy. We shall bring back to our own country the most pleasant remembrance of this day.

We have seen many things here to-day very much to be admired; the imposing ceremonies of the morning, the fine pageant, the grand procession, the orderly and good-natured crowds—all these are things to be admired, and to some extent, to be wondered at. But the one thing of all most to be admired, most to be remembered, is the very inspiration of this festival.

It is quite characteristic of the city of Chicago. As a rule, nations and cities celebrate the day of their foundation or some great victory or some national triumph; in all cases, some event which, when it occurred, was a cause of universal joy and rejoicing. Not so, however, of the city of Chicago. In

this, as in everything else, she does not tread in beaten paths; the day which she celebrates is not the day of her foundation, when hunters and fur-traders unconsciously laid down the beginnings of what were to develop into a gigantic city; neither does she celebrate some great action, in which American history abounds; nor even does she commemorate a deed selected from the life of some of the great men whom the state has given to the nation, though Illinois can claim the proud privilege of having given to the nation one as great as Washington himself.

The day which she celebrates is the day of her direst calamity, the day when she was swept out of existence by fire. This, I say, is very characteristic of Chicago, because if history recalls her destruction, it also recalls her resurrection. It recalls the energy, the courage, the faith, the enthusiasm with which her citizens met and faced and conquered an appalling calamity.

For my part, well do I remember the awful day, for, as you well know, its horrors were reverberated far beyond the limits of your country, but of all the things which—I was then a young man—I most remember, of all the acts of courage and heroism, which were brought forward by the occasion, the one thing which at the same time struck me the most was the appeal issued by the business men of Chicago on the smoking ruins of their city. They appealed to their fellow citizens. They appealed not for alms, not for charity of any kind, but in most noble language they appealed to their fellow citizens, especially to those who had business connections in Chicago and whose enterprise and energy had conferred honor on the American name, to sustain them in their business in that hour of their trial.

Mark the language. The only thing that they asked was to be sustained in their business, and if sustained in their business they were ready to face and meet the awful calamity which had befallen their city. Well, sir, in my estimation, in my judgment, at least, that was courage of the very highest

order. Whenever you meet courage, you are sure to meet justice and generosity. Courage, justice, and generosity always go together, and therefore it is with some degree of satisfaction that I approach the toast to which I have been called to respond.

Because I must say that I feel that though the relations between Canada and the United States are good, though they are brotherly, though they are satisfactory, in my judgment, they are not as good, as brotherly, as satisfactory as they ought to be. We are of the same stock. We spring from the same races on one side of the line as on the other. We speak the same language. We have the same literature, and for more than a thousand years we have had a common history.

Let me recall to you the lines which, in the darkest days of the Civil War, the Puritan poet of America, issued to England:

"Oh, Englishmen! Oh, Englishmen!
In hope and creed,
In blood and tongue, are brothers,
We are all heirs of Runnymede."

Brothers we are, in the language of your own poet. May I not say that while our relations were not always as brotherly as they should have been, may I not ask, Mr. President, on the part of Canada and on the part of the United States, if we are sometimes too prone to stand by the full conceptions of our rights, and exact all our rights to the last pound of flesh? May I not ask if there have not been too often between us petty quarrels, which happily do not wound the heart of the nation?

Sir, I am proud to say, in the presence of the Chief Executive of the United States, that it is the belief of the Canadian Government that we should make a supreme effort to better our relations and make the government of President McKinley and the present government of Canada, with the assent of Great Britain, so to work together as to remove all causes of

dissension between us. And whether the commission which sat first in the old city of Quebec and sat next in the city of Washington—but whether sitting in Quebec or sitting in Washington, I am sorry to say the result has not been commensurate with our expectations.

Shall I speak my mind? (Cries of "Yes!") We met a stumbling-block in the question of the Alaskan frontier. Well, let me say here and now, the commission could not settle that question, and referred it to their particular Governments, and they are now dealing with it. May I be permitted to say here and now that we do not desire one inch of your land?

But, if I state, however, that we want to hold our land, will that be an American sentiment, I want to know? However, though that would not be an American sentiment, though it would not be a British or Canadian sentiment, I am here to say above all, my fellow-countrymen, that we want not to stand upon the extreme limits of our rights. We are ready to give and to take. We can afford to be just; we can afford to be generous because we are strong. We have a population of seventy-seven millions—I beg pardon, I am mistaken, it is the reverse of that. But pardon my mistake, although it is the reverse, I am sure the sentiment is the same.

But though we have many little bickerings of that kind, I speak my whole mind, and I believe I speak the mind of all you gentlemen, when I say that, after all, when we go down to the bottom of our hearts we will find that there is between us a true, genuine affection. There are no two nations to-day on the face of the globe as friendly as Great Britain and the United States of America.

The Secretary of State told us some few months ago that there was no treaty of alliance between Great Britain and the United States of America. It is very true, there is between the United States of America and Great Britain to-day no treaty of alliance which the pen can write and which the pen can unmake, but there is between Great Britain and the United States of America, a unity of blood, of blood which is

thicker than water, and I appeal to recent history when I say that whenever one nation has to face an emergency—a greater emergency than usual—forthwith the sympathies of the other nation go to her sister.

When last year, you were suddenly engaged in war with Spain, though Spain was the weaker party and though it is natural that men should side with the weaker party, our sympathies went to you for no other reason than that of blood. And I am sure you will agree with me, that though our relations have not reached the degree of perfection to which I would aspire, from that day a new page has been turned in the history of our country. It was no unusual occurrence before the month of May, 1898, to read in the British press of American arrogance; neither was it an unusual occurrence to read in the American press of British brutality. Since the month of May, 1898, these expressions have disappeared from the vocabulary. You do not hear to-day of American arrogance; neither do you hear of British brutality; but the only expressions which you find in the press of either country now are words of mutual respect and mutual affection.

Sir, an incident took place in the month of June last which showed to me at all events conclusively that there is between us a very deep and sincere affection. I may be pardoned if I recall that instance, because I have to speak of myself.

In the month of June last I spoke on the floor of the House of Commons of Canada on the question of Alaska, and I enunciated the very obvious truism that international problems can be settled in one of two ways only, either by arbitration or by war. And although I proceeded to say immediately that war between Great Britain and the United States would be criminal and would not be thought of for a moment, still the very word "war" created quite an excitement in this country. For that causeless excitement, though I was indirectly the cause of it, I do not at this moment, find any fault, because it convinced me to an absolute certainty that between your country and my country the relations have reached that

degree of dignity and respect and affection that even the word "war" is never to be mentioned in a British assembly or in an American assembly. The word is not to be pronounced, not even to be predicated. It is not to be pronounced at all. The very idea is abhorrent to us.

I repeat what I then stated, that war between Great Britain and the United States would be criminal—in my estimation and judgment, just as criminal as the Civil War which desolated your country some thirty years ago. Whatever may have been the mistaken views of the civilized world at the time, the civilized world has come to the unanimous conclusion that the War of the Rebellion was a crime. The civilized world has come to the conclusion that it was a benefit to mankind that this Rebellion did not succeed and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, did not perish from the earth.

Your country was desolated for four long years by the awful scourge of civil war. If there is anything of the many things which are to be admitted in this great country of yours, the one thing for my part which I most admire is the absolute success with which you have reëstablished the Union and erased all traces of the Civil War. You have done it. What is the reason? There is, I may say, as has been uttered by the President of the United States—I took down his words: "No responsibility which has ever resulted from war is tainted with dishonor. We have succeeded in establishing the cause of the Union because no blood was shed to reëstablish the Union except the blood which was shed by the sword; not one drop of blood was ever shed except by the power of the law, and what is the consequence?"

You had it, in consequence, in the war with Spain, when the men of the blue and the men of the gray, the men who fought for the Confederacy, and the men that fought for the Union, at the call of their country, came back to fight the battles of their own country under a united flag. That was the reason.

My friend, Mr. Cullom, said a moment ago that he might believe me almost an American. I am a British subject, but to this extent, I may say that as every American, a lover of liberty, a believer in democratic institutions, I rejoiced as any of you did at the spectacle which was presented at Santiago, El Caney, and elsewhere during that war.

Sirs, there was another civil war. There was a civil war in the last century. There was a civil war between England then, and her colonies. The union which then existed between England and her colonies was severed. If it was severed, American citizens, as you know it was, through no fault of your fathers, the fault was altogether the fault of the British government of that day. If the British government of that day had treated the American colonies as the British government for the last twenty or fifty years has treated its colonies; if Great Britain had given you then the same degree of liberty which it gives to Canada, my country; if it had given you as it has given us, legislative independence absolute, the result would have been different—the course of victory, the course of history, would have been very different.

But what has been done cannot be undone. You cannot expect that the union which was then severed shall ever be restored; but can we not escape—can we not hope that if the union cannot be restored under the law, at least there can be a union of hearts? Can we not hope that the banners of England and the banners of the United States shall never, never again meet in conflict, except those conflicts provided by the arts of peace, such as we see to-day in the harbor of New York in the contest between the Shamrock and the Columbia for the supremacy of naval architecture and naval prowess? Can we not hope that if ever the banners of England and the banners of the United States are again to meet on the battlefield, they shall meet entwined together in the defense of some holy cause, in the defense of holy justice, for the defense of the oppressed, for the enfranchisement of the down-trodden, and for the advancement of liberty, progress, and civilization?

SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE

Address of Congressman Timothy D. Sullivan, in accepting the nomination of Grand Worthy President of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, New York City, Sept. 3, 1903.

From the depths of my heart, I thank you. To be called to the presidency of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, places me in a position of which there are but few more important within the gift of man. I accept this sacred trust, appreciating the arduous labor and great responsibility that I must assume. No man should undertake to administer the affairs of this exalted position, without fully realizing that fraternal duty commands him to fulfill to the fullest extent the high mission to which the favor of brothers has placed him.

The growth of this Order, within the past year, has been marvelous. It has doubled its membership within that period, now having one hundred thousand members in good standing. The Order being but five years old, its wonderful growth within this brief period, indicates that its principles, founded on Liberty, Truth, Justice, and Equality, are such as to enlist the respect and admiration of all, who, in response to love's impulse, seek through the channels of fraternal summons to render assistance to the needy and to elevate the standard of manhood.

You concur with me that this is not the time to indulge in any extended remarks, but answering the promptings of gratitude I heartily convey to you the deep appreciation that I feel, and also, my sincere thanks for your confidence in placing me in the position of your commander-in-chief. It will be my earnest desire to maintain, encourage, and increase the rapidly growing membership of the Eagles. As the President of your Order, I propose to visit the principal Aeries in the United States and in the Dominion of Canada, and to take with me a number of orators of national reputation, who are enthusiastic Eagles, and thus spread the benevolent work of our grand Order in all parts of the land.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION MAKES MEN MORE HOPEFUL

Address, in part, by President Henry Hopkins of Williams College to the graduating class, Williamstown, Mass., June 21, 1903.

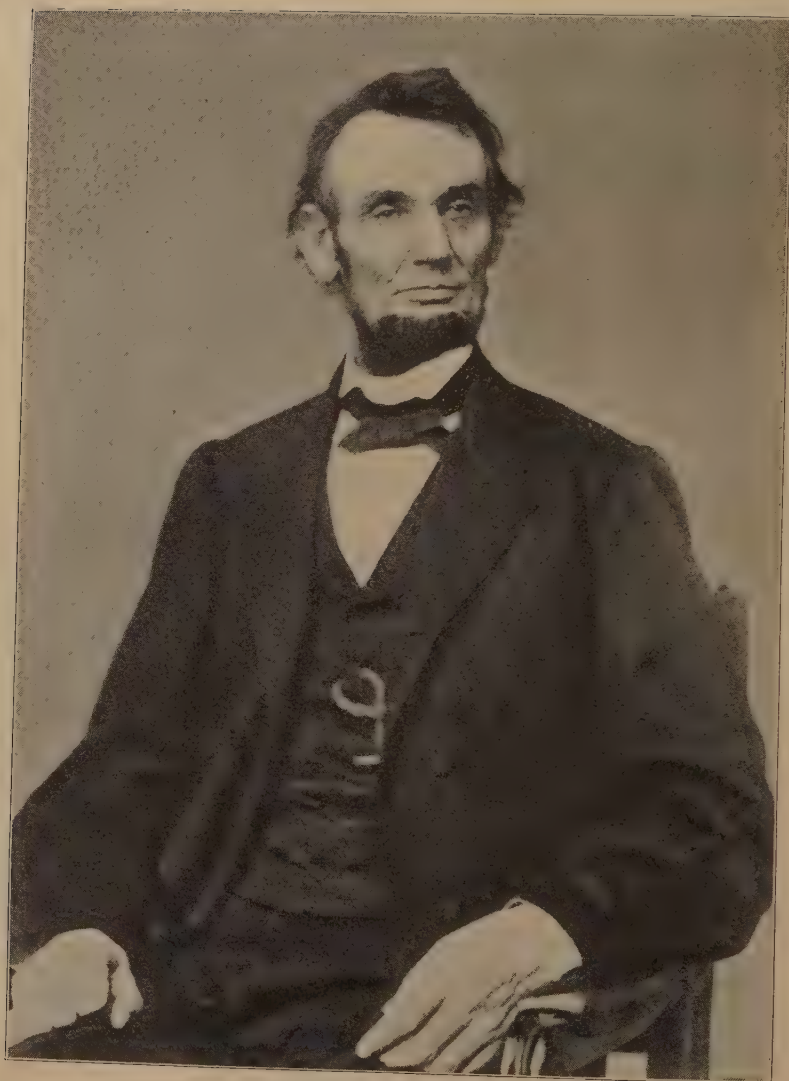
It is a God-given right of youth to take a hopeful outlook upon the world. As they move out into the struggles and the mystery of the unknown arena they pass before no Caesar saying: "We, about to die, salute thee." Their watchword is: "More and fuller life." Their hope is to help on the better day among men.

This is the Christian temper—a temper never found in pagan antiquity and never seen to-day outside of truly Christian peoples. This great university guild, made up of the graduates of our higher institutions of learning, is becoming a vast power. It is increasing in numbers in a ratio greater than that of population and it is safe to say that it is, upon the whole, on the right side of moral questions and that it is wisely patriotic.

There is a special need of this because of certain tendencies which create an environment unfavorable to courage and hopefulness. Strangely enough, the modern scientific habit is, in certain directions, unfavorable to robust courage. In the matter of health we are becoming hygieolaters. We coddle ourselves. Some one has said we have ceased to fear God and have learned to fear microbes.

There is that in the very form of our government which tends to dishearten the individual citizen. One voter among millions—of what account is he? Our political system as now administered is not favorable to the production of strong and brave leaders of men.

Evolution as God's method in creation we gladly accept, but evolution standing by itself as a theory for the redemption and saving of men is as cold starlight to the harvests of the world. The whole drift of organized society toward solidarity tends to minimize and render powerless the individual. The present industrial and commercial conditions do not stimulate courageous initiative in the average man. Over against these



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

tendencies, we place our gospel, with its inherent, essential and invincible hopefulness. If it be indeed true that theism implies optimism, Christianity is optimism.

The old theory of existence and guide of conduct was very exalted. It had manifold weaknesses and limitations and yet it was immeasurably superior to any modern school of agnostic skepticism, whether of materialism or of idealism. And so, I say, if you will be a pagan choose to be a pagan of the old and noble type. Incidentally, also, as you would avoid contagion of pestilence do not live in, or breathe the tainted atmosphere of the modern realistic, theistic, pessimistic fiction writers. By the charm of their style they pervert the thoughtless as the sophists by their rhetoric corrupted the young men of Athens. When most sentimental and even historical they lead multitudes of our sophisticated youth as the pied piper the children of Hamelin. Hate them and shun them. They pass through the slough of animalism into the darkness and bewilderment of nowhere.

SCOTLAND'S PET SON

Address of Hon. John Russell, Ex-Auditor of the State of Iowa, at a Robert Burns banquet, Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 28, 1886.

"The night we celebrate" is one that has become conspicuous in the annals of the human race. One hundred and twenty-six years ago to-day a child was born, whose name has since become one of the most celebrated and respected of all the great names that Scotland has contributed to the literature of this and all previous ages. The name and the birthday of Robert Burns have long since been entered in the catalogue of remarkable names and days, and finds a place in the almanacs and other chronicles that call attention to the extraordinary events in the history of the human race. Wherever Scotchmen have wandered, and it is possible for a few of them to assemble together, they will be found to-night celebrating the birth and memory of the immortal bard. There is no other name among all the eminent men which Scotland has

produced which has become so interwoven with the every-day life, thought and affections of its people. Born in one of the humblest of dwellings common to the Scottish peasantry of the eighteenth century, nursed in the lap of poverty, fed on the coarsest of Scotia's food, inured to the toils of the husbandman from the time he was able to perform physical labor, instructed only in the rudiments of a common education, such as almost all the children in Scotland have been for more than one hundred and fifty years, he grew up to a sturdy manhood, familiar with the virtues and the vices, the joys and the sorrows, the loves and the aversions, the religion and the superstitions, the fears and the hopes, and all the other characteristics that entered into the composition of the people of the age in which he lived. His whole heart and soul was always in sympathy with the common people. He was one of them. Animated with a spirit of manly independence, he never fawned at the foot of arbitrary power. In his dedication to the Caledonian Hunt he boldly told them, "I was bred to the plough and I am independent."

It has been said by one of our most eminent American orators, that Burns' "A Man's a Man for a' That," is the grandest declaration of personal independence that ever was penned by mortal man. In that famous song he shows in a manly way, his utter contempt of the men who claim superiority over their poorer fellows on account of their possession of wealth, or because they can afford to wear fine and costly clothing, "the rank is but the guinea's stamp," and

"The honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is king of men for a' that."

He lashes with his annihilating satire the purse-proud aristocrat, who may have many sycophants bowing at his command, even though a fool.

The extraordinary genius whose name and birth we celebrate to-night was unfortunately, to some extent, a victim to the universal drinking habit that was generally interwoven

with the social customs of that early day. We cannot but lament the fact that he sometimes indulged to excess in the fatal cup. We can excuse him because his environment dragged him unconsciously into the social current of the age in which he lived. We can well afford to forgive, and try to forget the failings and shortcomings in his brief, but remarkable career. The erring and unfortunate found in him a sympathetic heart, and a soul large enough to embrace within its capacious grasp every man of whatever nationality, condition or occupation in life. There was no sham about Robert Burns. He despised all hypocritical pretensions, cant and religious intolerance. His "Holy Fair" accomplished the abolition of out-door preaching to crowds of merry worshippers on sacramental occasions. His ridicule of the cutty stool banished it from the discipline of the Presbyterian churches. His dedication to Gavin Hamilton is a most scathing rebuke to the hypocrisy, pretension and religious shams that he saw so prevalent in the neighborhood in which he lived. His "Man Was Made to Mourn" is a most beautiful and masterly delineation of the reflections on the phases of human life from the standpoint of one who has reached the age of four score years. He ruminates on the privations and ills that crowds in every land have to suffer and endure. His sympathies are ever with the poor and the oppressed and truly concludes that

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

I find that the brief time allotted to us on the present occasion will not permit any further references to the wonderful works of this extraordinary Scotchman. He was the friend of the oppressed in every land. His sympathies were always with the common working crowd. He longed for and sang of the better day to come when the practical recognition of a common brotherhood would bring general comfort and universal happiness and intelligence to all the children of our common race. Kings, aristocrats and pretenders were looked

upon by him as only common mortals, and hardly entitled to as much consideration as a poor but honest toiling man. He has a hold on the affections of the common people that is stronger than that of any other Scotchman who ever lived. The world will move along in the future as in the past. The researches of scientific men will continue to reveal miracles greater, possibly, than those that are accomplishing such wonderful results as those we see around us. Kingdoms and empires will probably continue to rise and fall. Republics and intelligent self-governments will probably arise upon the ruins of some of the most advanced and limited monarchies of Europe. The three islands of the ocean will soon reach the point where they will all see it to be their highest interest to join in the bands of a common brotherhood, and ordain a Republic based upon the equal rights and duties of all the people. The progress of the age will add to the intelligence and the comforts of mankind. Great minds will rise to guide the events of the future, but never, while the stream of time rolls on in majesty and grandeur, toward the boundless ocean of eternity, may intellectual Scotchmen expect to behold another Burns.

LAW

Address of Mr. Ernest T. Florance at Banquet of Commercial Law League of America, at Hotel Victory, Put-In-Bay, July 30, 1897.]

You ask me to respond to the sentiment "Anything." "Anything," sir, is everything, and everything is within the Law.

The grass close growing to the ground, the insect that buzzes beneath its shade, the rose as it opens its petals to the morning sun, the tree that towers to the sky, the great river that rushes to the sea, the ocean in all its varying moods, the mountain with its stratified lines of life, the cyclone with its whirling scythe, the lightning as it dashes through the sky, bearing its thunder chariot in its train, the sun as it marches swiftly, solemnly around its orbit—man, with all his sensations,

emotions and thoughts, are created by and are perforce obedient to and bounded by Law, omnipresent and all-embracing. Even the Supreme Being has found it necessary to circumscribe His own actions within the limits of Law, subjecting and including thus, at the same time, all things human and divine.

Human law is scarcely less grand in its purpose or universal in its scope. For if "the noblest study of mankind is man," then is the science of the Law the greatest of all. It is the science of applied human intention. In every matter, in every cause, the final question to be determined is the intention. It may have to be proven by evidence, it may be presumed from actions it may be imposed from purposes of public policy, but in all matters the determining issue is the intention, the mental fact. We frequently are taunted, Mr. Chairman, with the failure of the law to always render theoretically perfect justice. It seems to me, when we realize that human law has been created by imperfect human minds, when we remember that it has to act upon the variable emotions and thoughts of men, that it uses as its instrument men with imperfect thoughts, and has to be enforced through the medium of human language, with all the imperfections of its authors; it seems to me, sir, that, rather than we should criticize the law for an occasional hardship and injustice, we should marvel that the law should so rarely fail to work justice between man and man. The Great Creator, Himself, seems to have been unwilling to so regulate His law as not to cause hardship through the generality of its provisions. The same sunlight which fructifies the earth, when it falls on the morass brings forth the death-giving miasma. The internal heat which paints the blush on the cheeks of the grape, at the same time melts the lava in the volcano's breast and sweeps to destruction those who have lived beneath the shelter of the mountain. If Deity has failed to create a general law operating universal justice, "how can man, then, the image of his Maker, hope" to attain it?

And yet we see that the Law is tending toward this per-

fection. Law is a progressive and a progressing science. I am optimistic in this belief. In its evolutionary advance Law has cast aside rudimentary muscles which were no longer needed, it has developed new ones as necessity demanded, it has strengthened those that humanity still requires, it is perfecting itself and will continue to do so until perfection shall have been reached.

"For I hold that through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widening with the process of the
suns."

Like the little plant that in seeking the sunshine rives under the rock that would crush it, Law overcomes all obstacles in its search for perfect justice.

Justice cannot die, it cannot be murdered, it is as immortal as its Creator.

It may be jeered at by the ignorant mob. The cross of oppression may be fastened upon its shoulders. It may be crucified between thieves, and buried beneath the ground and guarded by the sentinels of tyranny and corruption, and the great stone of power may be rolled before its tomb, but after the three days shall have passed, the days of doubt, of reason and of knowledge, the buried form will burst its bloody cements the great stone will be cast aside as a pebble, the sentinels of crime will flee in dismay, and Justice will arise in all its divine majesty, and those who scorned will praise, and those who sought to murder will bend the knee in worship, "And the earth will be full of the knowledge of the Law as the waters cover the sea." For Justice "has within herself resources of which she knoweth not until the impending hour calls them from their retreats. Whether cast between contending nations or struggling in the dim arena of one human heart, all things above are spectators of the conflict or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it, banners of archangels are on its side, and from sphere to sphere and orb to orb, around the illimitable ether and through the impene-

trable darkness at the foot of God, its triumph is hymned by harps that are strung to the glories of the Creator!"

This, then, the sentiment, the Law, the scepter of God and the shelter of man.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

Address, in part, of Hon. William Sulzer, of New York, before the Jackson Club, of Omaha, Neb., Jan. 7, 1899.

We celebrate to-day one of the most important epochs in the annals of our history.

This is Andrew Jackson's day, sacred to the memory of the hero of New Orleans, sacred to the memory of the grand old man, the old hickory of the Democratic party, sacred to the memory of one of the most unique, one of the most stalwart, and one of the most magnificent figures and characters in all American history.

He was a plain man. He loved the plain people; they understood him and they loved him.

Andrew Jackson was not born to the purple; he was no child of pampered fortune; he knew woe and want, poverty and misery, trial and trouble.

He was a soldier in three wars and a hero in each.

His parents came from the north of Ireland. He was of Scotch-Irish origin, and had that blood in his veins with all that it means and all that it implies.

He first saw the light of day in Carolina in March, 1767. It was a new and sparsely-settled country. Shortly after his birth his father died, leaving a widow and three orphan children. Andrew Jackson was the youngest.

The Revolution passed and the Republic dawned. During the heroic struggle Jackson's mother and his brothers died, all martyrs to the sacred cause. The close of the contest to vindicate the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed found Andrew Jackson homeless, penniless, and friendless, with neither kith nor kin,

but nothing daunted. The ordeal of the Revolution made him a man, a patriot, and a Democrat.

Andrew Jackson loved his mother with a passion almost divine. His devotion to her memory is the noblest trait in his heroic character, and his undying fame her greatest monument.

Napoleon asked, "What is wanting to save the youth of France?" Madame Champau answered, "Mothers." No man was ever truly great whose mother was not really great.

Andrew Jackson's mother intended him for the ministry, but fate willed otherwise. He studied law, practiced it successfully, was a judge and a good jurist, a member of both branches of Congress, molded the Constitution of Tennessee, was the greatest and most successful Indian fighter who ever lived, crushed at New Orleans the greatest invading forces which ever desecrated our sacred soil, humbled in the dust the flower of the English army, and destroyed for all time the power and prestige of Great Britain on the Western Hemisphere.

Andrew Jackson was the hero of the War of 1812 and won its most decisive victory. We celebrate that triumph to-night. He was a great citizen-soldier, but a greater civilian. He was a volunteer and believed in and stood for the volunteer forces of the Republic. He was opposed to a great standing army and had no sympathy with imperialism.

He was a Democrat, reared in the Democratic school of Thomas Jefferson. He stood for the freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, for civil and religious liberty, for the Constitution, for all that Jefferson stood for. He believed in our cardinal principle of special privileges to none, equal opportunities for all.

He brought about the annexation of the Floridas and was their first American governor.

He was twice President of the United States, stamped his personality indelibly on her history, and when he died he was the popular idol of the American people.

He was a great man, the representative of two centuries.

He was the embodiment of true American manhood, the personification of the genius of our free institutions, and the incarnation of Jeffersonian Democracy. He always subordinated personal interest to his sense of public duty.

We are Americans, we are Democrats; and as Americans and Democrats we love and revere the memory of Andrew Jackson, the illustrious patriot of the Hermitage, the hero of New Orleans, and the sage of Tennessee.

During the Democratic days of Jackson nine-tenths of American commerce was carried in American ships, flying the American flag. To-day more than nine-tenths of American commerce is carried in foreign ships flying foreign flags. Republican legislation has driven our flag from the seas, and destroyed our foreign carrying trade. We pay \$300,000,000 every year to foreign ship-owners. Why? Because we have legislated in their interest, and against the true interest of our own people. Because the Republican party has legislated our flag off the seas.

To-night, as Democrats, we invoke the memory of President Andrew Jackson against the encroachments on the rights of the people of the national banks. They menace our Republic to-day. Jackson waged the most bitter and relentless war of his life against the United States Bank, and finally destroyed that gigantic monopoly. If he had not it would have destroyed the Republic. One of the greatest acts of his life was the veto of the bill extending the charter of that bank trust. In the light of what is going on to-day that veto message should be read by every citizen in our land.

To-day about two hundred trusts control wholly, or in large part, every conceivable product and industry of the country.

It has been truly said that monarchies are destroyed by poverty and republics by wealth. If the greatest republic the world has ever seen is destroyed, it will fall by this vicious system of robbing the many for the benefit of the few.

The total population of the United States is about 70,000,000. The total aggregate wealth of the United States, accord-

ing to the best statistics that can be procured, is estimated at about \$62,000,000,000, and it appears, and no doubt much to the surprise of many, that out of a total population of 70,000,000 less than 40,000 persons in the United States own more than one-half of the entire aggregate wealth of the land. And this has all been brought about by legislation during the last twenty-five years.

Three-quarters of the entire wealth of our land appears to be concentrated in the hands of a very small minority of the people and the number of persons constituting that minority grows smaller every year.

The money power, the trusts, the syndicates, and the favored few of the land threaten the perpetuity of our free institutions by subsidizing the pulpit, buying the press, seating well-paid attorneys in legislative halls and courts of justice, stifling free speech and the right of lawful assembly and stretching out their tentacles to the colleges of the land to crush professors who have the courage of their convictions and dare to tell the truth regarding economic and social principles.

My friends, to crush the trusts, now and forever, is the highest duty, and the true mission to-day of the Democratic party. In this war of extermination against the octopus which is enslaving our industrial masses, and destroying our free institutions, we should invoke the aid and the support of every lover of liberty and every disciple of Andrew Jackson, whose memory we revere and celebrate to-day. He said: "The Union must and shall be preserved." Let us to-night as firmly resolve and proclaim that the rights and the liberties of the people must and shall be preserved from the insidious encroachments of aggregated wealth.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF HUMAN FRATERNITY

This eloquent address was especially prepared for this work by Rev. G. H. Schleh, Ph. D., D. D., Lecturer, Woodmen of the World, Omaha, Neb., Sept., 1903.

Some one has said, "On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there's nothing great, but mind." Some one

else puts the truth far more comprehensively when he exclaims, "Great men; greater world; greatest God." The sovereignty of man is vast and equally noble. Like the rare-colored honey-bee he flits from flower to flower, culling, extracting, appropriating the honey of Cosmos. He is sovereign over wind and water, light and heat, over forces chemic and energies mechanic.

Art inspires him and music reveals her rhythm and harmony, melody and cadence. The block of Parian marble is transformed by chisel and mallet, by Angelo's arm, heart, and brain, into a cherub almost supernal. Raphael's canvas glows with the Madonna and the Ascension.

Arch and pillar, capital and dome, spring from Attican soil and point eloquently to the skies of Hellas.

Homer chants to him an epic and the broadening centuries become whispering galleries.

He builds empires, cities, civilizations, educations and is master from Orient to Occident.

"Thou madest him a little lower than the angels. Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not charity (*karitas*) I am nothing." "For the Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." For thrones, empires, coronets and scepters; dominion in the various realms of the visible and even invisible universe; masteries of the known and the knowable, however much we may prize and laud knowledge; aye, even plutocracies of wealth, and all other possible achievements are not the highest of human sovereignties. No, no!

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Man's most kingly possibility lies in fellowshipping with human hearts, in the consciousness of the commonness of

human origin, common right, common responsibilities, common duties and a common destiny.

This is preëminently the age of fraternity. It has a foremost place in the world of philosophy. Science and theology also have given to it the highest place. Democratic ideals, the increasing power and prominence of labor, humanitarian literature, and influential writers like Mazzini and Tolstoi, and especially the new doctrine and practice which is permeating all churches, enthusiasm for humanity, all, all have made the word "Fraternity" potent and talismanic.

Fraternity stands for the "Universal Fatherhood of God, and the no less universal Brotherhood of the Race."

Civilization means to wisely and tenderly care for every man, woman and child. Fraternity is divine: love, another word for it, is of God.

Fraternity finds a brother in every man and a sister in every woman. It is mercy when it meets the criminal; sympathy when it meets the fallen; compassion when it meets the suffering; labor when it meets the lost; renunciation when it meets the poor; and husband, father, home and continued protection and almost angelic guardianship when it meets the bereaved.

Fraternity is apostolic Christianity, namely the Christianity of "Jesus Christ, who went about doing good."

"So many sects, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind!
When just the art of being kind,
Is all this sad world needs."

Dogmas, doctrines and human creeds confuse us, but the law of charity, the example of the Christ of fraternity, never!

The basic and all-pervading law of fraternal life is self-denial. But is not this the price man pays for character, for education, for heart's love and for final beatific vision and theosophic communion?

No "trust" formed against it can prevail. Enthusiasm for widows, orphans, sufferers and the helpless is a rising tide.

Hospitals are in every city and asylums on every hillside. Our Helen Kellers are our heroines, and the unfortunate are the children of fraternity. The party, church or state that neglects such is doomed. Brotherhood is the dynamic of civilization and its fullness means the Golden Age.

If the Roman hero could exult and die while he shouted, "*Pro Patria Carissima!*" so can and do we shout, "*Pro Humanita!*"

And when such fraternal sovereigns pass out from us into the long forever, into the land that is better, we will evermore love, honor and remember them.

PRESENTATION OF A SILK FLAG TO THE KEOKUK FLAMBEAU CLUB

Address of Hon. R. M. Marshall, in behalf of the ladies of Keokuk, Iowa, presenting a silk flag to the Democratic Flambeau Club, Oct. 18, 1888.

You have enlisted under the banner of time-honored democracy, which is thoroughly imbued with the enlightened progress of the present century. A party that knows no such thing as failure; a party whose vitality has been the wonder of the world; a party that holds sacred the principles of those grand old heroes who founded this government and made it a success; a party whose guiding light by day and night has been that more than human document, the constitution of the United States. In the campaign in which you have so proudly flung your banner to the breeze, the question is one between the people upon the one side and organized trusts upon the other, and you do well to array yourselves upon the side of the people, as the only foe to the liberty of the people to be feared in this country is organized capital. It is a pleasing sight to see so many of our young men upon whom the conduct of affairs will soon rest, place themselves in the right way with the party of progress and liberal ideas. But while you as men are doing your best to make a success of your side of the question, you must remember that man alone accomplishes but little, but when aided, sustained and encouraged by lovely

woman he is equal for all things. No cause, unaided by woman, was ever won. No cause, sustained by her, was ever wholly lost. The democratic young ladies of Keokuk, honoring the cause in which you are engaged, and appreciating your gallantry and manly bearing, have deemed it fit and proper that your merit should be recognized and suitably rewarded; therefore, it becomes my pleasant duty, on behalf of the young ladies, to present to you this beautiful emblem of our common country, and as its folds were never flung to the breeze on any field from which it returned in dishonor, so now they give it into your keeping, having full confidence in your patriotism and loyalty to your cause, and that you will give a good account of it. Take it, and may its broad stripes and bright stars wave over you until victory perches upon your banners.

Acceptance of the Flag by President Rollin Clark

In accepting this beautiful emblem I am fully conscious of my inability to express the sentiment which the stars and stripes inspires within the breast of every true and loyal Democrat of which the Flambeau Club is composed. We can only say from the innermost depths of our hearts: Ladies, we thank you, and assure you that, as did the smiles and tokens from fair ladies urge on to victory the knights of old, so will the sight and thoughts of this beautiful souvenir fill all our breasts with that chivalrous fire and energy that will lead us on to a grand Democratic victory next November. Ladies, on behalf of the Cleveland, Thurman and Seerley Flambeau Club, I thank you.

MEMORIAL DAY AT HAWAII, HONOLULU

Address, in part, of Comrade G. F. Little of Hilo, at the first observance of the G. A. R., Memorial Day services, Hawaiian Islands, at Honolulu, May 29, 1903.

My Friends: As we walk among the graves of our comrades to-day and reverently bow head and knee over the lowly hillock, and bedeck with flowers and bedew with tears the turf which grows nowhere else so green, we can feel the touch of unseen hands, we can hear the voices none others hear, we are

enchanted—overawed. We are alone, yet in the innumerable company of silent men, as if dwelling among the tombs. The old days come back to us; they are all young men, leaping, laughing, marching, singing, shouting and fighting. Now all is still. We can hear the rustle of the old flag as it floats in the breezes to-day, so it rustled and rolled above us over a third of a century ago; as the cannon and musketry of the battle then accentuated its rhythmic flow and flash of war as it glanced across its glorious folds. The stars glow as brightly in its beautiful blue, its stripes stretch out in its graceful, billowy, restless length as grandly still; but the young hearts that then beat below all its majestic motion and music, are now still in the grave, and the undersong of its graceful and melodious roll is a requiem of the glorious dead who fell “asleep by all their country’s wishes blessed.” God of battles, why should not these young men be with us to-day? Why should they not enjoy the music of the Union? For if we measure time by the results achieved by them, and of which they were not permitted to live and see the full fruition, we know that these heroes helped to force the hands that marked the progress of civilization full a century ahead. Why should they not be here? Why should not the sowers of this mighty breadth of blessings be among those who garner up the sheaves in the red harvest of war? Enough, so God willed it; and the bright, glorious flag floats on for all and over all, and on this sacred Memorial Day, let us bless God for our country, its constitution and its glorious flag, founded by our sires, and saved by the valor and the heroism of the boys in blue.

A WELCOME TO IOWA MASONS

Address of Mr. Louis Block of Davenport, Iowa, who in behalf of the Masonic fraternity of that city extended a welcome to the members of the Grand Lodge of Iowa at their annual session there in June, 1901. Mr. Block is a Past Master of Trinity Lodge, No. 208, A. F. and A. M.; a member of St. Simon of Cyrene Commandery, No. 9, K. T.; Zarephath Consistory, No. 1, A. A. S. R.; and Kaaba Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.

You are more welcome to us as Masons than you can pos-

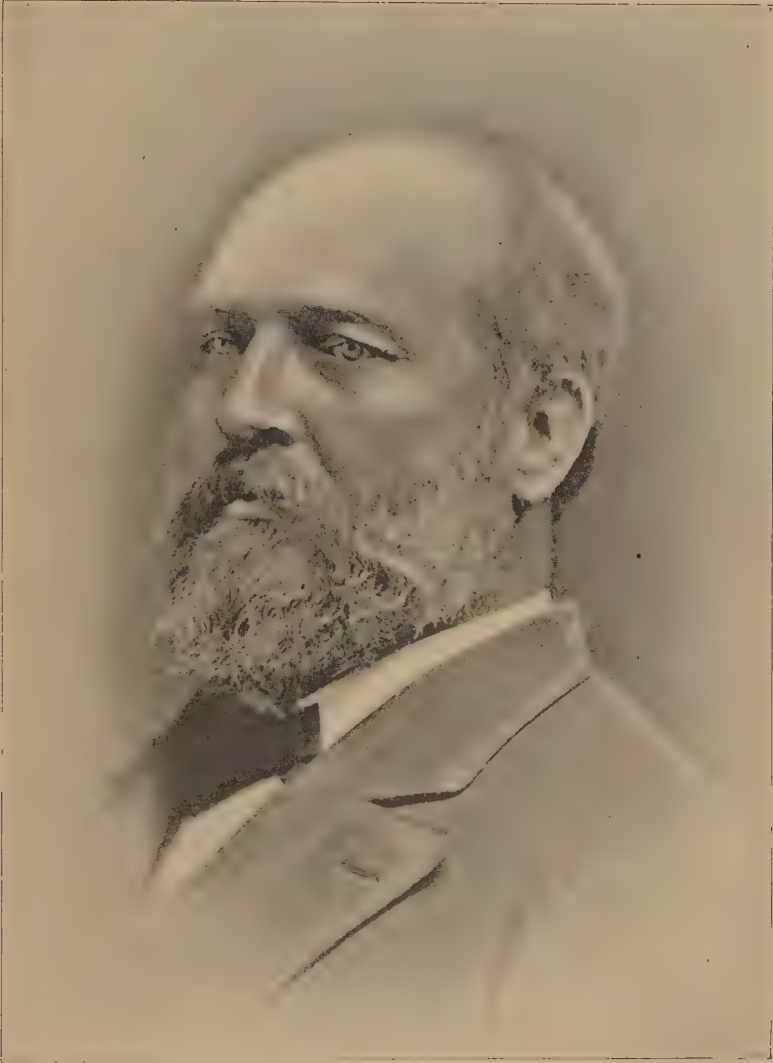
sibly be to the rest of the city. For it is we of the craft who know the essential dignity and worth of the institution that you are here to represent; and it is we who know what your presence here among us really means.

The sight of you is as welcome to our eyes as the sight of the green and blooming oasis to the traveler who had trudged many weary miles across the burning sands of the desert. The clasp of your warm hands is as welcome to us as is the grasp of a friend and countryman among strangers in a foreign land. The pleasure of having you with us is as great as that which comes to the worn and weary sufferer who has at last found relief in health, after many hours of racking pain. For we realize that with your entrance into the city there has flown in upon us a great tide of brotherly love and friendship. We have seen it sparkling in the light of your eyes; kindling your beaming faces with kindly smiles, and thrilling you through and through in the electric clasp of your hands. It has been a great pleasure to us to watch strong men as they met each other and the keen appreciation that each has of the nobility of the other's character. We have realized what the poet meant when he said:

"Oh, the East is East, and the West is West,
And never the twain shall meet
Until they stand together
At God's great judgment seat.
But there's neither East nor West,
Nor border, nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
'Though they come from the ends of the earth."

We realize that although you have come from the North and the South and the East and the West, from the uttermost corners of this fair State of Iowa, that there never yet has assembled in this State a body of men who felt kindlier to each other or loved each other more.

We welcome you not merely as the great citizens of a great State, but as members of that Order which is known as the Ancient, Free, and Accepted Masons. Ancient, because it is



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

the oldest of all secret societies, its foundation being laid away back in the dim ages of antiquity; so old, in fact, that the date of its origin has long since been lost in the obscurity of the past. Free, as tending so to render every one who goes in pursuit of the light which it sheds upon the darkness of ignorance. Accepted of men because the grèat and good of every age and nation have been promoters of the art. Accepted of the Supreme Grand Architect of the Universe because He has suffered it to outlive governments, nations, religions, philosophies, permitting its light to shine unto this day even as brightly as it shone in the beginning.

We welcome you because we know that as Masons you are here to lay supreme emphasis upon the development and upbuilding of human character. Because we know that you believe with us that it is the internal and not the external qualities of a man that are really worth thought and consideration. Because we know that it is the immortal part of man that has your cherishing care. That part which, in the language of our fraternity, "can never, never, no never die." We are glad to have you with us because we know that within the sacred precincts of the heart of each one of you there sings the song of the poet who said:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

My brethren, it is because you believe in those things, and together with us are ready to live and die for the principles that they involve, that you are right welcome among us.

HUMORS OF THE BENCH

Address by Judge John Lowell at a banquet given by the Boston Merchants' Association, Boston, May 23, 1884.

I hardly know why I am here. I suppose I must have decided some case in favor of our honored chairman. But,

then, if every one in whose favor I have decided a case should give me a dinner I should have some thousands to eat, if I could live long enough.

I observe that in your invitation to me you say very little, if anything, about any judicial qualities which I may have displayed in office, but you do mention my courtesy and patience. You are right. There are better judges here to-night than I ever was; but in courtesy and consideration, which I learned at my mother's knee, I hope I have not been surpassed. I have received several compliments of the same kind. I will tell you one story about that.

I was sitting one day up in court. The jury had just gone out, when a very nice looking young man came up. His hair was a little short, I believe, but I didn't notice it particularly. Said he, "Good morning, Jedge." "Good morning." "You don't remember me?" he said. "Your countenance is familiar to me," I said, "but it does not impress itself on my memory." Said he: "Four years ago to-day you sentenced me to four years' imprisonment in the State prison." I suppose it ought to have been five, I don't know. He said: "I got out to-day, and I thought I would make my first call on you." (Laughter. A voice: "That was his courtesy.") True; and mine then came in. Said I: "Many happy returns of the day." (Great laughter and applause.) He took it very kindly and went off. I haven't seen him since.

I might have resigned some time ago. I was waiting to be turned out. I got tired of waiting. I will tell you how it is now. (Laughter.) My great-grandfather was judge of the District Court, appointed by Washington; then he was made circuit judge by Adams. Well, Adams made a good many circuit judges, and they were all Federalists; and when the Democrats—they called themselves Republicans—all the same you know (laughter)—when the Republicans came in they abolished the court to get rid of the judges. They made a circuit court here about nineteen years ago, and they appointed my friend Shepley the first judge. I told him if the Demo-

crats only got in soon enough he would go the way of my grandfather. He admitted it. When I was appointed I expected the same thing. In fact, some of our prominent Democrats told me so. I said, "All right, bring on your bear. Bring on your Democratic President." So I waited for that Democratic President about eight years. I got tired of waiting. That is the only reason I resign now. (Laughter and applause.)

You take things so good-naturedly I will tell you one or two more stories. One of the principal difficulties we have is in serving on the jury. The members of the Merchants' Association always presented me with a certificate showing that they were members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. (Laughter.) But a man who was not a house guard came into my private office one day just as the jury was about to be impanelled. Said he: "Judge, I hear you live out of town." Said I: "Yes." Said he: "I guess you burn kerosene. You don't have electric lights or anything of that kind? Well," said he, "if you will let me off this jury I will give you the darnedest nice can of kerosene ever you see." Said I: "Young man, I see in your mind the exact virtues which would be most useful—a justice and probity which will make you serve the country most admirably as a jurymen." So he served. I don't know but that if it had been a barrel it might have been different." (Great laughter.)

Another tried the intimidation dodge. He said: "Judge, I have been exposed to the smallpox, and expect it to break out every minute." Said I: "Break!" (Laughter.) He broke into the jury box and served his country well, and had no incapacitating disease that I ever heard of.

I don't know that there is much of anything else, except that I would give some advice. I am going to draw up some rules for my successor, and the first one will be: "Always decide in favor of the Merchants' Association." When there are two Merchants' Associations together, in different interests, then you must do like that jury in Kennebec county.

There was a jury there which was very prompt and satisfactory. When they got through, the judge said: "Gentlemen, I thank you very much for the very satisfactory character of your verdicts, for the great promptness with which they have been rendered, without a single disagreement." The foreman returned thanks for the compliment, and said that the jury had escaped the delays and disagreements to which his Honor had referred, by always tossing up a copper as soon as they had retired, and abiding by the result of the throw.

One word in a more serious vein. I wish to express in closing my profound gratification that my efforts to do my duty simply and industriously should have met with your approval, and my gratitude for its public and spontaneous expression. (Applause.)

BATTLE FLAG DAY

Address, in part, by W. W. Dodge, at the observance by the Grand Army of the Republic of Battle Flag Day, Burlington, Iowa, Aug. 10, 1894.

The Governor of the State of Iowa, Hon. Frank D. Jackson, on the 28th day of June, 1894, issued a proclamation wherein he "recommended that the 10th day of August, 1894, be known and referred to as 'Battle Flag Day,' and that it be observed as a public holiday consecrated to the patriotism and valor of Iowa's soldiers, living and dead."

In the center of this allotted ground you have erected a stately staff from the summit of which our national emblem is proudly streaming to the wind. Ever let its beauteous folds remain there amid the fretful winds of winter, the welcome breath of spring, the golden days of summer, and autumn's sweet content, a silent sentinel amidst the spirits of heroes and martyrs.

In the late war of the rebellion there was no State in the Union which at her country's call sent braver, better or more loyal sons to defend the cause of the Union and the constitution than Iowa. Their deeds of valor on the empurpled field

of war has enabled the historian to write their names on the brightest and proudest pages of our country's record. On the scroll of fame can you find a parallel to Iowa's "Graybeard" regiment, many of whom were sixty years of age? The members of this famous regiment had sent thirteen hundred sons and grandsons to the war, and then went to the front themselves. Can you point to the like in the annals of any human strife?

At the beginning of the war Iowa had about 700,000 population and it is said that one-ninth of it was in the battle field. "Every other arms-bearing man in Iowa was at the front." Nearly every family was represented by one or more of its members in the field. The devoted wives and mothers of Iowa suffered untold agony for their country's cause. There are such instances recorded as that of Mrs. E. W. Atmore, whose husband, a member of the Fifteenth Iowa Regiment was sick in the hospital with a fever, two of her sons had been killed in battle, while two others were still in the army.

In 1864, Iowa had 12,000 men in the field more than her quota, and in March of that year, Adjutant General Baker reported that "One thousand boys have been sent home by us at the expense of the State." Thus it was that the loyal sons of Iowa, both old and young, displayed their devotion to the flag of the Union, seeking no reward save country's honor and country's triumph.

The human race from ages past have paid homage to patriotism. Never should a grateful people cease to revere the memory of those who sacrificed their lives in the defense of their country's flag. Never should a country cease to provide, with generous hand, for her soldier's living, and the families of her dead heroes.

Behold the radiant folds of yonder flag. It is our nation's emblem, and beautiful as a flower to the heart of the patriot. It has been called "a floating piece of poetry," yet it is only a piece of bunting. Its stripes of alternate red and white and its field of blue with "a star for every State and a State for

every star," constitutes the symbol of the power, glory and honor of our republic. In the words of Charles Sumner, "The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity; red, for valor; blue, for justice; and altogether—bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands."

EARLY HISTORY, FRATERNAL ORDER OF EAGLES

Address by Col. Edward P. Edsen, Chief Justice and Past Grand Worthy President, Fraternal Order of Eagles, Seattle, Feb. 7, 1903.

It cannot be claimed that the founders of our young and illustrious Order, coeval with creation, sat in silence on the axis of the universe and evolved from their inner consciousness the rudimentary principles of a nascent brotherhood as they watched the megatherium gambol in innocent glee on the paleozoic green, and the primeval ichthyosaurus slowly flop his prehistoric tail.

No tradition tells of any Eagle who, as assistant architect, carried antediluvian mortar in a pre-Adamite hod to help build the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, nor is there in any of our Aeries a secret coffer, wherein is piously preserved an original and authentic lock from the sacred tail of Aaron's golden calf, nor is its inception shrouded in the mists of antiquity, but its birth was really brought about by a combination of circumstances, arising out of a trivial matter. A business matter arose in which the owners and managers of variety theaters of Seattle, Wash., were deeply interested. Accordingly, on Sunday, Feb. 6, 1898, a number of such owners and managers met and, after an informal discussion of the subject matter, took a walk which terminated on the tide flats, and seating themselves on a lumber pile, began a half-serious and half-jovial discussion of the affair in hand. In a spirit of humor an organization was effected and was called "Seattle Order of Good Things." Officers were chosen and the motto "Skin 'Em" adopted. The following Sunday a few

more were invited to come into the mystic circle, and a rough, rude and aimless initiation was indulged in by which the new members were inducted into the Order. The brothers then met at one of the theaters and the lodge-room was the stage of that house of amusement. The proceedings were not serious at that time; some charge, true or false, was laid at the door of a brother and he was fined, and as soon as the fines were sufficient, refreshments were ordered. Gradually good fellows were brought in, and the organization made permanent. A set of laws were prepared, under my supervision, and adopted by the lodge, which in the meantime had grown in numbers to large proportions. At this time it was deemed advisable to change the name of the new Order and to Brother John Cort belongs the honor of suggesting the name, "The Fraternal Order of Eagles." From the time of the adoption of the constitution, the lodge began to grow and develop with marvelous rapidity, and its fame spread until other cities began to bid for the privilege for securing lodges of the Order.

On the 13th of May, 1898, after having been duly incorporated under the laws of the State of Washington, the Grand Lodge of the Fraternal Order of Eagles was organized (the officers of Seattle Aerie, No. 1, being its first members), a constitution and by-laws were adopted, and in conformity therewith, grand officers were duly elected.

I claim the credit of planting our banner outside of the United States, instituting Vancouver Lodge, No. 6, at Vancouver, B. C., on March 3, 1899.

The first Session of the Grand Lodge after its organization took place at Seattle, Wash., on May 7, 8, 9 and 10, 1899, on which occasion representatives of the Order were present from the States of Washington, Oregon, California, Montana and British Columbia, and the reports of the Grand Officers at that time showed a membership of nearly four thousand.

The word "lodge" for the Grand and Subordinate bodies was at this session abolished and both the Grand and Subor-

dinate bodies were thereafter known as "Aeries." May success and prosperity ever attend the Fraternal Order of Eagles is my most devout prayer.

LIBERTY

Eloquent tribute to Liberty, by Henry George.

Liberty came to a race of slaves crouching under Egyptian whips, and let them forth from the House of Bondage. She hardened them in the desert and made of them a race of conquerors. The free spirit of the Mosaic law took their thinkers up to heights where they beheld the unity of God, and inspired the poets with strains that yet phrase the highest exaltations of thought. Liberty dawned on the Phenician coast, and ships passed the Pillars of Hercules to plow the unknown sea. She shed a partial light on Greece, and marble grew to shapes of ideal beauty, words became the instruments of subtlest thought, and against scanty militia of free cities the countless hosts of the Great King broke like surges against a rock. She cast her beams on the four-acre farms of Italian husbandmen, and born of her strength a power came forth that conquered the world. They glinted from shields of Germany warriors, and Augustus wept his legions. Out of the night that followed her eclipse, her slanting rays fell again on free cities, and a lost learning revived, modern civilization began, a new world was unveiled; and as Liberty grew, so grew art, wealth, power, knowledge and refinement. In the history of every nation we may read the same truth. It was strength born of Magna Charta that won Crecy and Agincourt. It was the revival of Liberty from the despotism of the Tudors that glorified the Elizabethan age. It was the spirit that brought a crowned tyrant to the block, that planted here the seed of a mighty tree.

LIBERTY

Eloquent tribute to Liberty, by Macaulay.

Till men have been some time free, they know not how to use their freedom. The nations of wine-countries are always

sober. In climates where wine is a rarity, intemperance abounds. A newly-liberated people may be compared to a northern army encamped on the Rhine or Xeres. It is said that when soldiers in such a situation first find themselves able to indulge without restraint in such a rare and expensive luxury, nothing is to be seen but intoxication. Soon, however, plenty teaches discretion, and after wine has been for a few months their daily fare, they become more temperate than they had ever been in their own country. In the same manner the final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation, and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, scepticism on points the most clear, dogmatism on points the most mysterious. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice; they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appearance, and then ask in scorn where the promised splendor and comfort are to be found? If such miserable sophisms were to prevail, there would never be a good house, or a good government in the world.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at a certain season in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise, were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form that was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love, and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall crush her. And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom! When a prisoner leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him to his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce; and, at length, a system of consistence and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learnt how to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever

OUR WIVES

Address of Hon. Henry Watterson at a banquet in honor of the anniversary of Gen. W. T. Sherman's birthday, Washington, D. C., Feb. 8, 1883.

Gentlemen: When one undertakes to respond to such a sentiment as you do me the honor to assign me, he knows in advance that he is put, as it were, upon his good behavior. I recognize the justice of this and accepted the responsibility with the charge; though I may say that if General Sherman's wife resembles mine—and I very much suspect she does—he has a sympathy for me at the present moment. Once upon a festal occasion, a little late, quite after the hour when Cinderella was bidden by her godmother to go to bed, I happened to extol the graces and virtues of the newly-wedded wife of a friend of mine, and finally, as a knockdown argument, I compared her to my own wife. "In this case," said he, dryly,

"you'll catch it when you get home." It is a peculiarity they all have: not a ray of humor where the husband is concerned; to the best of them and to the last, he must be and must continue to be—a hero!

Now, I do not wish you to believe, nor to think that I myself, believe, that all women make heroes of their husbands. Women are logical in nothing. They naturally hate mathematics. So, they would have their husbands be heroes only to the rest of the world. There is a charming picture by John Leech, the English satirist, which depicts Jones, who never looked askance at a woman in his life, sitting demurely at table, with his nose stuck on his plate, and Mrs. Jones opposite, redundant to a degree, observing with gratified severity, "Now, Mr. Jones, don't let me see you ogling those Smith girls again!" She, too, was like the rest—the good ones, I mean—seeing the world through her husband; no happiness but his comfort; no vanity but his glory; sacrificing herself to his wants, and where he proves inadequate putting her imagination out to service and bringing home a basket of flowers to deck his brow. Of our sweethearts the humorist hath it:

"Where are the Marys and Anns and Elizas,
Lovely and loving of yore?
Look in the columns of old 'Advertisers,'
Married and dead by the score."

But "our wives!" We don't have far to look to find them; sometimes, I am told, you army gentlemen have been known to find them turning unexpectedly up along the ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and making their presence felt even as far as the halls of the Montezumas. Yet how should we get on without them? Rob mankind of his wife and time could never become a grandfather. Strange as you may think it our wives are, in a sense, responsible for our children; and I ask you seriously how could the world get on if it had no children? It might get on for a while, I do admit; but I challenge the boldest among you to say how long it could get on without "our wives." It would not only give out of children; in a little, a

very little, while it would have no mother-in-law, nor sister-in-law, nor brother-in-law, nor any of those acquired relatives whom it has learned to love, and who have contributed so largely to its stock of harmless pleasure.

But, as this is not exactly a tariff discussion, though a duty, I drop statistics; let me ask you what would become of the revenues of man if it were not for "our wives"? We should have no milliners but for "our wives." But for "our wives" those makers of happiness and furbelows, those fabricators of smiles and frills, those gentle beings who bias and scallop and do their sacking at both ends of the bill, and sometimes in the middle, would be compelled to shut up shop, retire from business, and return to the good old city of Mantua, whence they came. The world would grow too rich; albeit, on this promise I do not propose to construct an argument in favor of more wives. One wife is enough, two is too many, and more than two are an abomination everywhere, except in Utah and the halls of our national legislature.

I beg you will forgive me. I do but speak in banter. It has been said that a good woman, fitly mated, grows doubly good; but how often have we seen a bad man mated to a good woman turned into a good man? Why, I myself was not wholly good till I married my wife; and, if the eminent soldier and gentleman in whose honor we are here—and may he be among us many and many another anniversary, yet always sixty-three—if he should tell the story of his life, I am sure he would say that its darkest hours were cherished, its brightest illuminated, by the fair lady of a noble race, who stepped from the highest social eminence to place her hand in that of an obscure young subaltern of the line. The world had not become acquainted with him, but with the prophetic instinct of a true woman she discovered, as she has since developed, the mine. So it is with all "our wives." Whatever there is good in us they bring it out; wherefor may they be forever honored in the myriad of hearts they come to lighten and to bless. (Loud applause.)

THE WOMEN

Response of Companion William F. Kuhn of Kansas City, Mo., General Grand Master of the First Veil, at a complimentary dinner tendered the General Grand Chapter by the Grand Chapter of Ohio, at the St. Nichols Hotel, Cincinnati, Sept. 26, 1900.

M. E. Toastmaster and Excellent Companions, join with me in this toast with pure water:

*To the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of
Master Masons, God's greatest and best gifts to man.*

The world honors a manly man; man loves a womanly woman; the world despises an effeminate man; man abhors a mannish woman. We admire the good whether it comes to us in the roar and lightning flash of the storm cloud, or in the gentle breeze of a May morning. The beautiful, whether it exists in the giant oak as he spreads his mighty arms toward the azure vault, or in the sweet, tiny, forget-me-not that blooms at our feet. But we love the true because it exists only in the human soul, and has the power to transform evil into goodness and homeliness into a thing of rarest beauty. Would you look upon that which is true, adorned by the attributes of goodness and beauty I would unfold to you a woman's soul. Whatever may have been her condition or position in the years and ages past, however she may have been hedged about by unjust conventionalities, whatever may have been her environments in the eyes of law and society, the same noble purpose, the same sublime devotion to duty has marked her action, until now, at the dawn of the twentieth century, she stands the lovely giantess of a moral force that sways the world, the champion of a civilization heretofore unknown, the apostle of a new era in the world's broad charities. I honor the nineteenth century woman of America; her bright eye, her athletic step, the glow of health on her cheeks, her gentleness yet firmness, her lofty conception of life's duties, her bold, relentless defense of equal justice to woman and man in morals, and her demand for an unrestricted field for duty and usefulness. Not that she would enter the

political field, the forum, the marts of trade or the political arena, but she demands cleanliness in politics, fair dealing in trade, justice in the forum and honesty in the professions.

The American woman is not a mere ideality, but a reality; not a toy bric-a-brac, or a statue, no, not even an angel, but she is a living, pushing humanity with a cultivated mind, with hands skilled, and with a soul aglow for the nobler purposes of life. Yet withal, a woman.

From these has come the uncrowned queen of the white ribbon movement, Frances Willard, with her great heart attuned for the great social reforms.

From these came she who poured from her wealth her thousands into the National Treasury for her country's glory, whose money furnished comforts to the soldier in camp, in battle and in death. Honor her, the queen of the American soldier—Helen Gould!

From these came the little nurse of the sunny southland. She who ministered to the heroes of San Juan in field and ward, unmindful of social or official distinction, to do her duty, wherever it lay. All honor the brave daughter of the grizzly old fighter, Joe Wheeler.

I would stand with uncovered head before American woman, be it in the parlor or kitchen, in castle or hovel, in the sick chamber or hospital, in the schoolroom or store. Wherever her lot has been cast, be it exalted or lowly, in riches or poverty, she is ever the same positive reality. She has made America what it is, the best and the noblest of lands, the best and the highest civilization—she is of us, from us, yet has made us. An American product, but creature and Creator. She has fulfilled the brightest dream of the Father of Our Country, who, in his farewell address, said: "I would have our country a nation of Americans." In her lexicon are not found such hybrid terms as Irish-Americans, German-Americans, or British-Americans; no, there is but one name, and that is American. She is loyal to her country, and could she speak here, she would declare in no equivocal language, that he who

cannot stand under the folds of our flag and say: "I am an American," had better move on.

We say in our Ritual that Masonry and Geometry are synonymous, why not say Masonry and Woman are synonymous? Emerson says, Woman is civilization. Anglo-Saxon Masonry is the highest exponent of civilization. Did I say Anglo-Saxon Masonry? Yes, it is the Masonry, which under the two Anglo-Saxon flags—the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack—moulds men and nations which make destiny and character. Under these flags woman has attained the proud position as the moulder of the destiny of a nation, the emancipator of humanity. Masonry draws its inspiration from the open Bible on its altars, the sacred volume in which is recorded the fundamental principles of our Fraternity as proclaimed first by the Great Teacher: "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." It is in this same volume that woman finds her inspiration, the sacred flame that feeds her high spiritual nature.

Is Masonry pregnant with charity and the loftier sentiments of life? Woman is the embodiment of charity and a sentiment that lives and acts. I venture the fact that every Masonic home in our country was the prompting of a woman's heart.

A system of morals that merely consists of grips, steps, signs and words, is not morality; a Masonry that consists only of grips, steps, signs, words, right angles, horizontals and perpendiculars, is not Masonry. Masonry lives in acts and deeds, not in ceremonials. The morality of woman overleaps the ceremonials, to find fruition in the real, to obtain soul commendation for duty done. To confer degrees may be Masonry, but it is for woman to relieve distress. To recite the traditions of the Craft may be ceremonial, but it is for woman to whisper a kind word to the erring. To study symbols may be philosophical, but it is for woman to raise the fallen. To know the principles of Masonry may be intellectual, but it is for woman to clothe the naked. To wear the purple may be a just commendation and reward for merit, but

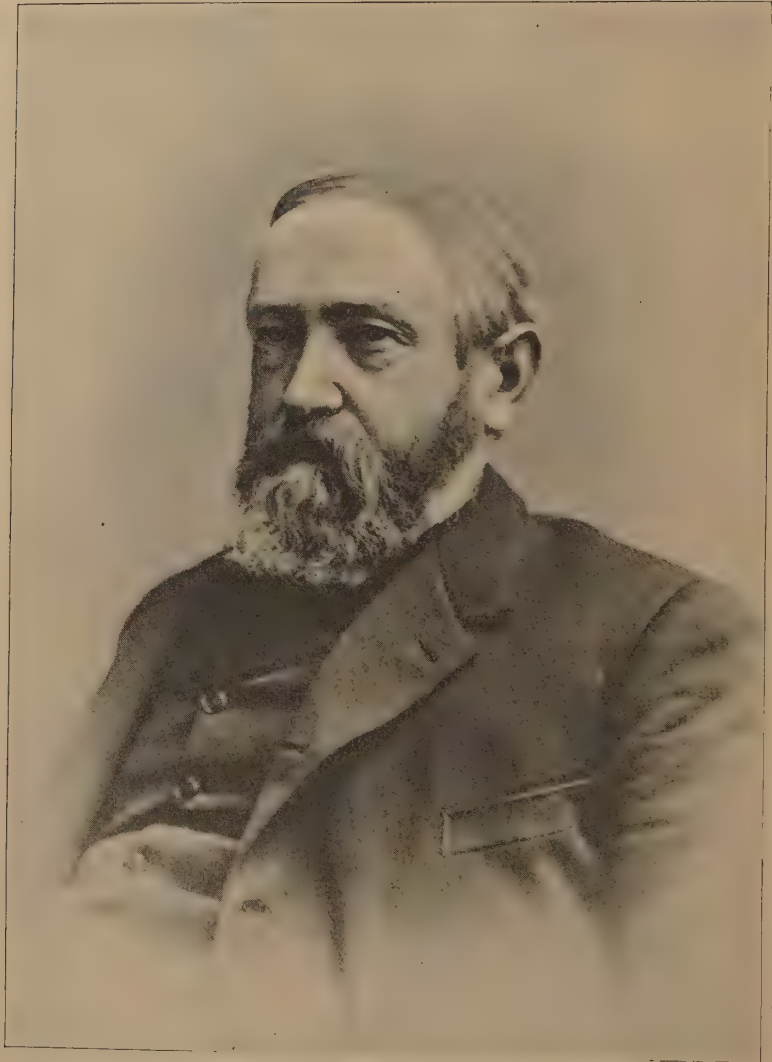
it is for woman to dry the tear of sorrow. We may refuse to reap the harvest in an unfavorable field, but a Ruth may gather here a little and there a little, aye, perchance the refuse, bind it into a bundle, which becomes a sheaf of golden grain in the eyes of her Divine Master.

We may feel a commendable pride in the history of the labors and the purposes of our Fraternity, but she may come as a heroine of the Eastern Star, with her calm resignation to duty, with the lowly labor of a gleaner, with her firm faith in the justice of God, with her exultant song of a triumphant resurrection, with her hope that wavers not at martyrdom. Yes, our Sisters, our Mothers, our Wives, our Daughters, come to us with a lesson in charity, with an anthem of a home, of peace, of cheer, that may wake us from a lethargy of neglected duty and awaken in us the song, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth peace, that saith with Zion: 'Thy God reigneth.'"

ANDREW JACKSON

Address of Gen. A. C. Dodge, Ex-United States Senator from Iowa, at the annual banquet of the Iroquois Club, on the occasion of the anniversary of the birthday of Andrew Jackson, given at the Palmer House, Chicago, March 15, 1882.

In his life, character, and public services, Jackson furnishes a fine type of the American democrat, and an example full of encouragement to the young men of our country. Born in a log cabin, of poor emigrant parents, just arrived from Ireland, and doomed to orphanage when of very tender years, he was educated "at the old 'field school,' so called, a sort of shanty covered with clapboards, having a rude door, swung on wooden hinges; he, chopping and carrying wood, pulling fodder, driving oxen, going to mill, etc., to pay for his board and tuition." Reared in the pine woods of the Carolinas, amid the exciting and bloody scenes of the Revolution, Andrew Jackson, then not sixteen, was pursued, captured, and wounded by the Myrmidons of Cornwallis and Tarleton. All of his brothers



BENJAMIN HARRISON.

and many of his neighbors, fell in the struggle for our independence.

But, in the providence of God, the poor, friendless orphan boy of the Revolution was destined to be more than avenged of his enemies, and by his talents and genius to make himself one of the chief figures in American history, filling as he did the entire cycle of public honors, civil and military, of the republic for which he shed his young blood.

In the second war for independence—that of 1812—fought for “free trade and sailors’ rights,” Jackson was the most brilliant and successful of American generals. Chosen by his fellow volunteers, he led the brave Tennesseans, few in number and poorly armed, against powerful Indian tribes, attacking them in their chosen strongholds, defeating the savages in a series of desperate hand-to-hand fights and thus securing lasting peace to our bleeding southern frontier.

On the 8th day of January, 1815, in front of New Orleans, at the head of a volunteer force not numbering one-third of the invading army, Jackson defeated fifteen thousand British regular troops, “the invincibles of Wellington,” killing Pack-ingham, Gibbs and Kean, the three British generals highest in command, and conquering the conquerors of the conqueror of the world. A victory which, in view of disparity of numbers, discipline and frightful slaughter inflicted on the enemy, must forever remain in the catalogue of military miracles.

But great as were the services of this extraordinary man in the field, his civil administration transcended his warlike exploits. It gave dignity and character to our America abroad. His diplomatic policy was characteristic of the man, and bore rich fruit for his countrymen. “We will ask nothing,” said Jackson, “of foreign nations that is not right, and submit to nothing that is wrong.”

Acting upon a policy so just and bold, he secured from the great and smaller nations of the world, large indemnities for spoliations committed on the property of our citizens; indemnities which, through a long series of years had been asked for

in vain by former administrations. In the memorable instance of France, he wrung, at the point of the bayonet, twenty-five millions of francs for the seizure and confiscation of the property of our citizens. They received the money so long due, but the king never obtained the apology he asked for the language hurled by Jackson in his message against the Punic faith of the government of France. He struck the pirates of Sumatra in their den, and thus taught them the lesson, in blood and terror, that not even the diameter of the globe could protect them from punishment for the robbery and massacre of American citizens; whose name he made an inviolable passport to all who bore it, whether upon land or water.

At home, his administration paid off the entire public debt; reduced the tariff, eliminating therefrom every tax that squinted at the piratical doctrine of protection; overthrew the monster monopoly of the age, the Bank of the United States, with all its branches and mighty power to oppress the people; restored the gold currency (banished till then by unwise legislation); and crushed nullification, the old hero swearing reverently, "By the Eternal, the Federal Union must and shall be preserved!"

Jackson's heart, in all its hopes, recollections, and sympathies, was blended with the fortunes of the toiling million. He frowned upon monopolies, special privileges and all legislation tending to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. He was on the side of the people and they were always for him. Thrice did they express through the ballot box their preference for him for president, but as in the recent case of another distinguished Democrat (Mr. Tilden) they were defrauded of their choice for one of those terms.

Like the eminent Romans who attained the consulship, Jackson will live in history; not for the offices he filled, but for the meritorious deeds he performed. A brief personal acquaintance with him, I esteem among the highest honors of my life.

The 4th of March, 1837, on the occasion of the inaugura-

tion of President Van Buren, I saw for the last time his venerable person, the incarnation of patriotism, when he made his farewell bow from the east portico of the capitol to the American people and retired through the portal, which in his case led to the temple of everlasting fame.

DINNERS

Response by John B. Green of New York, at a "stag" dinner of Commonwealth Council, R. A., at the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the winter of 1885-86.

If there is any subject upon which I have more qualifications to speak than another, it is dinners. My recollection runs not far enough into the past to say when my experience of dining began. I can only speak of Brooklyn for five years. Of government, my profession, and kindred topics, I have learned almost all that I know since my manhood began. I had to be taught to read before I knew anything of the "Press," and the "Army and Navy" were mere names to me, until one April morning nearly twenty-five years ago, my mother pinned a tri-colored rosette upon my jacket to show loyalty to the flag just fired upon by its own sons. Let me talk, then, of what I know best—eating was natural to me. The only subject of which I know anything like as much—"the ladies"—is, fortunately for you and for me, committed to a wittier tongue.

It has been recorded that "the art of eating and drinking took its rise amid the mists of the remotest antiquity"; and that "its history is coeval with that of the race." There have been dinners that live in history: the banquet at which Cleopatra dissolved in wine a pearl worth a king's ransom, and the feasts of Lucullus will be remembered as long as Marathon and Waterloo—battles decisive of the fate of nations. Who does not recall mental pictures of the great baronial dining halls in the "stately homes of England," those schools of chivalric courtesy and gentle breeding? Many a deed the world has admired was inspired by the lessons learned there.

There is the wounded knight borne back from the hot fight at Zutphen in that long struggle for civil and religious liberty in the Netherlands handing his water flask, just lifted to quench his own raging thirst, to a dying soldier, with the remark, "Thy necessity is even greater than mine," and drinking his health afterwards. Yet Sir Philip Sidney learned this grace at the dinners in his father's hall. Poets have sung of dinners. A modern one takes his hero, summoned to go on with an old love before he is off with a new, over the blue Pyrenees, through some of the loveliest of national scenery, through a region rich with legends of the heroic age, and for the most part in company with a rival; to break forth at the end, not with love or jealousy, not of mountain peaks and sunny valleys, not of paladins and peers, the rent horn of Roland and his bursting nostrils, his sword cleaving the rock, but upon our theme.

When these lights have gone out and the melancholy gentlemen in dress suits, whose labors in serving us have compelled them to keep sober, regretfully agitate these soundless bottles and bottoms upward the glasses you have drained; when this joyous company, with clove-laden breaths, segregates in the cold gray morning, and its members seek repose beside their indignant wives, may we be each ready to say, if asked, "Have you ever enjoyed a better dinner?" as was said by a gentleman at an evening party, in reply to the exclamation of a bystander, "Well, did you ever see the like!" as a lady dressed in the lowest style swept by, "Never, that is, since I was weaned."

THE NEW UNION

Response by George R. Peck at the Atlanta Peace Jubilee Banquet, Dec. 15, 1898.

A stranger from another land, witnessing this brilliant festival, might well inquire: "Do you celebrate victory or peace?" The prompt, emphatic answer would be, "Both." One preceded the other but a little, as the flush of dawn heralds the full

brightness of the day; but both are ours, and nobly won. In all these joyous observances we are under an influence which is not mere exultation, but what Matthew Arnold might have called a sweet reasonableness. The nation, looking into its own heart, weighing its own motives, subjecting itself to a rigorous introspection, is content. The task it assumed when the year was young has been finished, though the year is not yet ended. Why should we not rejoice? Human nature must needs have some channel in which its currents may flow. Here we bring memories and hopes; here we recall the high ideals which led us through the summer days; and here a new nation finds a fitting shrine. This is Atlanta, that fated citadel which once guarded the gateway of the South; Atlanta, the marvelous child of faith and enterprise, reading with clear eyes the destiny that waits on opportunity; Atlanta, "the expectancy and rose of the fair state." To you, war is something more than an artist's sketch. Its argument has held you in its grasp; its sorrows have entered your hearts and homes and left them desolate. Yonder is Peach Tree, where Hood, great in misfortune and superb in defeat, led his heroic columns, like another Ney, in an onset which was the more glorious because it was hopeless. Yonder once grew the oaks and pines under whose sheltering branches McPherson fell, our best beloved, our Lycidas, "dead ere his prime." Verily we are on historic ground. Here our annals grow tired of common things and touch the highest themes. They make classic, not simply that which is venerable, but those highest of human attributes—courage, constancy and faith. Here we know for a certainty that a power beyond our controlling, an insistence outside of our own little plans, have made us one.

I am the less reluctant to speak of these things because I know you give back thought for thought, greeting for greeting, and heart for heart. Not long ago at the great jubilee in Chicago, two distinguished citizens of Georgia brought us messages that will not be forgotten. Listening to the eloquent words of Judge Speer and Clark Howell, we felt, as we

had never felt before, that American patriotism is, and must ever be, national. They made us know that it is not an idle sentiment, but a pervasive force, which is, in Shakespeare's exquisite phrase, "as broad and general as the casing air."

It is my fortune to be born in a harsher clime than this, where ice and snow are yearly guests, often outstaying their welcome. But, gentlemen, the North Star is not so cold as some have thought, and its unchanging light, from the days of Ulysses, has guided mariners through perilous seas to sweet home ports. There are legends and sages that tell how, centuries ago, the Norsemen sailed on voyages to the Atlantic's western rim. We who are of New England origin, are, perhaps, of kin to them, for in our veins the dominant blood flows from the North. And yet, I do not think it counts for much whether we are Norman, or Saxon, or Dane. The United States has little need of ancestry; it is, in the highest sense, its own progenitor, and its own sufficient reason.

If we sing the same battle-hymns, and by the fireside recite the same ballads, the question of lineage need not trouble us. Have you not read how Englishmen fought against each other for red roses and white; and again, how some stood for the king and some for the parliament, but when they looked back through battle mists to the days of old, they all saw—Agincourt? So, too, there was a time when some who are here to-night did not love each other over much; and yet, when the stress was fiercest, and the fires seemed ready to consume, neither side gave up its memory of Lexington and Yorktown. Tradition, language, literature, common hopes and common interests make a nation; and these are a thousand times stronger than the sanctions of written charters or the authority of blood.

The American flag is beautiful in itself, but its colors inspire only as they symbolize the majesty, the power and the honor of the American people. Think of the past year! North and South lose their significance when Manila and Santiago tell their story. Who cares from whence came the heroes who

led, and the heroes who followed? Alabama shall not claim Wheeler and Hobson nor Vermont assert that Dewey is hers alone. What is Illinois? What is Georgia? They are great, but only great because they are parts of a greater nation. The Spanish war was not the war of any State, but of all the States; it was the war of a nation, strong in its high sense of right, and strong because it held in its keeping the cause of justice and humanity. American sovereignty follows the American flag. If it leads across western seas to the East or floats over the Oregon, dashing the foam of two oceans from her prow as she speeds onward to the fight, the national spirit sails with it to the uttermost.

To-day the new Union faces new duties. Wars are never exactly what men foresee. The dominion of the republic has been enormously enlarged, but it was not the lust of conquest that brought it about. It was the logic of events that were greater than men.

We may trust the United States, and we may trust the deliberate judgment of its people. Thinking of all that is past, considering the present and its problems, our look must yet be forward, as is the habit of brave men and of statesmen who are fit to rule. Hamlet is not the true type of American character. In the high policy and conduct of nations, what they may mean often what they must.

Speaking in the presence of the President of the United States, whom we honor for what he is and for what he represents, we all unite in acknowledging his sincerity of purpose, his wisdom and the high patriotism which, by day and by night, has guided him in difficult situations and unexpected emergencies. I know of no duty which can rest more solemnly upon the American people than that of sustaining and strengthening him in the great responsibilities he is bearing so bravely and so well.

Statesmanship does not require absolute foreknowledge, but it does require the rare ability to meet conditions as they arise. When Dewey sailed into the bay he readjusted in an

hour the policies and aims of a century. He changed the balance and equilibrium of nations, and served notice with every shot he fired that henceforth the United States must be counted. We have entered new fields, as advancing nations always do; we have assumed new duties, as living nations always must. It may, indeed, be true that our fathers did not write on parchment what must be done if, by the fortunes of war, our flag should be carried to islands and seas remote. But, gentlemen, the flag cannot come down. The institutions and the polity of a free republic are equal to new conditions, or they are worthless. A nation that cannot keep pace with what its own arms have accomplished is already catalogued with the incapable and the degenerate. The New Union, which war has welded more firmly together, summons us and leads us forward. It does not invite responsibilities, nor shrink from them. History has been busy in these last eventful months, interfusing all the elements of our national life, so that the parts have forgotten that they are parts and remember only an indissoluble, indivisible, indestructible Union.

THE FEDERAL JUDICIARY

Response of Judge P. S. Grosscup, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, at a banquet of the Illinois Bar, Chicago, July 16, 1896.

I had intended to grow eloquent on this subject until I heard the last speaker, and he has taught me that common sense is the acme of judicial virtue. After hearing General Black this morning on "John Marshall," I must confess, I would rather have his career than any other. He has influenced development in this country far more than either Washington or Lincoln. They were part of the great movements of their time. John Marshall was a great movement in himself, and built the judicial structure of which we are the heirs and beneficiaries. When the constitutional convention was held in 1777, only the seed was planted, and no one knew to what a growth it would come. In Marshall's mind alone was the seed germinated which has brought forth what we call America.

Marshall was the personification of the federal judiciary. It was Marshall and the Supreme Court of the United States that developed all those great qualities which mark the republic's achievements. The clause that the law of the United States should be the supreme law of the land was Marshall's. Out of that has grown the great system by which the Supreme Court of the United States lays hands on all others, consolidates and unifies all judicial tribunals of this country, preventing any locality from tarnishing or destroying the national honor; that has developed all the transportation facilities of this land so that they have been made a single department of a central government. I see among us our senior Senator, and I say to him and to you that in my judgment the man who has given this clause the first legislative sanction has a place more resplendent than eight years of the presidency will give him.

We have fallen on times which may seem somewhat strange. The judiciary of the United States had to bear, however, much from popular clamor and fanaticism one hundred years ago. It is to Marshall and the Supreme Court of the United States that I owe it that my allegiance has not to travel through Springfield before it reaches Washington. If I violate the law of the country, the punishment comes from Washington direct.

The judiciary of the United States represents the great middle class—the bulk of the population between the criminal rich and the restless poor, who, after all, are the salt and savor of our institutions. No man in America has the monopoly of humanitarianism. The federal judiciary cannot mark equality, but it can make conditions better. We are continually going upward. From bivouac to bivouac we climb still to a greater height in our march of progress. Humanity is not going to Calvary. It is on the road to the culmination of the teachings of Him who on the hills of Galilee said: "Go forth and teach all the world what I have told you." Humanity is not going forth to be crucified on a cross of gold nor to

wear a crown of thorns. It is going upward toward that golden effulgence of humanity's resurrection morning.

ALLEN G. THURMAN

Address of Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, in seconding the nomination of Allen G. Thurman for the office of Vice-President of the United States, before the National Democratic Convention held in St. Louis, Mo., June 5, 6, 7, 1888.

Mr. Chairman: The old and the young Democracy of the Old Dominion speak here and now, and will join the great acclaim of the American people when they shall speak again in November next, for Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio. Fifty years ago and more, there went beyond the Alleghenies, from the good old town of Lynchburg, from which I hailed, a preacher of the Gospel, who carried with him his wife, his boy, his Bible and his household goods. He settled in the splendid young Commonwealth of Ohio. The boy became the father of the man. The man by his force of character rose to the high places of the people's confidence and love. They made him their representative in Congress. They clothed him with the ermine of the chief justiceship of their court. They made him Governor of their States. They sent him as a Senator of the United States; and then he was a statesman of country-wide and world-wide renown; a judge in Israel, teacher and leader of men. And whenever there were difficult conditions to be confronted, and difficult theories to be expounded, he measured the breadth of every fair opportunity, and arose to the height of every great occasion, until he became the beacon of the people's hope, and the center of the State's desire. Unconscious eulogy has flowed from the lips of every speaker in this Convention who has traced the history of Democratic achievement, or enunciated the platform of its principles. Do you rejoice that the public lands have been rescued from the plunderers, and that corporate obligations are being enforced? Remember that he was ever diligent to avert the wrong and to suggest the remedy. Do you rejoice that the wave of Chinese invasion has been

averted from the Pacific coast? Remember that he was amongst the first to sound the note of warning. Do you denounce that crowning infamy of 1876, by which Tilden and Hendricks were stripped of their great office? You are but repeating the mighty protest which came from him, and which will live as long as history. Did the eloquent young Democrat of Colorado send to the Chairman of this Convention a silver gavel to enunciate his ruling? Then I propose that when he shall become the presiding officer of the Senate that California shall send him a golden gavel, and that Colorado shall send him a silver one, for did he not always maintain the two metals of the Constitution at their par; and did you not always hear from him the ring of the right metal? Have you bethought yourselves of the dark days of Democracy and how thoughtful hearts rejoiced when the beautiful picture was drawn by the wonderful orator of New York when he portrayed sixty millions of prosperous and happy freemen? Yes, and from the years gone by I listened and heard the voice of one crying in the wilderness, who said: "Make the way straight that this good deed may be accomplished." One who met Truth leaning on her crutch; one who assisted Truth in her utmost need; his kingly intellect all alert; and now, when she is strong and uprisen, let her look upon him as her favorite son. In an age of corruption, he was an exemplification of purity; in an age of extravagance, he was the sentinel of economy; in an age of sectionalism, he knew only his country; in an age of hate, he knew only fraternity; in an age of scandal, the salt of his good name never lost its savor. They say indeed that the grand old man is old. There is no hair that glistens on the patriarch's brow that did not grow white in Democratic service. The revolving years that have circled around his head, have each of them left in its track a new ring of glory. Can I not say of him in the language of the poet:

"Age may o'er his brow be flung,
But his heart, his heart is ever young."

Old, indeed, but not too old to receive the tardy honor of a people to whom he has been faithful, or to requite them with renewed and faithful service. Why not nominate him now, my countrymen, and by acclamation? He stands before you the living embodiment of Democratic virtue. He stands before you the illustrated epitome of Democratic history. He stands before you the faithful champion of Democratic principles. He stands before you the rightful heir of Democratic honors. He exhibits the grandeur of the American patriot. He is the highest type of the American citizen. He is the fitting companion of Grover Cleveland, to receive by his side the mantle of Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana. And the people of this whole country will be as glad at heart when they shall see the grand old Roman take in hand the gavel of the Senate, as they are to-day to see that other, that fair companion of Grover Cleveland, wielding the scepter of that happy home, the White House, and that dauntless, brave patriot himself guiding, with firm and untrembling hand, the destinies of this great nation. In the name of the people of Virginia, upon whose soil he was born, and in the name of the people of Ohio, his adopted home—in the name of the Democracy of this great nation, incorruptible, unterrified and unconquerable—I fling this banner to the battle and the breeze [waving a bandanna handkerchief], the symbol of his name. It is an emblem which, like the cap of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, needs only to be seen to carry its message. It goes to the field to-day with the benedictions of the wise and good, side by side with the flag of a never-dying star. Like it, it will be the emblem of Democracy triumphant, of a land redeemed, of a nation reunited, and of the people reconciled. The strong arms of the Democratic party will be carried high in the contest, and the warm hearts of the American people will receive them; and on the fourth of March next Grover Cleveland will be again your President, and old Allen G. Thurman will be standing by his side,

THE HALF-MOON AND THE MAYFLOWER

Response of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew at a banquet of the New England Society, of the City of New York, Dec. 22, 1882.

It is embarrassing for the representative of a conquered people to have devolve upon him at the great festival of the conqueror the unpleasant duty of placing the crooked pin upon the hero's chair, to remind him when he sits down that he is mortal. The Yankees have swarmed into the fair land of the Knickerbockers, filled its places of business and trust, held the few offices left unoccupied by the Irish, married the daughters of the house, and as the disinterested brothers-in-law administered upon and absorbed the estate. And yet upon the principle of the old epitaph that "He who saves loses, he who spends saves, and he who gives away takes it with him," the Dutch are a thousandfold richer for their loss. The garden in which they vegetated in peaceful content has become an empire; Puritan bigotry, spiritualized and humanized by Dutch tolerance, Dutch inertia vitalized by Yankee energy, Dutch frugality fired by Yankee thrift, Dutch steadfastness enthused by Yankee patriotism, Dutch babies crossed with Yankee blood, have conquered the world. We are never luminous after four o'clock except at our Knickerbocker feast. You must visit us there. The tenor of one of our city churches, whose pulpit is occupied by a famous preacher, said to me recently: "You must come again; the fact is, the Doctor and myself were not at our best last Sunday morning. We artists cannot be always at our best."

The questioning character of my sentiment is indicative of the resistless inquisitiveness and acquisitiveness which are the rudiments of Yankee success. Wandering with other tourists over the splendid estate of the Duke of Westminster, near Chester, and admiring the palace he was decorating for his bride, I heard a Berkshire man say to the gardener, who acted as guide: "What, you can't tell how much the house cost, nor what this farm yields an acre, nor what the old man's income is, nor how much he is worth? Don't you Britishers know anything?"

History, poetry, and eloquence have immortalized the few voyages freighted with humanity's hopes. The Grecian Argo has inspired fable and epic—the great steamship traversing the ocean in seven days, between the Old World and the New, with her tons and passengers numbered by thousands, is the unnoticed commonplace of the hour. But of greater moment than fabled Argo and the combined fleets of commerce were the sailing and the landing of the Mayflower and the Half-Moon. They carried the principles of a new and higher civilization, and bore a charter of liberty broader and better than was ever known before.

The compact signed in the cabin of the Mayflower, guaranteeing to all the protection of "just and equal laws," after two hundred and fifty years of strife, humiliation, and civil war, found a permanent home in the fundamental law by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, pledging, without regard to creed or color, the universal blessing of just and equal laws. The Puritan, worsted in his battle with the Cavalier in 1620, fled to the wilderness; the Puritan, triumphant over like elements in 1865, broke down the barriers of caste, and welcomed bondman and freeman alike to equal liberties with himself. And yet this splendid record of matchless achievement, the inspiration of every orator to-night, would have been impossible without the Dutch. The men who wrested a country from the sea were of the same stock with Pym, Sidney, Hampden, and Cromwell. Fighting for their homes and lives against the invading ocean on the one side, and the hosts of despotism and darkness upon all sides, they learned the lesson that freedom rests upon education, and education begets and fosters civil and religious liberty. They provided for the Puritan both an asylum and a university. The Puritans landed in Holland with a fierce purpose to find a place where there should be full liberty for their own religion and no liberty for anybody else. They left, applauding the parting words of Robinson, that neither to Calvin nor Luther, nor to any man, has God revealed all of His truth. The two

most potent factors of modern liberty were William of Orange and Oliver Cromwell, but the triumph of "William's beggars of the sea" made possible the victory of Naseby and Marston Moor. In an age of force their Grotius had laid the foundations of international law, the peaceful arbitrations of states; in an age of dense ignorance they had invented types. The Union of Utrecht of 1579 was the model of colonial federation; the Declaration of Independence at the Hague of 1581 was the seed carried by the Mayflower and the Half-Moon to America, from which grew the immortal sentiment of 1776.

New York has always illustrated the cosmopolitan and hospitable character of the Dutch. Her first and most famous Governor, Clinton, was an Irishman; her first and most eminent statesman, Hamilton, a Scotchman; her first and ablest jurist, Jay, a Huguenot; and only her first and most chivalric soldier, Schuyler, of the household of her founders. And in the last election we had the choice for Governor between two Yankees of pure blood, one by way of Connecticut and the other from Connecticut around by way of New Jersey. So far as the returns have come in, the Jersey man appears to have been elected. It has been said that the Pilgrim Fathers would have disowned their roystering descendants were they introduced to this annual revel, but their banquet on the eve of their departure from Delft Haven lasted all night, though history is silent upon the speeches of the guests or their conditions in the morning. The Puritans who came afterward burnt witches, hung Quakers, and banished Baptists, but the Pilgrims who had spent eleven years in Holland struggled against this bigotry and intolerance. They were the leaven liberalizing their brethren with such mighty success that in this year of grace Massachusetts elects Ben Butler Governor, and New England professors and divines in this hall welcome Herbert Spencer and illustrate the practical processes of evolution by smashing the patriarchs and knocking out of the Bible prophecy and hell.

The Mayflower was not the first ship which anchored in Plymouth Harbor: the Dutch had been there, but they were equal to neither climate nor soil. Eighteen years before, Captain Pring had landed there, and says he was hospitably entertained by the savages with steaming dishes of peas and beans. This traditional and frugal fare at the dinner at Plymouth last night has prepared the representatives of that society for a Delmonico banquet to-night. I state this fact with timidity, because a stray remark of mine at the Brooklyn dinner last year, about the relations between New England progress and pumpkin-pie, drew upon me a famous assault from the leading newspaper of Massachusetts. It seemed to me to mark that decadence of a race where the enervated descendant blushes for the robust and homely virtues of his ancestor. The sentiment of to-day was freely expressed by the New England girl who mistook the first milestone out of Boston for a tombstone, and reading its inscription, "1 M. from Boston," said, "I'm from Boston." How simple, how sufficient! The farmer's shot at Concord, which echoed around the world, was the inevitable expression of the ever-expanding principles of Plymouth. They have overleaped all artificial and natural boundaries. They plant the school-house and the church in every new settlement. They maintain and finally vindicate the purity of the ballot from every peril. They extend the suffrage in Great Britain, nationalize Germany, republicanize France, and imprison the Czar. While we laugh at the claim of every one of the twenty million descendants of the Pilgrims, that in his house is a chair and table that came over in the Mayflower; while we know not which to admire most, the ability of the forefathers to compact furniture on a sixty-ton ship, or the capacity of their heirs to expand facts to meet the needs of a continent, it is a weakness and pride more noble than that which boasts of the armor and weapons in feudal castle and baronial hall—relics of carnage and courage for territory and power.

Of the kings, princes, generals, statesmen, and preachers,

who filled the world's stage in 1620, no man in this audience can name one. They rest in forgotten graves; while on this anniversary night fifty millions hail with gratitude the names of Miles Standish and his army of ten men, of Brewster, Carver, Winthrop, and their broad statesmanship, of Robinson and his tender piety and toleration of all creeds, as the founders of a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, which shall not perish from the earth.

THE LADIES

"O woman, lovely woman! nature made thee
To tempt man; and we had been but brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There is in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love."

—THOMAS OTWAY, *Venice Preserved*, Act I, Sc. 7.

Response to above sentiment, at Omaha Convention of the Commercial Law League of America, by Martin Saxe, of New York City, July 21, 1896.

Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is very unfortunate for you that I notice by the clock that the hour is close at two, because the gentleman who follows me has asked me to help him out, and positively declines to speak before three o'clock. I, therefore, must ask your indulgence for the arduous work before me.

It is also unfortunate that I am not an after-dinner speaker. In order to try and fill the requirements of this toast, I wanted to read "Bird on Toast," but Judge Green, of New York, who has just made such an elaborate speech, got hold of the book this afternoon and would not give me a chance to use it. The chairman was quite clever in not caring to read the sentiment of this toast, and I am going to follow his example, as it is much too difficult to recite. Mr. Gray, this handsome gentleman from Chicago on my left, tells me that he was responsible for the quotation.

You may all join me in singing "Gray's Elegy" to-morrow. But first of all I want to say a word about the hospitality of

the people of Omaha. Now, in my experience, I have enjoyed a great many visits to places far from my home, but really none appealed so much to my sense of enjoyment as this one.

The first night I reached the town I was rushed off to the Coliseum, and after having my handsome carcass riddled with holes till you could see daylight through it, I was turned into a "Knight of Ak-sar-ben." Now, that was hospitality for you, and I was a fit subject for the hospital.

But I am here to speak about the ladies. I want to speak particularly about the ladies of Omaha. You all know that New York is noted for its handsome men; you can judge of the truth of that fact by the members of the New York delegation here to-night. Omaha is noted for its beautiful women. But what I admire more than the beauty of the women of Omaha is their patriotism. Really, in these times, it does one an immense amount of good to see the evidence of true patriotism in American women. The other night, when I was hugely enjoying myself at the dance at the Creighton Theater, surrounded by a bevy of your most charming belles, I was "right in it," so to speak, until Uncle Sam's officers came from the fort, and then I was deserted. Was not that patriotism for you? Really, the women of Omaha are truly patriotic; they are living pictures of the American flag!

Their arms white as the bars,
Their cheeks rosy as the stripes,
Their eyes brighter than the stars,
Women of God's fairest types.

But now I ought to say something about ladies in general, and I am going to try to show you what a wonderful effect women have had on the developments of the law. Probably this is not apparent at first blush, but I feel sure you will be convinced of it after what I am going to tell you. I know of one instance where a lady desired to have drawn a power of attorney. When the instrument was finished and handed to her to read, she noticed that it began, "Know all men by these presents." She at once raised an objection to this phrase, and

desired the word "women" to be added. Her suave attorney replied politely, "Why, don't you know that man embraces women?"

I also recollect where a young widow came into the office of a brother attorney. She was crying profusely.

"My dear madam," said the lawyer, "there is no need of your carrying on so. You will get your third out of the estate."

"You are very bold, sir," she replied. "I have only just buried my second."

But to come back to the ladies of Omaha, I want to tell you that one thing I noticed particularly was the great happiness, which is so very apparent in the young married couples. It is a delightful thing to see, and in contrast to it I am reminded of a very sad story, which really should not be told on such a bright occasion as this, but I want to use it as a sort of a moral, and would ask you, therefore, to refrain from indulging in tears so far as it is possible.

The story is one of two Germans who were steadfast friends, and both in love with the same young lady. Their names were respectively August and Herman. The object of their individual affection possessed the beautiful name of Matilda. In the course of time Herman succeeded in winning the affections of the young lady and married her. Notwithstanding his success, the friendship, which had at no time been injured by the rivalry, remained as before.

A year or so after the marriage, Herman was suddenly called to Germany. Before going he went to August and said: "Mine frient, I must go away. You are mine vif's best frient—I leafe her in your care; you vill look out for her," then sailed away.

On his return August met him at the gang-plank of the vessel. His face was pale, and his eyes red and swollen. As he clasped Herman's hand he could hardly speak. He said: "Herman, prepare yourself for de vorst."

"Vat is der matter?" Herman asked anxiously.

"Someting terrible! Matilda is tead!"

Herman stopped a moment. "Don'd make me laf; mine lips are chapped."

But I must not go on in this way any longer. I am here to toast the ladies. Now then:

"Here's to the ladies of Omaha,
Whose's beauty's noted far and wide;
The best of wives, the best of mothers,
God bless them all! God bless the others!"

(The toastmaster said he would not in this instance read the sentiment under the toast, as there was but one audience before which he could do it justice, and that that audience was an audience of one—his wife.)

PITY NO MAN BECAUSE HE HAS TO WORK

Address of President Theodore Roosevelt on his tour of California, delivered at Dunsmuir, Cal., May 20, 1903.

I think I can say that I came to California a pretty good American, and I go away a better one. Glad though I have been to see your wonderful products, to see the great cities springing up, most of all have I enjoyed meeting the men and women to whom we owe what has been done with mine and railroad and lumbering camp and irrigated field and the ranch and the counting-house—the men and women who have made California what she is.

I pity no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt he will work. I envy the man who has a work worth doing and does it well, and surely no men alive are more worthy of admiration than these men to whom it is given to build up giant commonwealths like this.

It is the fact of doing the work well that counts, not the kind of work, as long as the work is honorable. I speak to citizens of a community which has reached its present pitch of prosperity because they have done each his duty as his lines are laid. To the true American nothing can be more alien than the spirit either of envy or contempt for another who is leading a life as a decent citizen should lead it.

In this country, we have room for every honest man who spends his life in honest efforts, we have no room either for the man of means who in a spirit of arrogant baseness looks down upon the man less well off, or for the man who envies his neighbor because that neighbor happens to be better off. Either feeling is a base feeling unworthy of a self-respecting man.

Our government is based on the self-respecting majority. Our government has so far escaped the twin dangers of the other republics: government by a plutocracy or government by a mob, either of them absolutely alien to American ideals.

From the days of Washington to the days of Lincoln we went onward and upward because the average American was of the stuff that made the nation go onward and upward. We cannot be dragged up; we have got to push ourselves up. All you have to do is to compare what other nations have done with governments founded as ours, the same type of constitution, the same type of laws, which nevertheless have failed, have produced chaos because they did not have the right type of citizen back of the law, the right type of citizen to work out the destiny of the nation under and through the law.

Of course, we need the law. We need even more, the honest and fearless enforcement of the law, enforcement in a spirit of absolute fair play to all men, showing favoritism to none, doing justice to each. We need such laws, such administration of laws, but most of all we need to keep up that for the lack of which nothing else can atone in any people—the average standard of citizenship.

In our life what we need is not so much genius, not so much brilliancy as the ordinary, commonplace, everyday qualities which a man needs in private life and which he needs just as much in public life.

In coming across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific the thing that has struck me most is that fundamentally, wherever one goes in this broad country, a good citizen is a good American.

A DOCTORATE ADDRESS

By W. W. Dodge, of Burlington, Iowa. Delivered before the graduating class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Keokuk, Iowa, March 6, 1895.

On an occasion such as this are we not forcibly reminded of those beautiful words of Longfellow, in his Psalm of Life?—

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time;
Foot-prints that perhaps another
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.”

This evening with pleasurable interest we have witnessed the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons present to the graduates of the class of 1895, their diplomas. One can scarcely appreciate the heart throbbings of a graduate who receives this “letter of recommendation,” this “honor,” this “distinction,” from the faculty of the college that has been the scene of his hours, days and years of study, and now like a fond parent witnesses the coronation of his successful labor. The graduate who worthily receives a diploma, which as its very meaning signifies, is a “letter of recommendation,” should esteem the event as one of the proudest and happiest of his life.

To the graduate, the young doctor, may I suggest that you guard with jealous care this precious parchment. Frame it, hang it on your office wall, there to remain as a pleasant reminder of the labor and toil of your school days. Treasure it as an incentive to industry, ambition, and the use of your God-given talents so that in the autumn of your days, after you have witnessed the “leaves fall over the roots of the tree of life,” your fellow graduates may not only proudly point to you as a credit to your Alma Mater, but the rising generation may find so much that is noble, sublime and grand in your “foot-prints on the sands of time” as to emulate you as an exemplar.

When I received an invitation a short time hence from the faculty of this college to address you this evening, I felt that I had been particularly honored, especially as I am not a member of the medical fraternity, but only an humble disciple of Blackstone. Therefore, in the course of my remarks, confined to the time limit of thirty minutes, if I should inadvertently use the words "injunction," "mandamus," et al, referring to the medical method of the prevention of disease, instead of prophylactic or some pharmacopœia or materia medica term, I crave you give me the benefit of all "reasonable doubt" as to the honesty of my purpose.

From recent statistics I learn that there are in the United States about 125 medical colleges now in operation, and that there are about 105,183 practicing physicians. In the State of Iowa it is said that we have 3,518 physicians in the active practice. There are seven medical colleges in Iowa. The oldest of these, if I am not in error, is the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Keokuk, and to-night we celebrate the fifty-fourth commencement exercises of this famous institution. It is the source of much gratification and pride, not only to the faculty of this college, but to the city of Keokuk, that the number in the class for the past year is 225, being an increase of nearly one hundred per cent, and it is the largest class that has been here for twelve years. The past year shows an attendance of ladies twenty-one in number, two of whom have the honor of graduating in the class of 1895. The alumni of this college now numbers nearly three thousand. The high character of the members of the faculty of this college for learning and ability; the splendid and comprehensive course of study; a thorough equipment in all the essentials of its various departments; the past and present reputation for being one of the foremost and best colleges in the country, is what has given a name to the "College of Physicians and Surgeons" of this city to attract to it the magnificent attendance of this year, and to warrant a large increase in the years to come.

When one searches the labyrinths of the past for the fountain source of the science of the "healing art," he is led into the realms of tradition, the temples of the gods, and the wonderland of heathen mythology. The more one searches for the morning light, on the early struggles of this mystic art, the more he becomes impressed with the grandeur, the beauty, the beneficent purposes of the blessed science of medicine.

Away back in the dark ages of ignorance and superstition it seems that the power of God lighted but few of the intellects of those days, and even these favored ones of Him who could heal those that touched but the hem of His garment, were regarded by many as sorcerers, or possessed of the evil spirit.

To appreciate the curative methods of the modern physician, it is but for us to consider the means adopted by the ancient doctors of medicine in their mode of treatment of the afflicted. The priests, who were the medicine men in those days, would establish themselves near thermal springs, or fountains, and among groves. Here would come the afflicted from every quarter seeking health. These places were nothing more or less than ancient health resorts, without the brass band and Wednesday evening ball of the present day health resorts. The healers of the sick would prescribe bleeding, purgatives, friction, and mineral waters. In many instances there would be recovery and benefit to health by reason of temperate habits, pure air, and bathing. It seems that avarice with the ancient physician, as well as the modern, I am sorry to say, played an important part. If the complaint was obstinate in yielding to the ordinary methods of treatment the fees would not only be increased, but the patient would be taken into a temple there to be deluded into the belief that he must be purified by prayer, sacrifice and offering to the gods, before relief would come. The imagination of the patient played an important part, and if the ordinary treatment was slow in producing healthful results the priests would resort to the use of

snakes and non-poisonous serpents that had been tamed for the occasion, and these horrible creatures were made to play an important part in the healing art by causing dreams and impressions upon the minds of the deluded and ignorant patients.

As we turn the search-light of investigation into the perspective of the remote ages of antiquity, seeking for the truth and knowledge as to the early beginning of the science of medicine, we find helpful authority in the Bible as also in heathen mythology. Do we not recall the words of Job, spoken to his tormentors, "Ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value?" And there is Jeremiah the prophet, lamenting over the condition of his people and exclaiming, "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" We read in the Scriptures that Joseph commanded his servants and his physicians to embalm him, this being about 1700 years B. C. Thus it is shown that the Egyptians possessed men who practiced the healing art and embalmed the dead, which both must have required a crude idea of general anatomy.

It is to Greece, the land of art, that most of the ancient history of medicine can be traced, just as she furnishes every other art with the same historical advantages.

Of the early physicians Aesculapius is the most famous. By some he was considered the son of Apollo. A number of the cities of Greece contended for the honor of his birthplace as they did for that of Homer. Aesculapius, owing to his learning and wide knowledge of the science of medicine, was given the title of the "God of Medicine." And there was Hippocrates, a great physician and philosopher, who was born in the year 460 B. C., and it is said lived a century. Because of his great learning and his wonderful discoveries in the field of medicine, and the fact that it is stated that surgery was first practiced by him, he has been crowned the "Father of Medicine."

Galen was the most eminent physician during the second century, and the people had such great faith in his teachings that they were as a guiding star to the healers of the sick for a thousand years following. The creeds of Hippocrates and Galen were accepted by the medical profession down to the time of that bold "Prince of Empirics," Paracelsus, born in Switzerland in the year 1493. He was highly educated and made a professor of the School of Medicine at Basle, and while occupying this place, with solemnity burned the books of Galen, declaring at that time that he had discovered the *Elixir Vitae*, by which life might be prolonged indefinitely. He was nothing more or less than a charlatan and practiced the vilest arts, and, having been dissipated in his habits, died at the age of forty-eight years.

Of more modern physicians William Harvey will be recalled as the one who, in 1616, demonstrated the circulation of the blood. There is John Hunter, the famous anatomist; Edward Jenner, an English physician who made himself celebrated by the discovery of vaccination as a preventive for that dreadful disease, smallpox. This discovery was made by Jenner in 1776 while in the Alps watching the maids milking the cows. On the cow's udder were sores, likewise on the hands of the maids, and while the smallpox was raging in the neighborhood, the milkmaids were free of the disease. Jenner reasoned that the women had been inoculated with the "cow-pox" which proved a prevention to the more terrible disease, small-pox. Pasteur, the great French scientist, gave to the world in recent years a preventive and cure for hydrophobia. Koch, the renowned German physician discovered a "lymph" or tuberculine for cure of tuberculosis. Americans point with pride to Dr. Samuel D. Gross, the "Nestor of American Surgery." There is Dr. Behring, a German physician and student of Dr. Koch, who is credited with giving to suffering humanity the "serum" or "anti-toxine," as a preventive and cure for diphtheria. This discovery occurred but a few months since. Thus I could continue to name the illustrious descendants of

Aesculapius who adorn the pages of ancient and modern medical history.

If, when Paracelsus proclaimed to the world his discovery of the *Elixir Vitae*, he had not in fact given to mankind a monstrous humbug, but a blessed boon, for indefinite continuity of good health and life, we would have but little use for the physicians of to-day. It seems that the Almighty, in His inscrutable wisdom, did not intend to confer upon a human being, a power divine in its character and effect. While such a blessing as an "Elixir of Life" has not come to us through human instrumentalities, let us not rail against the divine will. While we consider the wonderful advancement in the sciences of medicine and surgery, the thousand and one discoveries for the amelioration of suffering humanity, it is as little as we can do to offer a thankful prayer to the Giver of all for these rich blessings to mankind.

How true are the words of that Latin maxim, *Mens sana in corpore sano*, "A sound mind in a sound body." While the stability and maintenance of government depends upon the intelligence and virtue of its people, it must not be forgotten that the health, strength, and physical development of the coming generations must be as jealously guarded. In the early days the Romans were so ambitious to have only the finest specimens of manhood that the strictest laws were enacted relative to marriage; the weak and ill-formed were absolutely prohibited from entering into the marriage state, and only those possessing perfect health and strength were allowed to become the fathers and mothers of the warriors, statesmen and philosophers of those times.

In our day while no such marital restrictions surround the people, all nations are taking an advance step in the direction of prevention of disease, as far as possible. This is exemplified in the laws of quarantine at our seaports, the establishment of state boards of health, city sanitation, the power given to the health officer and local authorities to destroy buildings, fill up ponds, or do such other acts as may

be necessary to stamp out the hotbed of disease, and thus prevent the spread of a pestilence. It is by such heroic means that an epidemic which, if unchecked, would carry death and destruction throughout the land is prevented. It is to the intelligent physician, aided by the enforcement of sanitary laws, that the community is largely indebted for its good or poor health. It is to the physician that we must look in municipal bodies, to have pointed out the sore spots that breed disease.

Imperfect drainage, impure water, poor ventilation, densely-populated tenement houses, where squalor, dirt and filth exist are as dangerous to the health and life of the people as a dog with hydrophobia upon the streets of a city. Is it not true that physicians are the keepers of the public health and that by reason of their medical knowledge, their intelligence, and knowing that it is their duty to prevent as well as to cure disease they can enthuse the people, give a cry of warning, erect bulwarks of defense, and determine the best methods to prevent an invasion of a dread disease? All honor, I say, to the educated, intelligent physician.

To speak of the "family doctor" is, as it were, to allude to a member of the family circle. He is near and dear to everyone in the household. When dread disease or accident has suddenly stricken down a loved one, how anxiously we await his welcome footsteps, how, with trustful heart we listen to his cheering words, how he inspires us with the hope of speedy recovery, how uncomplaining do we follow his advice, and with hopeful smile we take the most detestable medicine he prescribes. His position in the family circle is one of sacred confidence. The secrets of a home are often imparted to him, while the happiness, love, and the all between man and wife are exposed to his honor or his treachery. He comes to the bedside of the suffering mother, when in her hour of untold agony and indescribable torture—when two lives are trembling in the hand of fate—to help with tender care in bringing into this bright and beautiful world of love, sunshine and happi-

ness, a new life to gladden the home. It is from the cradle to the grave, at beck and call, the family physician comes to us in sunshine or storm, in daylight or darkness, like a ministering angel to soothe, comfort and cure. Do I not utter the sincerest of benedictions which come from the heart of mankind when I say, "God bless the dear, kind-hearted doctor?"

Members of the graduating class, I fully appreciate that I can add but little to the wholesome advice and timely suggestions of your instructors during your collegiate course of study, however, I beg the indulgence of a word. Remember that the world owes no man a living, and that he who eats of the bread of idleness cannot hope to succeed. That professional advancement and aggrandizement depends on individual effort. If you desire to reach the goal of fame and riches, remember that ambition, honor, and the use of your God-given powers will do more to aid you than to pray to Hercules to strangle the serpent of competition. If you do not prosper, do not blame the rest of mankind. The philosopher Hobbes, of Malmesbury, once said that "the natural state of man is war." Your professional education has equipped you for the battle of life; from this night on it will be your duty to fight. Whether you will rise above the well-filled ranks of mediocrity depends on your own self, your willingness to continue the irksome search after knowledge, a persistent determination to surmount all obstacles, to keep your eyes toward the summit of professional eminence, where inscribed in living light are the immortal names of the illustrious members of your profession. May heaven's choicest blessings be in store for you; may you live to enjoy a long, useful and happy life; may the hand of fate bestow on you fame, wealth and happiness, and in the yielding stone of time may your fondest dreams be carved.

* This volume contains 589 pages. Of these, 525 are letter-press; adding 64 pages for the full-page half-tone plates makes a total of 589 pages.

